May 10, 1976

THE NEW YORKER

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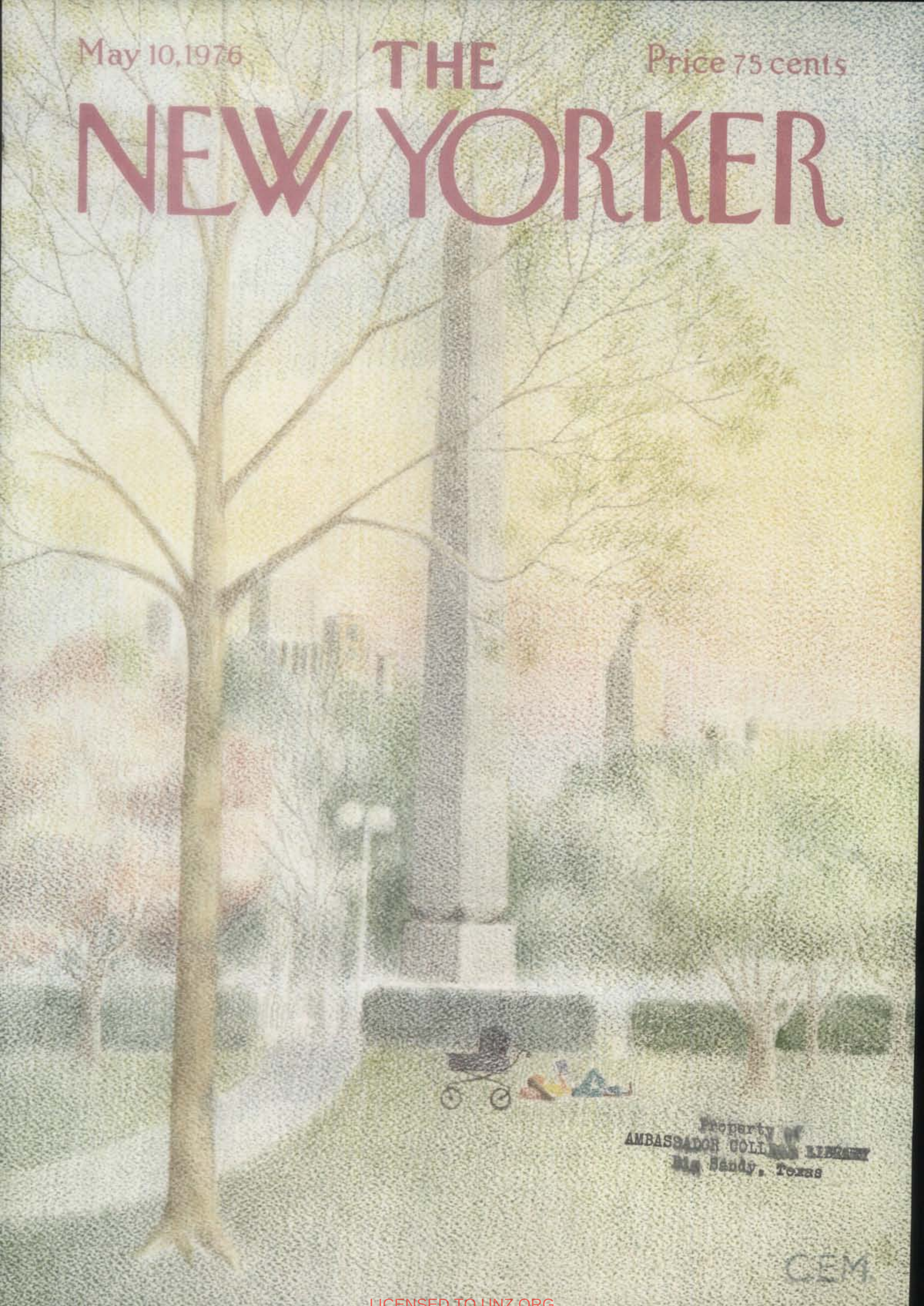

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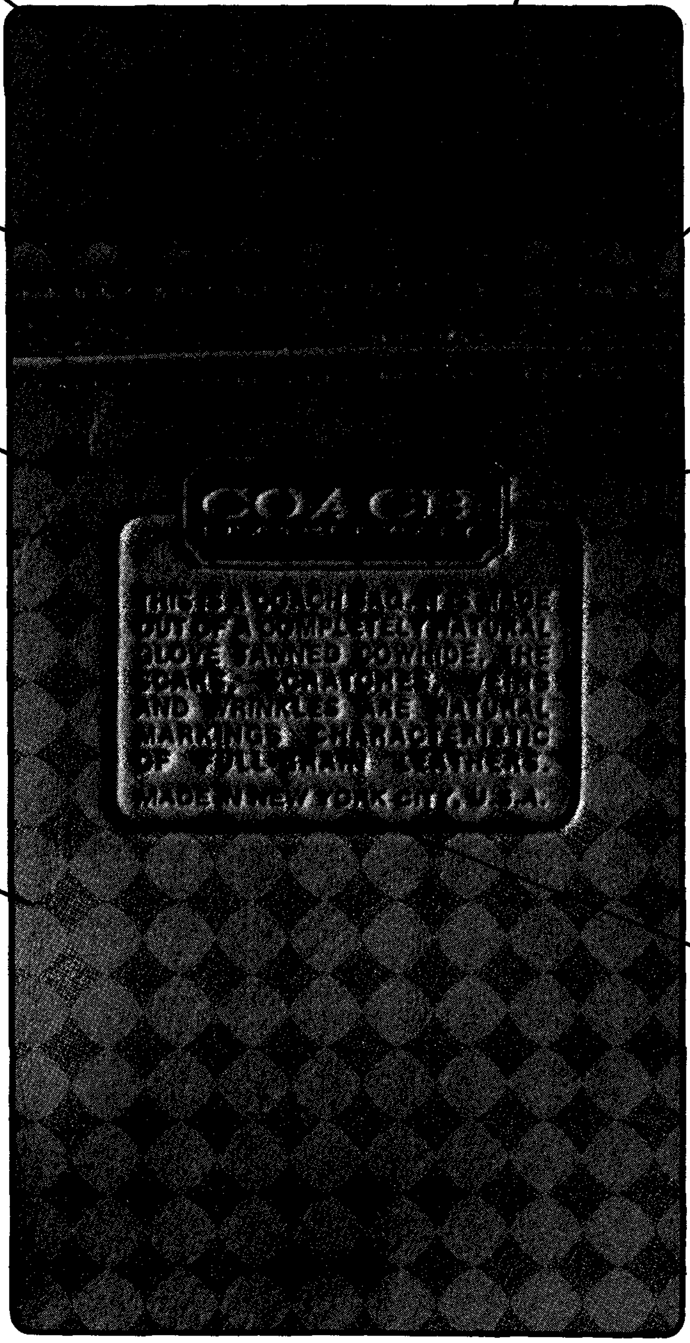
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Belle of Amherst—Julie Harris as Emily Dickinson, in a one-woman show. A few more actors onstage might have turned this into a play instead of a charming, insubstantial stunt. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 23.)

Boy Meets Boy—As described. This musical, with the indicated twist, is a foolish takeoff on foolish musicals of the thirties. Bill Solly wrote the agreeable songs, and Donald Ward and Mr. Solly did the book. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 242-9657. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Bubbling Brown Sugar—Harlem in the twenties, when it was part of the night-club merry-go-round. A scrapbook of great songs and lively dancing by a cast both old and young. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Cherry Orchard—Kim Hunter in a revival of the Chekhov play. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, May 23.)

Circle Repertory Company—The fifth production of the season is SERENADING LOUIS, a play by Lanford Wilson. Opens Wednesday, May 5, and will run through Sunday, May 30. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Thursdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Des Journées Entières dans les Arbres—A one-and-a-half-week engagement of the Jean-Louis Barrault production, written by Marguerite Duras, and starring Madeleine Renaud and Jean-Pierre Aumont. Preview Wednesday, May 5. Opens officially on Thursday, May 6, and will run through Saturday, May 15. Simultaneous-translation sets may be rented. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

D'Oyly Carte Opera Company—Opening performances of a three-week repertory of Gilbert and Sullivan that will run through Sunday, May 23. Wednesday, May 5, at 6:30; Thursday and Friday, May 13-14, at 8, and Saturday, May 15, at 2 and 8: THE MIKADO. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, May 6-7, at 8; Saturday, May 8, at 2 and 8; Sunday, May 9, at 3; Tuesday, May 11, at 8; and Wednesday, May 12, at 2 and 8: THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510.)

Eden—The setting of Steve Carter's play is somewhere in the West Sixties, back in the nineteen-twenties. The leading character is a stern West Indian paterfamilias, who is a follower of Marcus Garvey and his Back to Africa movement, and most of the action concerns a kind of guerrilla warfare he conducts with a young American Negro and his aunt, in the apartment next door. Needless to say, his daughter falls in love with the American and he with her. The play is funny, sad, convincing, and thoroughly honorable. The cast headed by Graham Brown is very good, indeed. Edmund Cambridge directed. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30. After Sunday, May 9, no performances until Friday, May 14, when the show will reopen at the Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St., 924-8782.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of the musical FOLLIES will be the last in this season's series of productions. Preview Wednesday, May 5. Opens officially on Thursday, May 6, and will run through Sunday, May 30. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

The Heiress—Henry James's novel about life on Washington Square in the eighteen-fifties makes an admirable play. Richard Kiley and Jane Alexander are the stars. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

In the Wine Time—All the action of Ed Bullins' remarkable play, which was first done in Harlem in 1968, takes place in a black slum back in the fifties, and the dialogue is the heightened, poetic street language that is all his own. The production, under Robert Macbeth's direction, perfectly matches the script in feeling and spirit. Robert Christian gives a wonderful performance as the cussing, constantly drinking, humorous, heroic hero, and among the other good actors are Loretta Greene as his wife, and Richard Gant, Martha Short-Goldsen, Alvin Alexis, and Marilyn Randall in other roles. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 288-2500. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 16.)

Knock Knock—Jules Feiffer's jokey comedy about a pair of bickering old hermits who are intruded upon by a succession of visitors, most notably Joan of Arc. The verbal games and puns grow tiresome after a while, but the sight gags are entertaining, and so are the performances. Neil Flanagan and Daniel Seltzer are the old men, Nancy Snyder is Joan, and Leonard Frey is everybody else. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Kurt Weill Cabaret—Will Holt and Dolly Jonah in a program of Weill songs. The sec-

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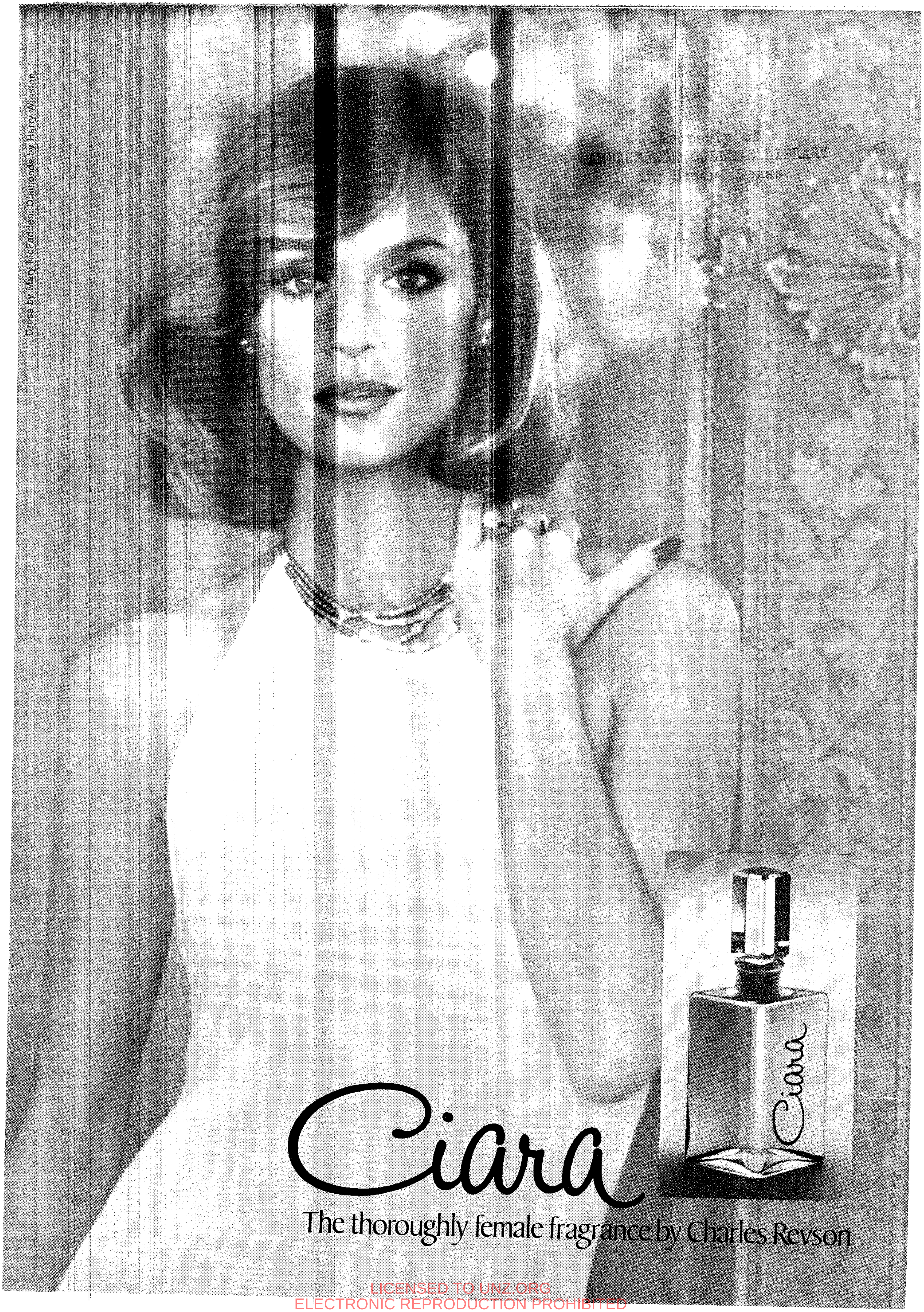
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ond of three performances. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Monday, May 10, at 8.)

The Lady from the Sea—A brilliant production of the rarely seen Ibsen play, directed by Tony Richardson and starring Vanessa Redgrave as the loveliest and loneliest of undines. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 23.)

Legend—A new comedy by Samuel Taylor, starring Elizabeth Ashley, F. Murray Abraham, and George Dzundza. Robert Drivas directed. Previews through Wednesday, May 12. Opens officially on Thursday, May 13. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Me and Bessie—A vigorous, if eventually disappointing, attempt by the gospel-and-blues singer Linda Hopkins to re-create Bessie Smith by singing a batch of her songs (in the alternating voices of Bessie, Dinah Washington, and Mahalia Jackson), dressing up in cloche hats and feather boas that wear *her*, and giving an esoteric biographical patter. But there are moments, particularly in such numbers as "T'aint Nobody's Bizness If I Do" and "Kitchen Man," when Hopkins' singing and acting synchronize and the great Bessie materializes. The music is played by a capable small group led by Howlett Smith. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30.)

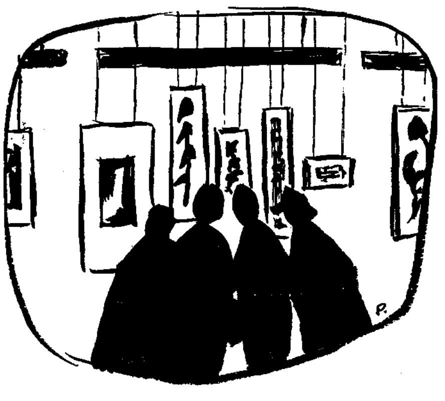
My Fair Lady—An immaculate revival of the enchanting Lerner-Loewe musical. Shaw in Heaven is *so* pleased with his royalties; he talks of little else. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Norman Conquests—Alan Ayckbourn requires three full-length plays to tell us as much as he thinks we ought to know about his nasty Don Juan of a hero. Funny lines and situations, and first-rate acting by Estelle Parsons and Carole Shelley. The schedule is complicated—**ROUND AND ROUND THE GARDEN**: Wednesday, May 5, at 2; Friday, May 7, as well as Monday, May 10, and Wednesday, May 12, at 8; and Saturday, May 15, at 2. . . . **TABLE MANNERS**: Wednesday, May 5, at 8; Saturday, May 8, at 2; and Tuesday, May 11, as well as Thursday, May 13, and Saturday, May 15, at 8. . . . **LIVING TOGETHER**: Thursday, May 6, and Saturday, May 8, at 8; Wednesday, May 12, at 2; and Friday, May 14, at 8. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230.)

The Old Glory—A trilogy of plays ("Endecott and the Red Cross," "My Kinsman, Major Molineux," and "Benito Cereno") by Robert Lowell that are being performed as a single, double, or triple bill. **TRILOGY**: Wednesday, May 5, at 1:30; Friday and Saturday, May 7-8, at 6; Wednesday and Thursday, May 12-13, at 7; and Friday and Saturday, May 14-15, at 6. . . . **ENDECOTT AND THE RED CROSS** and **MY KINSMAN, MAJOR MOLINEUX**: Wednesday, May 5, at 8, and Thursday, May 6, as well as Saturday, May 8, and Wednesday, May 12, at 1:30. . . . **BENITO CERENO**: Thursday, May 6, as well as Sunday, May 9, and Tuesday, May 11, at 8, and Thursday, May 13, and Saturday, May 15, at 1:30. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Closes Sunday, May 23.)

Pacific Overtures—A musical curiosity, based on Commodore Perry's bullying visit to Japan in 1853. With an all-Asian cast. Songs by Stephen Sondheim, and direction by Harold Prince. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Primary English Class—Israel Horovitz's one-act comedy of misunderstanding that goes on a bit too long but is full of merriment all the same. With Jill Eikenberry. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



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Rex—Nicol Williamson is worth seeing under any circumstances, including a failed musical like this one. The sets and costumes, by John Conklin, are gorgeous. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Royal Family—A revival of the Kaufman-Ferber comedy about the Barrymores. Under Ellis Rabb's magic touch, it is still very fresh and funny. The stars of the wonderful company are Eva Le Gallienne, Rosemary Harris, Sam Levene, and Mr. Rabb himself, and they are supported by such fine actors as Rosetta LeNoire and Joseph Maher, among others. The beautiful setting, costumes, and lighting are by Oliver Smith, Ann Roth, and John Gleason, respectively. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Royal Shakespeare Company—Final performances of the engagement. Alan Howard in **HENRY V**: Wednesday, May 5, at 2 and 8; Thursday through Saturday, May 6-8, at 8; and Sunday, May 9, at 2 and 7:30. . . . **THE HOLLOW CROWN**, an anthology of music, poetry, speeches, letters, and other writings by and about the kings and queens of England: Saturday, May 8, at 2. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

1600 Pennsylvania Avenue—A musical by Alan Jay Lerner (book and lyrics) and Leonard Bernstein (music), with Ken Howard, Patricia Routledge, and Gilbert Price. Gilbert Moses and George Faison directed. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

So Long, 174th Street—Robert Morse and George S. Irving work hard, and in vain, in this musical about the Bronx in the thirties. Paris it wasn't. (Harkness, Broadway at 63rd St. 581-6000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Streamers—This play, set in an Army barracks in Virginia in 1965, completes David Rabe's trilogy on the Vietnam war. Though not quite up to Mr. Rabe's "Pavlo Hummel," on the same theme, it is very strong. The production, under Mike Nichols' direction, is excellent, with especially good performances by Peter Evans, Dorian Harewood, Paul Rudd, and Terry Alexander. There is considerable onstage bloodshed. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

The Threepenny Opera—A marvellous production of the Brecht-Weill classic, based on a new translation by Ralph Manheim and John Willett. Raul Julia is a superb Captain Macheath, and Ellen Greene is a passionate, dangerous Jenny. Richard Foreman, as director, has been faithful to Brecht and to himself. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays, and Wednesday, May 5, at 2:30.)

Tickles by Tucholsky—Helen Gallagher and Joe Masiell in a musical translated and adapted, by Louis Golden and Harold Poor, from the works of the German satirist Kurt Tucholsky. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Tuscaloosa's Calling Me . . . But I'm Not Going!—This little revue—tuneful, witty, and refreshing—is a delightful celebration of New York City in its hours of travail. Hank Beebe wrote the score, Bill Heyer wrote the lyrics, and Mr. Heyer, Mr. Beebe, and Sam Dann wrote the sketches. Ted Pritchard, Patti Perkins, and Chip Zien are the entire and entirely satisfactory cast. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3 and 5:30.)

Vanities—In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Very Good Eddie—Young folk raising innocent hell in the sunny days of 1915. With music by Jerome Kern. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?—Edward Albee's play is as fresh and biting as ever. With Colleen Dewhurst and Ben Gazzara as the well-matched married adversaries in a night-long drunken donnybrook. Directed by Mr. Albee. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Women Behind Bars—A revival of the Tom Eyen comedy. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 777-0140. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

Long Runs—**CHICAGO**: Purportedly about some tough folk in the Windy City in the twenties. A musical that defies even the great Bob Fosse to make it merry. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **EQUUS**: Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting dance of exploration through the mind of a boy who loves horses, worships the quality of "horseness," and commits a dreadful crime in the name of that worship. With Richard Burton, Keith McDermott, Frances Sternhagen, Marian Seldes, and Michael Higgins. On Tuesday, May 11, Anthony Perkins will return to the cast, succeeding Mr. Burton. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS**: 6,673 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GODSPELL**: A musical adaptation of the book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.). . . **GREASE**: A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sun-

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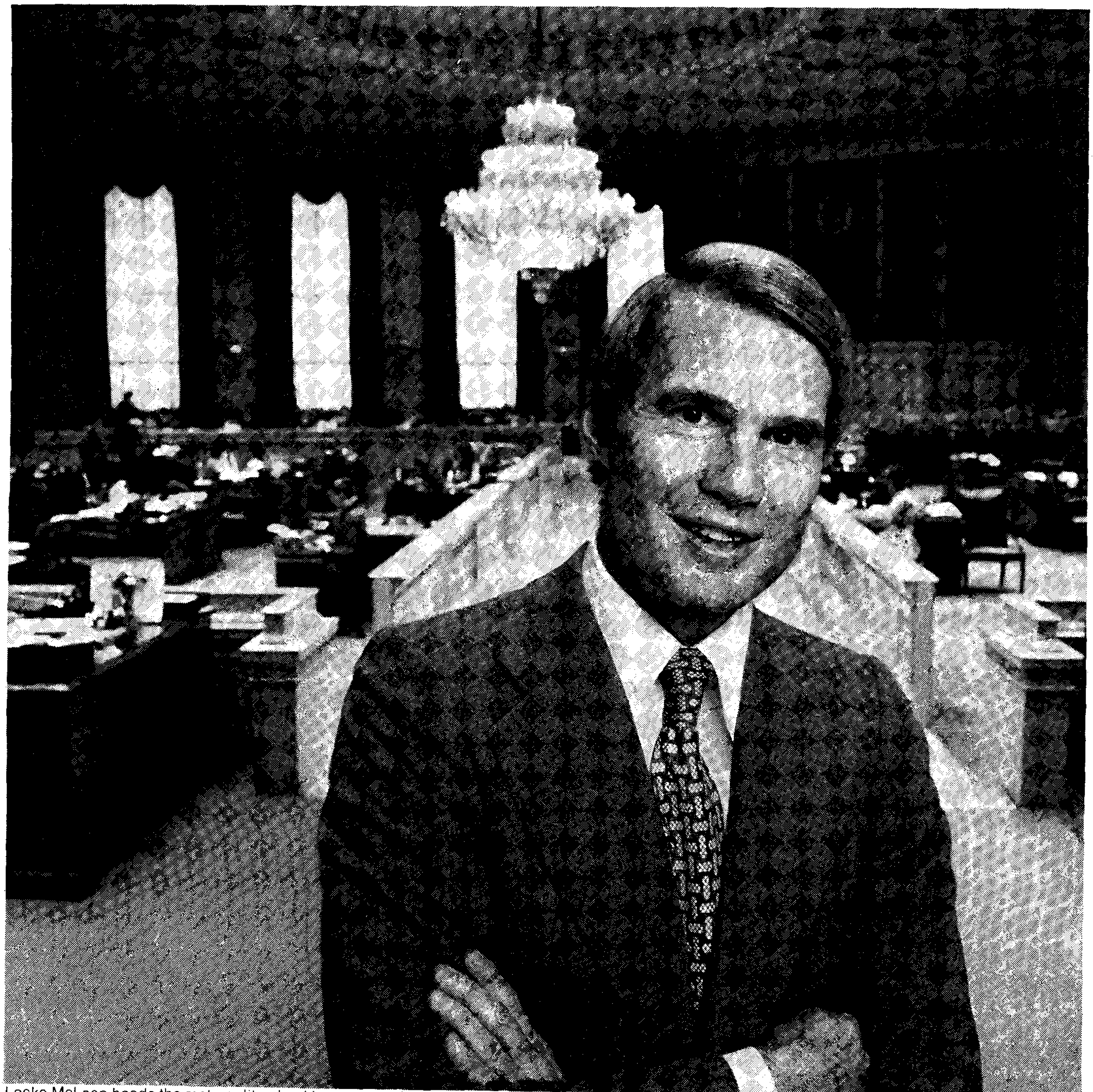

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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days at 3.)... **THE MAGIC SHOW**: A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **PIPPIN**: A great big gorgeous show, built upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer, Bob Fosse. With Ben Harney, Michael Rupert, Eric Berry, and Antonia Ellis. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR**: A comedy as neatly put together as a Cartier watch and with scarcely more heart. Loretta Swit and Ted Bessell are the cast. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **SHENANDOAH**: A musical about the Civil War, but really about show biz. Wonderfully sung by John Cullum. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **THE WIZ**: A black musical version of that well-remembered movie "The Wizard of Oz." The stars of the occasion are Tom H. John, who did the sets, and Geoffrey Holder, who did the costumes and also directed the show. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

THE STAR SPANGLED GALA—Mikhail Baryshnikov, Suzanne Farrell, Eugene Fodor, Jean-Pierre Rampal, Chita Rivera, Paul Simon, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shirley Verrett are among the artists who will perform in a potpourri program of music, dance, and theatre for the benefit of the Performing Arts Research Center of the New York Public Library at Lincoln Center. (Metropolitan Opera House. Sunday, May 9, at 8. For information about tickets, call 799-9600.)

THE CIRCUS—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's salute to two hundred years of circus in America. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays at 10 and 2:30; Wednesdays through Fridays at 1:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Sundays at 1:15 and 5:30. Closes Monday, May 31.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, May 5, at 8: "An Evening's Waltzes," "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."... ¶ Thursday, May 6, at 8: "Coppélia."... ¶ Friday, May 7, at 8: "Ma Mère l'Oye," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Chaconne."... ¶ Saturday, May 8, at 2: "Jewels."... ¶ Saturday, May 8, at 8: "Firebird," "Dybbuk Variations," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2."... ¶ Sunday, May 9, at 1: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Sunday, May 9, at 7: "Dybbuk Variations," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Rapsodie Espagnole," and "An Evening's Waltzes."... ¶ Tuesday, May 11, at 8: "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Rapsodie Espagnole," and "Chaconne."... ¶ Wednesday, May 12, at 8:45: "Chaconne" and "Union Jack" (preview). A benefit performance.... ¶ Thursday, May 13, at 8: "Piano Concerto in G Major," "Union Jack" (première), "Pas de Deux," and "Symphony in Three Movements."... ¶ Friday, May 14, at 8: "An Evening's Waltzes," "Agon," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," and "Western Symphony." ... ¶ Saturday, May 15, at 2: "Jewels."... ¶ Saturday, May 15, at 8: *Divertimento* from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," and "Union Jack." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, June 27.)

ROYAL BALLET—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday matinée and evening, May 5; Friday evening, May 14; and Saturday matinée and evening, May 15: "Swan Lake."... ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, May 6-7, and Saturday matinée and evening, May 8: "Manon."... ¶ Monday and Tuesday evenings, May 10-11, and Thursday evening, May 13: "The Dream" and "Song of the Earth."... ¶ Wednesday matinée and evening, May 12: "Elite Syncopations" and "La Fille Mal Gardée." (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ALVIN AILEY CITY CENTER DANCE THEATRE—Wednesday evening, May 5: "Night Creature," "Reflections in D," "The Mooche," and "Liberian Suite."... ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, May 6-7: "The Lark Ascending," "Hermit Songs," "After Eden," and "Caravan" (première).... ¶ Saturday matinée, May 8: "Streams," "The Mooche," and "Revelations."... ¶ Saturday evening, May 8: "The Lark Ascending," "Cry," "Caravan," and "Revelations."... ¶ Sunday matinée, May 9: "Streams," "Cry," "Liberian Suite," and "Revelations."... ¶ Sunday evening, May 9: "Night Creature," "Reflections in D," "Liberian Suite," and "Revelations."... ¶ Tuesday evening, May 11 (a benefit performance; for tickets, call 935-1840): Two premières—"A Duet" (danced by Judith Jamison and guest artist Mikhail Baryshnikov) and "Black, Brown, and Beige."... ¶ Wednesday evening, May 12: "The Lark Ascending," "Hermit Songs," "Liberian Suite," and "Black, Brown, and Beige."... ¶ Thursday evening, May 13: "Hidden Rites," "The Road of the Phoebe Snow," and "Revelations."... ¶ Friday evening, May 14: "Night Creature," "Cry," "The Road of the Phoebe Snow," and "The Mooche."... ¶ Saturday matinée, May 15: "Echoes in Blue," "Reflections in D," "Caravan," and "Liberian Suite."... ¶ Saturday evening, May 15: "Hidden Rites," "The Road of the Phoebe Snow," and "Black, Brown, and Beige." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, May 23.)

JUILLIARD DANCE ENSEMBLE—A program of new works by Anna Sokolow, Kazuko Hirabayashi, and Daniel Lewis, performed by students of the Juilliard dance department, with the Juilliard Chamber Ensemble conducted by Kenneth Jean. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Saturday, May 8, at 8; Sunday, May 9, at 3; and Monday, May 10, at 8. For information about tickets, call 799-5000. Ext. 235.)

ODORI FESTIVAL OF JAPAN—A program of dance, drama, and folk songs. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday and Saturday, May 14-15, at 8, and Sunday, May 16, at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

●

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—There are two kinds of singer—the kind who reveres his material and the kind who uses it merely to reach his audience. **CAROL SLOANE** is the second kind. (Her particulars: Providence-born, she worked in the fifties with Les and Larry Elgart, made a splash at the 1961 popular-music festival in Newport, gigged around New York and worked for Arthur Godfrey, and then went into a semi-retirement, from which she is now emerging.) She is a horn singer who improvises constantly and who loves to scat—scat-singing being the closest one can get to sounding like a horn and the farthest from sounding like a *singer*. She is a dramatic performer who sometimes holds her notes a long time and who likes to *oooooaaaaa*—to purée all her words. (Her equipment is good: she has a handy contralto, a mannerly vibrato, and reliable pitch.) And she is a feverish performer. She smiles, dances, moves her bosom this way and that, flicks her head, half closes her eyes and sings down her nose, and keeps time with whatever part of her geography. In the process, she *does* entertain—if entertaining is being cheerful and peppy and comely (her looks are a hypnotic blend of Liza Minnelli and Mrs. Danvers)—but her songs all come out the same. It doesn't really matter if a set includes "Honeysuckle Rose," "You Turned the Tables on Me," "What a Little Moonlight Can Do," "Little Girl Blue," and "Bewitched, Bothered, and Bewildered." Five different songs would do just as well. She uses her accompanists—**AL COHN, NORMAN SIMMONS, GEORGE MRAZ**, and **RON TRAXLER**—as foils, and even in duets, and she gives them generous solo space. Cohn has an emotional, cantorlike style—Lester Young via Stan Getz—and he steamed constantly in his duets with Carol Sloane and in his obbligatos behind her. Simmons is an adept accompanist, as well as a fine Art Tatum-Bud Powell soloist, and Mraz is a dour, forceful bassist. Traxler works hard at that most mysterious of equilibriums—keeping good time. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

●

BAR NONE, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—A new place and a welcome one—sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is at work from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

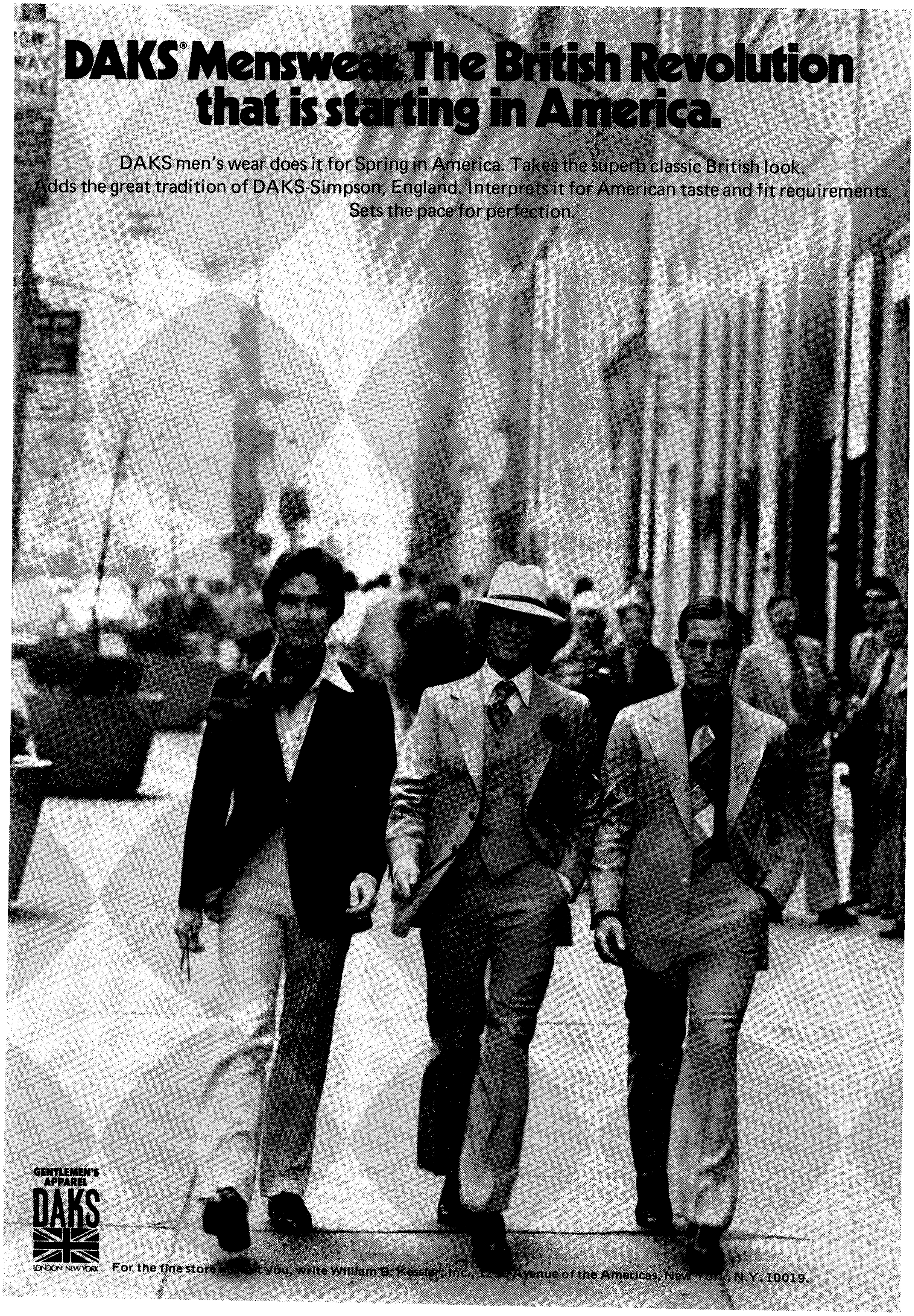
BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—A cheerful and unassuming West Village bar and restaurant with mostly mainstream, occasionally out-there, and always well-amplified jazz. Flutist and saxophonist **FRANK WESS**, bassist **RON CARTER**, pianist **ROLAND HANNA**, and drummer **BEN RILEY**—known collectively as the New York Jazz Quartet—are here through Saturday, May 8. On Monday and Tuesday, May 10-11, drummer Al Foster's quartet will be on the stand. On Wednesday, May 12, a fine quintet—**ART FARMER** on trumpet, pianist **CEDAR WALTON**, saxophonist **GEORGE COLEMAN**, bassist **SAM JONES**, and drummer **BILLY HIGGINS**—will take over. Music from nine-forty-five. Closed Sundays.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Intense and vertiginous **MC COY TYNER**, perhaps the most respected of contemporary pianists, is here with his quartet opposite saxophonist **JIMMY HEATH**, bassist **PERCY HEATH**, and their band Wednesday and Thursday, May 5-6. The country-rock groups of J. D. Souther and Tom Pacheco trade sets Friday through Sunday, May 7-9. On Monday and Tuesday, May 10-11, the Ramones, a local rock band, will alternate with Dr. Feelgood, an emotional British rock and rhythm-and-blues band. Wednesday and Thursday, May 12-13, will be turned over to guitarist **LARRY CORYELL** and his group, the Eleventh House. On Friday, May 14, **LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III**, a wry, witty lyricist and a humorously gyrating performer, will come in opposite the Pousette-Dart string band. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Exemplary pianists and their bassists perform duets that are barely—if at all—amplified, in hectic, buzzing surroundings. Pianist Tom Garvin and bassist Dennis Erwin compete with the audience on Wednesday, May 5, and Monday through Saturday, May 10-15. Thursday through Saturday, May 6-8, pianist **RONNIE MATTHEWS** will work with his bassist **STAFFORD JAMES**. The Sunday pianist is **BARRY HARRIS**. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT**, the prized fixture of the Café Carlyle, is back, vigorously paying his respects to Gershwin, Porter, and others. Short and his sidemen, Gene Gammage and Beverly Peer, appear twice Tuesdays through Thursdays and three times on Fridays and Saturdays.... **MARIAN MC PARTLAND**, all fire and brilliance, is once again playing in the Bemelmans Bar weeknights from nine-thirty, and Madison Avenue is the brighter for it.

CHURCHILL'S, 1277 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (650-1618)—**DUKE JORDAN**, not always visible in recent years, has turned up at the piano here for an indeterminate stay. When he is in top



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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condition, he is a fleet and immaculate player. Tuesdays through Saturdays from eleven until four. Dining.

Cookery, *21* University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Songwriters **GRETCHEN CRYER** and **NANCY FORD** alternate with pianist Marty Napoleon and bassist Bucky Calabrese weeknights. On Sundays, **DICK HYMAN** outlines the history of the jazz piano. Music from eight to one. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The audiences are largely characterized by coats and ties and cigars, and they come here (and to Jimmy Ryan's, just thirty paces west) to hear traditional small-band jazz. The house band is a low-keyed and controlled sextet headed by bassist Red Balaban. On Tuesday, May 11, tenor saxophonist Illinois Jacquet will sit in with the regulars. Red Richards mans the piano, starting most nights at eight-thirty; the sextet begins alternating with him after nine-thirty. Sunday, May 9, will be set aside for the **J. P. J. QUARTET**—tenor saxophonist Budd Johnson, bassist Bill Pemberton, drummer Oliver Jackson, and their current keyboard man—beginning at eight. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—The resident swing trio of pianist **BROOKS KERR,** drummer **SONNY GREER,** and alto saxophonist **RUSSELL PROCOPE** is here just through Saturday, May 8, alternating with a more contemporary threesome—vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON,** guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER,** and bassist **WILBUR LITTLE.** The Chiasson trio hangs in for at least another week, with **CHUCK WAYNE** filling in for Zoller. **AL HAIG,** one of the first and best bop pianists, heads a trio Sundays through Tuesdays. Music from ten to three. Mondays through Saturdays, Gene Roland, Wayne Wright, and Morris Edwards collaborate from six to nine. On Sunday, May 9, from five to two, Chiasson and Little take up with pianist Dick Katz.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Don't be put off by the brown tweed carpet, the high ceilings and chandeliers, and the neatly uniformed staff. This really is a Village jazz club. Right now, it's presenting trumpeter **JOE NEWMAN'S** quartet at ten and midnight. Closed Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is sixty-five, his hair is whitish, and he wears thick glasses, but the old drive is still there. His accompanists—Claude Hopkins on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Joe Muranyi on reeds, Ted Sturgis on bass, and Bobby Pratt on trombone—provide camouflage for Eldridge during the early part of the evening and ballast during the later part. (Max Kaminsky substitutes for Eldridge Thursday through Saturday, May 13-15.) Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Jim Smith's Village Corner, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A warm, cheering, aging corner bar where people drink, check their mail, throw darts, and listen to Lance Hayward, who performs every night but Wednesdays. The hours run from nine-thirty to three.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An often crowded upper West Side jazz-and-soul café. Local groups assemble on the canopied bandstand nearly every night. Music from ten to three. Dinner.

Orson's, 112 Central Park S. (265-6850)—If this new place, with its brown-checked tablecloths, its earth-toned décor, its chandelier, reminds you of Hopper's, it's no coincidence—both clubs have the same owner. This one, however, is indefinitely showcasing pianist **JIMMY ROWLES,** who is here Mondays through Saturdays, from nine until two. Dinner.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folksinger Eric Andersen alternates with cabaret singer Baby Jane Dexter through Sunday, May 9. On Wednesday, May 12, pianist Barry Miles and his jazz-rock band, Silverlight, will arrive. Shows at nine and eleven-thirty. Snacks.

Le Petit Café, Sherry-Netherland Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—**HANK JONES,** a delicate performer out of Tatum and Teddy Wilson, holds forth at the piano Mondays through Fridays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dinner and supper.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**SY OLIVER** is at the helm of an orchestra Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—This attractive bar-and-restaurant complex currently features Marc Allen Trujillo, a singer on the local cabaret circuit, and Raun MacKinnon, a singer and guitarist on the local folk-music circuit; through Sunday, May 9. On Tuesday, May 11, Judith Cohen, a frenetic singer and comedienne, will come in. Shows at nine and midnight. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

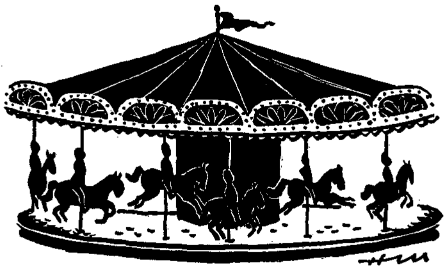
Storyville, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—George Wein, the producer of the Newport Jazz Festival–New York, is testing out a new policy. To wit: the music in the club changes from night to night, and passing musicians are welcome to sit in. The club does not advertise, but one can find out who will be playing on a given night by calling the above number. Music from nine to two. Closed Sundays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—Various jazz groups play every night. On Thursdays, saxophonist Eddie Daniels has charge of a trio; on Friday and Saturday, May 7-8, saxophonist Richie Cole will bring in his quartet; and on the following Friday and Saturday (May 14-15), vibraharpist Vera Auer will front a trio. Sundays, as always, are reserved for the **CHUCK WAYNE-JOE PUMA** guitar duo. Mondays are given over to **DAVE MATTHEWS'** twelve-piece band, made up of studio musicians who range from their twenties to their forties. Music weeknights from nine-thirty; Sundays from nine.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Remodelled again, this busy restaurant has achieved a desirable seating arrangement, and if it's crowded, it's only because the management has good taste in its bookings. The Guitar Festival continues with Joe Loduca on Wednesday, May 5; **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MIKE MOORE** Thursday through Sunday, May 6-9; and beginning Monday, May 10, **JOHN ABERCROMBIE,** a young guitarist on the way up (although the trio he'll be working with here is a bit far out and pointlessly lyrical). The hours run from nine Sundays through Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566)—Many different jazz groups in a loose, unconfining, and hassle-free bar. Fridays through Sundays, trombonist **ROSWELL RUDD** and his combo settle in; Tuesday through Thursday, May 11-13, saxophonist Harold Ousley will work with his group. Music from ten-thirty, except Mondays. Dinner.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—The air quality in this world-famous jazz institution is unacceptable, but the place is nevertheless worth visiting. **BETTY CARTER,** one of the few truly improvisational singers—one gets the feeling that she puts herself on the line and takes risks when she sings—finishes up with her trio on Sunday, May 9. On Tuesday, May 11, guitarist **KENNY BURRELL** will come in with his quartet. On Monday, May 10, pianist, composer, and sage **GIL EVANS** and his thoroughly up-to-date big band take over. Music from ten.



Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Singer and drummer **MEL TORMÉ** and drummer and black belt **BUDDY RICH** share the Empire Room Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Rich's sixteen-piece organization helps out. Dancing. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A soul-food *boîte* with a friendly staff, hundreds of gold Christmas ornaments hanging (year-round) from the ceiling, a near-impenetrable layer of sawdust on the floor, and some glowing piano-bass duos. Music begins at eight.

West End Café, *2911* Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old hangout for beatniks and Columbia students is now a bricked-and-boarded cafeteria and music room. Mondays and Tuesdays have been set aside for a swing group that includes trumpeter Franc Williams, trombonist and guitarist Eddie Durham, pianist Ram Ramirez, and drummer Shelton Gary. On Wednesdays, **JO JONES,** seated behind a trap set—although all he needs is a high hat—is in command of a quartet. A swing-to-bop quartet performs Thursdays and Fridays, and on Saturdays and Sundays, **SAMMY PRICE, BUDDY TATE,** Ronnie Cole, and Paul Quinichette get together for some more swing sessions. Music from nine to one.

Willy's, 7 W. 8th St. (260-0400)—Quiet and peaceful most nights, but on Tuesdays the place fills up with musicians and friends of musicians who are members of the Dick Cone big band, a seventeen-piece pick-up affair that lumbers through Cone charts, beginning after ten-thirty. Two bright spots in the band last week were trumpeter Lew Soloff and pianist Mike Abene. Insistently bluesy pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** leads a trio through Saturday, May 8. On Wednesday, May 12, flutist **RICHARD CLAY** will arrive with bassist **RON CARTER,** pianist **KENNY BARRON,** and drummer **AL FOSTER.** On Sundays, **JAKI BYARD** works out with bassist Nabil Totah. Music from nine-thirty. Dinner.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Interludes—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, May 5, at 5:45: **CHICO HAMILTON AND THE PLAYERS.** . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 12, at 5:45: **ADAM DARIUS,** mime.

Eddie Kendricks *and* **Mandrill**—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, May 7, at 7 and 11.

Santana and **Kokomo**—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1718. Friday, May 7, at 7:30 and 11:30.

Collective Black Artists Celebration—Nat Adderley, Kenny Barron, George Coleman, Frank Foster, Louis Hayes, Roy Haynes, Jimmy Owens, Pharoah Sanders, Buster Williams, Reggie Workman, Major Holley, and others. (Town Hall. Friday, May 7, at 8.)

Peter Lemongello—Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Friday, May 7, at 8:30.

Roy Buchanan—With Firefall. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Saturday, May 8, at 8.)

Tom Waits—Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Saturday, May 8, at 8.

Hot Tuna—Beacon Theatre. Saturday, May 8, at 8 and at midnight, and Sunday, May 9, at 8.

Loggins & Messina—Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, May 9, at 7 and 10:30.

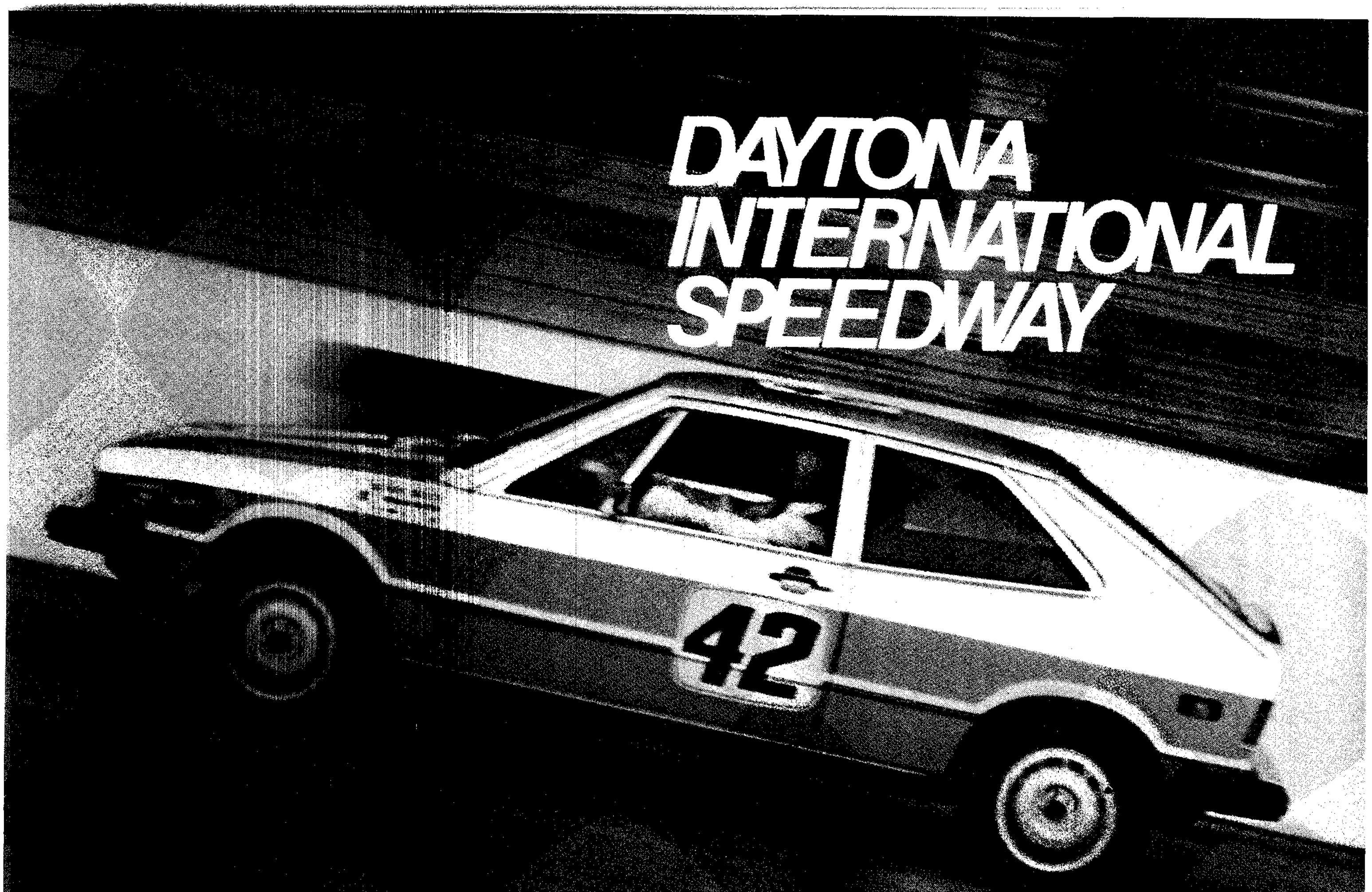
Aerosmith—Madison Square Garden. Monday, May 10, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Rudolf Bauer (1889-1953)—It seems odd that these abstract, Constructivist paintings, with their skillfully arranged clockworks of checks and balances, should already have ac-



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The EPA estimates that with standard transmission Scirocco got **39** mpg highway, **25** city. (Actual mileage may vary, depending on how and where you drive, optional equipment, and the condition of your car.) ©Volkswagen of America.

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Skin Life Cream, Moisturizing Emulsion and Eye Cream contain GAM. Help your skin feel renewed and revitalized.

The Science Of It: These products form the nucleus of the Skin Life beauty program. They all contain GAM... our exclusive bio-complex made to match as closely as possible the natural fluid of your own skin cells. It's this natural fluid that helps maintain moisture, discourage wrinkles and generally keep skin in good tone.

SKIN LIFE
moisturizing emulsion
Helena Rubinstein
SKIN LIFE
eye wrinkle cream
Helena Rubinstein
SKIN LIFE
cream
Helena Rubinstein

The Beauty Of It: Use Skin Life Cream every night and your skin will have a chance to feel renewed and revitalized. Use the Moisturizing Emulsion every day, and your skin will be softly sheltered and protected against moisture loss. The Eye Cream works with gentle determination on delicate areas where tiny age lines first appear. Use all three products every day and your skin will look tauter, softer, smoother. And that's a promise.

Helena Rubinstein/The Science of Beauty

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

quired the aura of quaint antique pieces. Through June 15. (Hutton, 967 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Leland Bell—Landscapes, still-lifes, and portraits by a figurative painter who leans toward bold patterns and has an almost choreographic sense of rhythm. Through Saturday, May 15. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Nell Blaine—Forthright flower studies, seascapes, and other works in oil and watercolor, and ink-and-wash drawings. Through Saturday, May 8. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

George Booth—Cartoons and drawings, many of them involving the cats and dogs with electric emotions who play such a prominent role in his works. Through Saturday, May 15. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.)

Harold Bruder—Realist paintings of local street scenes—the steps of the Metropolitan Museum on a busy day, vistas in Brooklyn, and so on—as well as portraits and tangled thickets deep in the forest. Through Friday, May 7. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Charles Cajori—Pencilled drawings of the same model, sometimes robed and sometimes not, done over a period of several months while she was pregnant; and a number of abstracts, in ink, tempera, and charcoal, inspired by the same figure. The draftsmanship is first-rate. Through Saturday, May 8. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Clarence Carter—A double exhibit, constituting a survey of nearly half a century of work by this artist, who is now seventy-two. Early paintings, including cityscapes and social-conscious canvases, are at Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St., and works on paper, including some of his recent mystical colored drawings dotted with egg-shaped symbols, are a couple of doors up the street, at Carus, 1044 Madison Ave. Through May 29.

D. Clark—Interpretive portraits of Walt Whitman and Chief Crazy Horse are part of a group of paintings that draw on American history for their content and that have the receding quality of frontier-day photographs, which inspired many of them. Through Saturday, May 8. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Peter Golfinopoulos—Oil paintings with a soft color-field quality, subdued in both size and color compared with his previous dramatic works; a couple of these new ones suggest earth and sky making preparations for a rainbow, and in others the rainbow seems to have broken into bits. Through May 29. (Kronen, 1094 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.)

Jean Hélion—This lively French artist was a friend of both Mondrian and Léger, and in this show, which begins with his early abstract period and moves on to his current representational works, the influences of both men are discernible, as is a pronounced Gallic élan. Through May 22. (Samuels, 18 E. 76th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.)

Barkley Hendricks—Life-size portraits of young urban blacks, most of them endowed with sporting-life machismo and its female equivalent; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, May 8. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Fairfield Porter (1907-75)—Representational portraits and landscapes, done chiefly in Maine and in the Hamptons and completed in the artist's last year. Through May 28. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

Reeve Schley III—Watercolors, mainly of beach scenes and landscapes in the Northeast and Canada. Through May 29. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

David Smith (1906-65)—A set of this sculptor's abstract paintings, which are being shown here for the first time since his death. Most of them are large works, and while they have a distinction of their own it is difficult to view them without mentally converting them into his massive steel sculptures. Through Thursday, May 13. (Knoedler Contemporary Art, 19 E. 70th St.)

Pat Steir—Twenty new drawings, most of them incorporating thoughts of the artist that are handwritten into the composition. Through Saturday, May 8. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Wayne Thiebaud / Dennis Clive—Realist paintings of figures, cityscapes, and objects. / Ceramic trucks. Through May 29. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

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Group Shows—At the **acquavella,** 18 E. 79th St.: A pastel by Christo, a gouache by Magritte, and a sculpture by Anthony Caro are among the works on view. Through May 28. (Open Mondays.) . . . **davis & long,** 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: A benefit show on loan from the Brooklyn Museum. Among the forty-two oils and watercolors in this survey of American painting are works by John Singleton Copley, Thomas Eakins, John Singer Sargent, and Charles Sheeler. Through May 29. . . . **krasner,** 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: A sample of work by five artists: Dubuffet, Calder, Picasso, Miró, and Milton Avery. Through May 22. . . . **larcada,** 23 E. 67th St.: Thomas Hart Benton, Isabel Bishop, and George Luks are three of the artists included in a show devoted exclusively to American paintings and drawings dating from 1925 through 1945. Through Saturday, May 8. . . . **doris wiener,** 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Indian and Southeast Asian stone and bronze sculptures and Indian miniature paintings, all dating from the third century through the nineteenth. Through May 29. . . . **wildenstein,** 19 E. 64th St.: Examples (by Ingres, David, Clodion, and others) of French neoclassical paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Through Saturday, May 15. (Open Mondays.)

The Cuzco Circle—A glowing collection of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Peruvian paintings, done by colonials and mestizos in the rococo way that their religious teachers (Spanish, Italian, and Flemish) taught them, but with some surprising touches of their own; for instance, Barachiel, a fine figure of an archangel in his padded Flemish brocades, carries a ponderous musket. Through July 25. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Quick List—Other artists currently showing their work uptown include: **chris burden** at Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30); **hanne darboven** at Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6); **maggie mc curdy** at Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30).

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Pat Adams—This artist provides a dense, rich background for her abstract paintings (she would obviously feel neglectful if the tiniest area went unattended), yet there is nothing fussy or crowded about these surfaces, and they provide a perfect setting for her main surprises, which streak across the canvas like bright-colored strands of confetti. Through Saturday, May 8. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Paul Cadmus—Ink and crayon works and a couple of oils by this master of figure drawing. Through Saturday, May 8. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Giorgio Cavallon—Large abstract paintings in which broad areas of solid color support one another, as boulders in a stone wall do. Through Thursday, May 13. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Thomas George—Brush-and-ink drawings by an American artist whose depictions of Norwegian mountains indirectly led to an invitation to China, where he happily worked away, in Kwangsi Province, on those snaggletooth peaks peculiar to Chinese landscapes. The result is a nice blend of Western energy and Eastern subject matter. Through Saturday, May 15. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Jerome Hill (1905-72)—Post-Impressionist paintings by the bon-vivant grandson of the railroad baron Jim Hill; among his mentors were Bonnard, Signac, and Prendergast, whose influences show strongly in his works, and who are represented here by paintings of their own, which were part of Hill's personal collection. Through May 29. (Berry-Hill, 743 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Robert Indiana—Costume and set designs in collage, executed for an out-of-town production of the opera "The Mother of Us All." Through May 29. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

William King—Caricatures of tennis players and their followers carved in wood by this humorous sculptor, who specializes in lanky, taller-than-life figures. Dominating the show is a skeleton entitled "Boo," who stands sixteen feet tall. Through Saturday, May 8. (Dintenfass, in a new location, at 50 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Additional works by the same artist—figures cut from a heavy, silvery plastic and mounted on a white ground, and watercolor portraits—may be seen in an adjoining gallery, the Sumers. Also through Saturday, May 8.

Agnes Martin—A double exhibit: Recent paintings. Through May 29. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Eight paintings done between 1961 and 1966. Through June 2. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Felicia Meyer—Landscapes, interiors, portraits, and still-lifes by this artist (the widow of Reginald Marsh), who knows how a birch tree sparkles in the spring sunshine. Through Saturday, May 8. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Joan Miró—Some of the same dash and wit that go into this artist's paintings and graphics are present in the thirty-three pieces of sculpture in this exhibition, but there is also present, in the larger works, an undertone of solemnity that is probably inescapable in massive metal works. A number of the pieces are painted in bright, Miró colors, and they look like toys grown up. Through Saturday, May 8. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Gudmar Olovson—Figurative bronze sculptures, plus etchings; first one-man show in New York. Through Wednesday, May 12. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Richard Pousette-Dart / I. Rice Pereira (1905-71)—Recent works by this master of glimmering surfaces, whose "Presences," as he calls them, now include a stark black disc on a relatively flat background, called "Circle of Night." Through Saturday, May 15. / About fifty paintings covering all phases of this geometric abstractionist's career and pointing up the symbols she employed in her canvases. Through May 22. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Susan Shatter—Panoramic watercolors of the Colorado River, the Oregon coast, and so forth. Through May 22. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Roger Welch—The last time around, this video artist gave us a relentless interview with a man who had survived a plunge over Niagara Falls, and now he interviews a sextet of prizefighters, who talk about their craft on a video screen in a gallery set up to look like a boxing arena, complete with a standard ring (unoccupied), while taped fight-crowd noises compete with the boxers' monologues. Through Wednesday, May 12. (D'Arc, 15 E. 57th St.)

Tom Wesselmann—A thirty-three-foot-long still-life comprised of four shaped canvases; the shapes of the canvases are determined by the subjects—a set of automobile keys, a toothbrush, a cigarette, and a ring with a ruby-red stone. Altogether, it must be the largest still-life in the whole history of Pop Art. Also, new additions to his series on cigarette smokers. Through May 22. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

William T. Wiley—Drawings, paintings, and constructions with a strong flavor of Wild West fantasies done by a California artist who writes long messages on his works and has a taste for bad puns ("Vague-a-Bond" and "He Ain't My Heavy, He's My Other") and a sort of cowboy disdain for the niceties of craftsmanship. Through Saturday, May 15. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

Ruckus Manhattan—A three-dimensional caricature of lower Manhattan and parts of mid-Manhattan, built by Red Grooms, Mimi Grooms, and twenty-two other artists. It can be touched, climbed on, and walked through. A benefit for the City of New York, which needs the money. Through July 16. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Group Show—An exhibition arranged by gallery director Jock Truman (who has been planning it for two years) of work by seventeen artists who have broken new ground by not going along with any given aesthetic concept but by *making things they couldn't not* make. The show is entitled "This Doesn't Look Like a Work of Art," which perfectly describes (to make a selection) Bruce Robbins' set of four seven-foot ladders, lovingly constructed of wood, metal, leather, gesso, and so on; Jeffrey Lew's huge sheet-iron books, with marbled-looking end pages but no words; and Rex Lau's hobo signs, which were transcribed from the originals and painted on plaster cutouts. Through Saturday, May 15. (Parsons-Truman, 24 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

John Baeder / Jean Nikolić—A new crop of paintings by this superrealist who specializes in diners and is constantly finding rare species along the roadside. / So-called "verbal paintings," which in this instance means words scrawled in wet paint or with wet paint. Sometimes there seems to be a relationship between the color and the message; "Stained Bananas" is done in yellow. Through Saturday, May 15. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

Maude Boltz—Wall pieces made of laminated wood hung with curtains of braided ribbon and suggestive of American Indian decorations, plus folded and pressed sheets of paper stained with watercolors. Through May 19. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

Bernard Dreyfuss / Helaine Blumenfeld—Wall and floor pieces that combine painting and sculpture and seem at first glance to have been painted with streaks of fire and glazed over with a marblelike surface; closer inspection shows that the otherwise abstract patterns are made up of drawings of brooms, which seem to be an obsession with the artist. ("My Wife Was a Witch" is the title of one work.) / Eight pieces of sensuous, writhing bronze and marble sculpture, some of them in units and others done in groups that fit together in a variety of ways. Through Saturday, May 15. (Bonino, 98 Prince St.)

Joan Gardner / Alan Finkel—Drawings of objects and parts of the body, cut out and arranged on a solid field of white or black board. / An ambitious exhibit that involves, among other things, ladders, radiator brushes, and collages made of a couple of hundred bunion pads affixed to paper. Through Wednesday, May 12. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Alan Kessler / Caroline Gassner Kaplowitz—Realist paintings of plants in foil-wrapped flower pots. / Carved-wood sculptures of boxes that look as if their tops are being pushed open by a liquid overflow (also carved wood). Through Saturday, May 15. (Yu, 393 West Broadway.)

Bernard Kirschenbaum—Large, glistening sculptures in aluminum and stainless steel, usually involving two geometric shapes nested together—a half moon cradled in a precisely congruent arc, for instance. Through May 29. (Sculpture Now, 142 Greene Street.)

Michael Loew / Daphne Mumford—Abstract paintings involving interrupted stripes, like the fault lines occasionally discernible in polished marble. / Pencil drawings of hands. Through Thursday, May 13. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

Robert Morris—Outsize wood and metal sculptures, in two shows at 420 West Broadway. At the Sonnabend, on the third floor, are metal pieces that do tricks—for instance, four big, wedgelike metal weights hung in a row from the ceiling at various heights but with such exactitude of position that a spectator, sighting down the row through a slit of space afforded by the arrangement, will see, precisely defined, a black horizontal line taped on the wall at the opposite end of the gallery. Another arrangement consists of four large mirrors so distributed among four walls that a person looking into one of the mirrors through a metal frame hung in front of it will see a back view of himself. At the Castelli, on the second floor, are two massive works, one a kind of tunnel of metal and the other a wooden trestle that has the aura of Stonehenge. Through Saturday, May 8.

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Paul Rotterdam—New abstract paintings and drawings. Through May 26. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Betye Saar—Small boxes trimmed with tiny dolls, tinsel butterflies, faded photographs, bits of lace, worn spectacles, and so on, which evoke a sort of musty nostalgia. Through May 29. (Knowlton, 153 Prince St. Opens at noon.)

Robert Smithson (1938-73)—A re-creation of a piece from Cornell University's 1968 "Earth Art Show," consisting of a group of mirrors (about two feet square) with rock salt poured on them, and related drawings and photographs. Through May 19. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

George Szekely / Beatrice Riese—Clear plastic bags of liquid pigment hung on the wall in groups. / Paintings based on a grid. Through Thursday, May 13. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

Fumio Yoshimura—Intricate carved-lindenwood sculptures, including one of a bag of groceries in a metal shopping cart (to which is attached a carved-wood umbrella). Through June 2. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Group Show—Paintings by Naoto Nakagawa, sculptures by Avital Oz, and paintings and sculptures by Paul von Ringelheim. Through Saturday, May 15. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Quick List—Other artists currently showing their work in SoHo include: EUGENE BRODSKY at Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6); DOUGLAS HUEBLER at Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St. (Through Saturday, May 8. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6).

OTHER GALLERIES

Bill Barrett—Abstract metal sculptures that have a satiny finish. Through May 21. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

Don Freeman—Paintings, drawings, and graphics. Through June 12. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

Wallace French—Wall sculptures based on rectangular arrangements of elongated geometrical shapes cut out of wood and enamelled, plus preparatory drawings for the sculptures. Through May 28. (Berman, a gallery that shares a warren-like office with an architectural firm at 9 E. 19th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Sol LeWitt—Five modular aluminum sculptures that are finished in white enamel. Through Saturday, May 15. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Group Show—Paintings by Judith Shahn, Benny Andrews, and five other artists. Through May 22. (Glass, 315 Central Park W., at 91st St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Thomas Barrow / Grant Mudford—Prints, both toned (brown or pink) and black-and-white. / Black-and-white photographs of building façades. Through May 29. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Nancy Crampton / Jack Feder—Portraits of art-world figures. / Miniature landscapes and cityscapes. Through May 22. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Opens at noon.)

Keith Dobran—Black-and-white photographs of still-life subjects (an avocado, a passionflower), and abstractions. Through May 18. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 6.)

Fred Fehl—Three hundred photographs of dancers, actors, and musicians in performance. Through May 29. (New York Public Library at Lincoln Center. Mondays and Thursdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Lotte Jacobi—Portraits of Albert Einstein and Lotte Lenya, and other work. Through June 30. (Kimmel-Cohn, 41 Central Park W., at 64th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 2:30 to 6.)

Inge Morath—Pictures of Spain, Cambodia, and Iran done in the photo-journalist tradition. Through May 29. (Carlton, 127 E. 69th St.)

Carmen Quesada—Platinum and silver prints. Through May 30. (Marymount Manhattan College Gallery, 221 E. 71st St. Daily, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.)

Edward Steichen (1879-1973)—About a hundred photographs, including portraits, still-lifes, and architectural studies. Through June 19. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St.)

Group Shows—At the ESMAN, 29 W. 57th St.: Photographs by painters and sculptors, among them Dorothea Rockburne, Sol LeWitt, and George Segal. Through May 28. . . . INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St., through May 16: Exhibitions of works by photographers Clarence John Laughlin, Michael P. Smith, David Plowden, and James Klosty. (Open Sundays.) . . . MIDTOWN Y GALLERY, 344 E. 14th St.: Three Mexican photographers—Graciela Iturbide, Paulina Lavista, and Colette Urbajtel. Through May 16. (Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.) . . . NEIKRUG, 224 E. 68th St.: Photographs by John Vachon, Richard Gray, and Pedro Luis Raota. Through May 29. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.) . . . SOHO PHOTO, 34 W. 13th St.: Fifty prints by Belgian photographers Jan Colpaert, Carl Uytterhaegen, and Gaston Vermosen, along with works by gallery photographers. Through May 30. (Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7 P.M. to 9 P.M.) . . . WITKIN, 41 E. 57th St.: A show of photographs (by Minor White, Judy Dater, Jan Groover, and others) that are included in Kelly Wise's survey of contemporary photography "The Photographers' Choice." Through June 19. (Open Thursday evenings until 8.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Portraits of, and clothing worn by, ten American women—Isadora Duncan, Josephine Baker, and Irene Langhorne Gibson among them—noted for their innovation and elegance in dress. Through Sept. 5. . . . ¶ A loan show of drawings and etchings by the seventeenth-century French court painter Jacques Bellange, plus works by artists who influenced him and whom he influenced. Through Sunday, May 2. . . . ¶ A small show of Chinese landscape paintings dating from the eleventh century through the eighteenth. Through Aug. 1. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—More than a hundred Fauvist paintings, whose colors still have a tingling shock value seventy years after their first formal showing shook up the art establishment in Paris. Matisse, Braque, Derain, Vlaminck, Marquet, and van Dongen are among the wild beasts in this engrossing exhibition. Through June 1. . . . ¶ Picasso, Mondrian, and Feininger are among the artists represented in a survey of Cubism and allied movements, made up of drawings and prints from the museum's collection and covering the years 1906 to 1922. Through Sunday, May 9. (Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A full-scale exhibition of the museum's collection of early-twentieth-century European paintings. Chronologically arranged, the show includes works by Cézanne, Mondrian, Klee, and Miró. Through Oct. 3. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5. . . . ¶ Dance concerts at the museum: The first two of five performances by the Multigravitational Aerodance group, which works in the air on elasticized ropes, Friday and Saturday, May 14-15, at 8. For information about tickets, call 860-1356.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A vast historical survey of American sculpture of the past two hundred years, beginning with primitive weathervanes, figureheads, and other naïve works. (One, more

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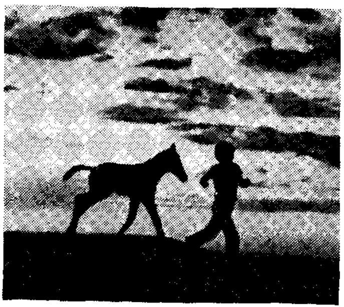
"TIKO AND THE SHARK"



"SHOK AND SHER"

"THE BLACK MOUNTAIN"

CBS TELEVISION NETWORK

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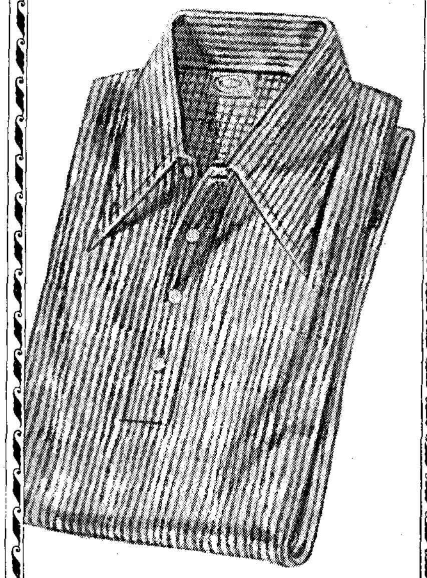

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recent, is a celestial-looking throne room constructed by a religious Washington janitor in his spare time and discovered after his death a few years ago.) The exhibit goes on, chronologically, to super-classical statues (Washington as Phidias might have depicted him), Hiram Powers' celebrated Greek Slave, works by the Calders (father and son), and on to David Smith and the earth-works Conceptualists. A really big show, occupying all three floors, which will last through the summer. (Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—"Print Making/New Forms" includes works by Rauschenberg, Marisol, and Jody Shields. Through May 19. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Folk sculptures that date from the eighteenth century to the present by artisans from all over the United States. One piece, done in the twenties, is a trade sign for a Brooklyn bicycle shop. Through May 31. . . . ¶ Contemporary Japanese ceramics, including about twenty-five pieces by Kitaoji Rosanjin, together with sword guards from a private collection. Through June 27. This exhibit opens at 1:30 on Fridays and Saturdays. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A display showing the techniques used by the museum's staff of artists, taxidermists, model-makers, and other reproduction specialists in mounting installations. Through July 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Nearly sixty hand scrolls and hanging scrolls, the majority of them ink landscapes, by Wen Cheng-ming (1470-1559) and by his teacher, Shen Chou. Through June 6. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Folk art on paper, or made with paper, most of it done by New York artists. Through June 2. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of contemporary American quilts. . . . ¶ Clay soup tureens that were designed for a national competition. . . . ¶ Locks and keys dating from the fourteenth century through the eighteenth, on loan from the Cooper-Hewitt Museum of Design. All three exhibitions through June 13. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—An exhibition of theatrical memorabilia celebrating the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Shubert organization. Through Oct. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A new installation of decorative art objects (American glass and pottery, Chinese Export porcelain, and other pieces) drawn from the Society's collections. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—"Ruth Page: Ballet Is a World Apart" is the title of a series of photographs, letters, posters, costume designs and some of the costumes themselves, and other memorabilia celebrating her fifty years on the ballet stage. Through Friday, May 7. . . . ¶ An exhibit of the American Ballet Theatre's scenic and costume designs from the last thirty-six years. Through July 24. . . . ¶ Theatre photographs by Fred Fehl. Through May 29. (Mondays and Thursdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, noon to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Bronx Opera Company—Two performances of Mozart's "Così Fan Tutte," in English, staged by Louis Galterio, with the Bronx Opera Orchestra conducted by Michael Spierman. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday and Saturday, May 7-8, at 8.)

Manhattan School of Music Opera Workshop—Mozart's "Impresario" and scenes from "Il Trovatore" and "Don Giovanni," conducted by Anton Coppola and staged by Jim Lucas. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, May 7, at 8, and Sunday, May 9, at 2:30. Tickets at the box office on the evening and afternoon of the performances.)

Mannes Opera Workshop—Scenes from "Faust," "Rigoletto," "La Bohème," and "Lucia di Lammermoor," conducted by Carl Bamberger and staged by Harvey Vincent. The first of two performances. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Monday, May 10, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

New York Grand Opera Company—Vincent La Selva directing performances of Verdi's "Giovanna d'Arco." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, May 15, at 8, and Sunday, May 16, at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Pierre Boulez conducting the final performances of the season—Thursday, May 6, at 8:30; Friday, May 7, at 2; Saturday, May 8, at 8:30; and Tuesday, May 11, at 7:30 (all with Isaac Stern, violin); and Thursday, May 13, at 8:30; Friday, May 14, at 2; and Saturday, May 15, at 8:30 (no soloists).

Chicago Symphony—Georg Solti conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, May 10, at 8, a varied program, with no soloists; Wednesday, May 12, at 8, a varied program, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano; and Friday, May 14, at 8, a performance of Wagner's "The Flying Dutchman," with Janis Martin, soprano; Isola Jones, mezzo-soprano; Norman Bailey, baritone; Martti Talvela, bass; and the Chicago Symphony Chorus.)

English Chamber Orchestra—Daniel Barenboim conducting the last in a series of concerts of Mozart concertos. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 5; Friday, May 7; and Tuesday, May 11, all at 8, with Mr. Barenboim as piano soloist. . . . ¶ Sunday, May 9, and Thursday, May 13, both at 8, with Isaac Stern, violin.)

Opera Orchestra of New York—Eve Queler directing a performance of Bizet's "The Pearl Fishers" in concert form, with Nicolai Gedda, tenor, and the Brooklyn College Chorus. (Walt Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Saturday, May 8, at 8.)

Orpheus Chamber Ensemble—Twenty-four wind and string players who perform without a conductor, in an all-Haydn program, with Barbara Hendricks, soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, May 9, at 8.)

Manhattan Orchestra—George Schick conducting, with Karla Moe, flute. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, May 14, at 8. Free tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

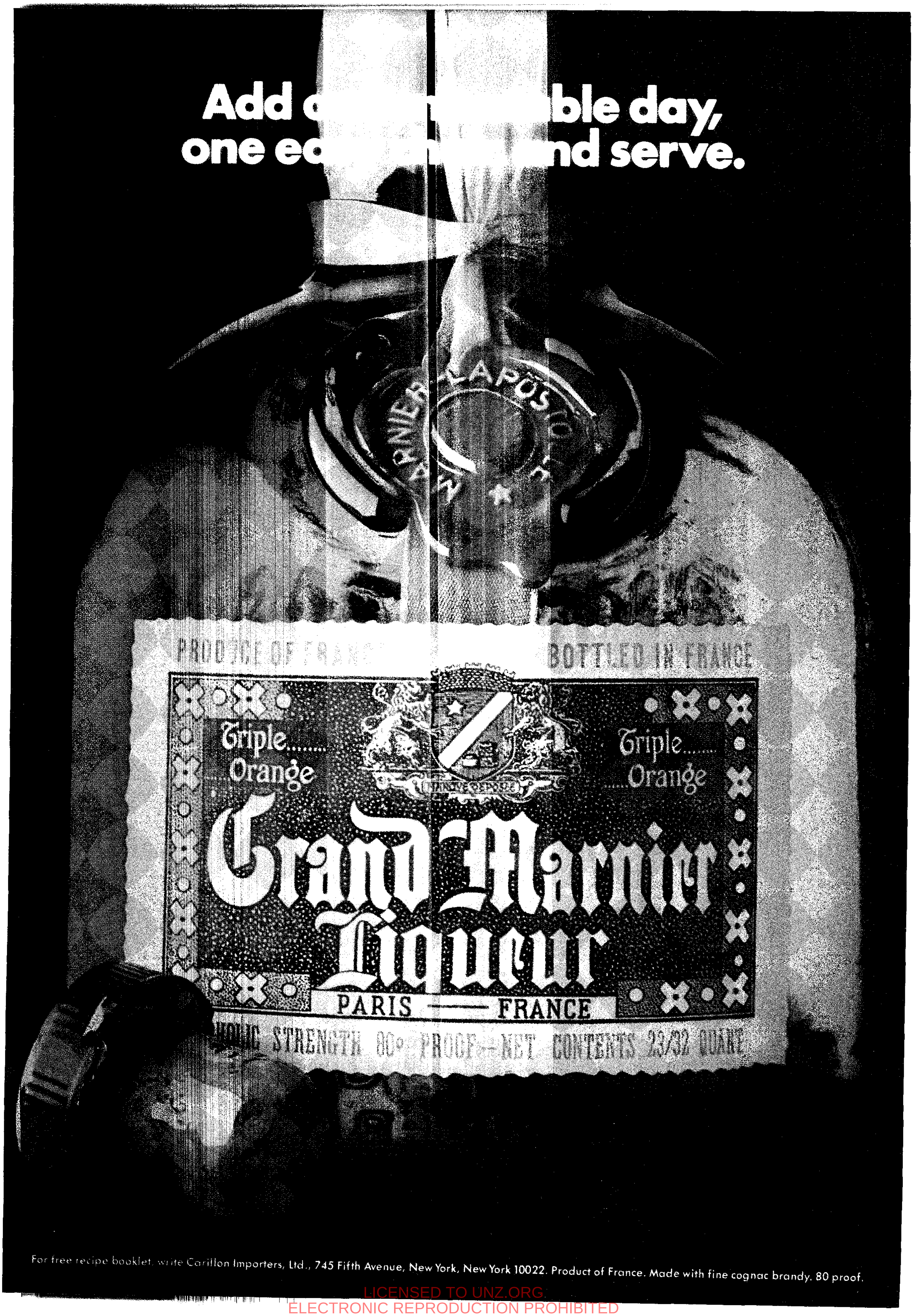
Our Bach Concert—Twenty musicians, including Henry Schuman, oboe; Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord; Gerard Schwarz, trumpet; and Ani Kavafian, violin, who perform without a conductor. Susan Davenny Wyner, soprano, and Sidney Johnson, tenor, are the soloists. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 15, at midnight.)

University of Michigan Symphony Band and Wind Ensemble—H. Robert Reynolds conducting. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, May 5, at 8.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing the last in a series of concerts of American music, this one devoted to "The Contemporary Twentieth Century." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, May 5, at 8.)

New York University Choral Arts Society—E. Jon de Revere directing a concert of works by American composers, with an orchestra. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Wednesday, May 5, at 8:30. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

Dessoff Choirs—Michael Hammond directing a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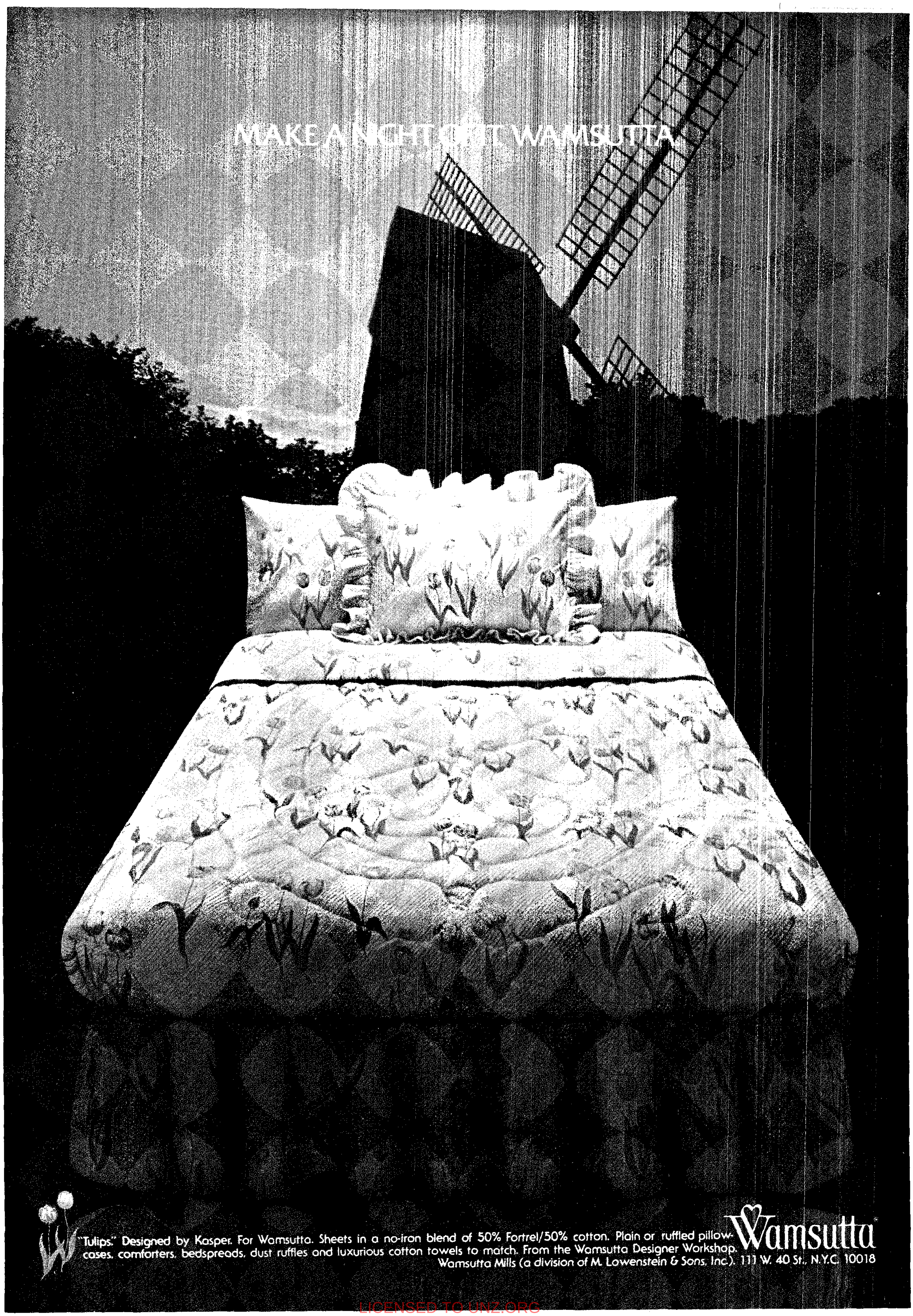

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

performance of Monteverdi's "1610 Vespers," with Peggy Pruett and Christine Whittlesey, sopranos; John Aler, Robert White, and David Bender, tenors; Ronald Corrado, baritone; and Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 6, at 8.)

RECITALS

JOYCE BRITTON—Soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, May 5, at 8.)

EMANUEL AX—Piano, in a benefit recital. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Thursday, May 6, at 8. For information about tickets, call 280-5537.)

ROBERT SMITH—Harpsichord. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, May 6, at 8.)

AMADEUS STRING QUARTET—The final concert in a series presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Thursday, May 6, at 8.)

GUARNERI QUARTET—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, May 6, and Wednesday, May 12, at 8, two programs presenting the Bartók cycle. . . . ¶ Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 13, at 8, a varied program.)

JUDITH NORELL—Harpsichord, in a program of sixteenth- to eighteenth-century music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, May 7, at 8.)

MORTON ESTRIN—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 8, at 2:30.)

HORACIO GUTIERREZ—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, May 8, at 8.)

HANNA LACHERT—Violin, in a program of Polish music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, May 9, at 2:30.)

ALFRED BRENDEL—Piano, in the last in a series of Bach-Beethoven-Liszt recitals. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 9, at 3.)

NEW YORK BRASS QUINTET—Early music for brass. (Fuentidueña Apse, The Cloisters. Fort Tryon Park. Sunday, May 9, at 3. For information about tickets, call 923-3700, Wednesday through Friday.)

MUSIC FROM MARLBORO—The final concert in a series, this one played by Jaime Laredo and Lucy Chapman, violin; Heiichiro Ohyama and Daniel Phillips, viola; and Sharon Robinson, cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, May 10, at 8.)

PHYLLIS CURTIN—Soprano, in a program of American music. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Tuesday, May 11, at 8.)

CHAMBER MUSIC AT THE Y—A Mozart quartet, a Mendelssohn quintet, and a Tchaikovsky sextet performed by Ani Kavafian and Jaime Laredo, violin; Sharon Robinson, cello; and the Guarneri Quartet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, May 11, at 8.)

ANTONIO BARBOSA—Piano, in a benefit recital. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Wednesday, May 12, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call CO 5-0277.)

PAUL SPERRY—Tenor, in the last in a series of programs of nineteenth- and twentieth-century American songs. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, May 13, at 8.)

LYNN HARRELL—Cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, May 14, at 8, and Sunday, May 16, at 5.)

NEW YORK PHILOMUSICA—With Christine Whittlesey, soprano. (Hunter College Playhouse. Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, May 14, at 8.)

PROSPECTIVE ENCOUNTER—Pierre Boulez directing members of the New York Philharmonic in the second of two programs of contemporary chamber music. The performances will take place between eight and ten, with periods before and after devoted to "encounters"—possibly even confrontations—between the artists and the audience. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, May 14. For information about tickets, call 799-9595.)

MISCELLANY

EVENING OF CHORAL THEATRE—Soloists from the Gregg Smith Singers, the Long Island Symphonic Choral Association, and pianist Gary Steigerwalt in a benefit program that will include a staged version of William Schuman's "The Mighty Casey." (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 15, at 7:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., is 516 794-9100.)

AUTOMOBILE RACING—Pocono International Raceway, Long Pond, Pa.: Sunday, May 9, at 2.

BASEBALL—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Cincinnati, Wednesday, May 5, at 8:05, and Thursday, May 6, at 4:05. . . . ¶ San Diego, Friday, May 7, at 8:05; Saturday, May 8, at 2:15; and Sunday, May 9, at 2:05. . . . **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Detroit, Tuesday through Thursday, May 11-13, at 8. . . . ¶ Baltimore, Friday, May 14, at 8, and Saturday, May 15, at 2.

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—American Basketball Association Championship Playoffs: Nets vs. Denver. (Nassau Coliseum. Thursday, May 6; Saturday, May 8; and, if necessary, Thursday, May 13, all at 8.)

CREW—Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Annapolis. Saturday, May 8.). . . ¶ Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell, Princeton, and Yale. (Princeton. Sunday, May 9.)

HOCKEY—Stanley Cup semifinal playoffs: Islanders vs. Montreal Canadiens. (Nassau Coliseum. Sunday, May 9, at 7, if necessary.)

RACING—At **BELMONT**: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, June 28. The Withers, Saturday, May 8, and the Roseben Handicap, Saturday, May 15. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1:05, and Saturdays between 11 and 1:15.). . . **GARDEN STATE PARK**, Cherry Hill, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Thursday, June 10. . . . **PIMLICO**, Baltimore: The Preakness, Saturday, May 15.

SOCCER—At Yankee Stadium—Cosmos vs. Hartford, Wednesday, May 5, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Cosmos vs. Philadelphia, Saturday, May 8, at 7:30. (For tickets, call 484-6010.)

PRO TENNIS—World Team Tennis—Sets vs. Los Angeles, Wednesday, May 5. . . . ¶ Sets vs. San Diego, Wednesday, May 12. . . . ¶ Sets vs. Pittsburgh, Saturday, May 15. (Nassau Coliseum. Matches begin at 8. For information about tickets, call 581-6622.)

TROTTING—At **YONKERS RACEWAY**: Weeknights at 8; through Monday, May 17. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 13.

ET ALIA

POETRY AND PROSE READINGS—Allen Ginsberg, Joel Oppenheimer, M. L. Rosenthal, Harvey Shapiro, and others in a benefit reading of their own works. (South Lobby, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Thursday, May 6, at 8. Admission by contribution.). . . ¶ Howard Moss and Muriel Rukeyser reading from their own works. (Jefferson Market Library, Sixth Ave. at 10th St. Monday, May 10, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.). . . ¶ Joyce Carol Oates reading from her own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, May 10, at 8.)

WALKING TOUR—"Murray Hill," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, May 9, starting at the southwest corner of Fifth Ave. and 33rd St., at 2:30.

FLOWER SHOW—The May Flower Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St. Wednesday, May 12, from noon to 6.

FLEA MARKET—The New York Flea Market, at Sixth Ave. and 25th St., is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from noon to 7.

AUCTIONS—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, May 5, at 2, and Thursday and Friday May 6-7, at 10:30 and 2: Old Master and nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints, from several owners. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 12, at 2: English pottery and porcelains and Continental porcelains and faïence, from various owners. Exhibition starts Thursday, May 6.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through May 6: "Salut l'Artiste."
May 7-11: "Loves of a Blonde" and "The Firemen's Ball."
From May 12: To be announced.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through May 11: "Next Stop, Greenwich Village" and "French Connection II."
From May 12 (tentative): "Hester Street" and another feature, to be announced.

12th St. Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (254-4188)
Through May 11: "Breakout" and "The Stranger and the Gunfighter."
From May 12: To be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through May 11: "The Magic Flute."
From May 12: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through May 11: "The Sunshine Boys." (Evening performances only on Friday, May 7.)
From May 12: "All Screwed Up."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (684-2290)
Through May 11: "The Duchess and the Dirtwater Fox."
From May 12: "Taxi Driver."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Family Plot."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through May 6: "Mean Streets."
From May 7: "Young Frankenstein."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through May 6: "Merry Go Round."
May 7-11: "Goodbye Norma Jean."
From May 12: "Grizzly."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Bad News Bears."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Stay Hungry."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through May 6: "The River Niger."
From May 7: "Young Frankenstein."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Seven Beauties."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Mean Streets."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"La Chienne."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Fantasia" and "Alice in Wonderland."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Fantasia" and "Alice in Wonderland."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Taxi Driver."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through May 11: "Baby Blue Marine."
From May 12: "Echoes of a Summer."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Face to Face."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Birch Interval."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"All the President's Men."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through May 11: "Lies My Father Told Me."
From May 12: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through May 6: "The River Niger."
May 7-11: "Goodbye Norma Jean."
From May 12: "Grizzly."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Family Plot."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Lipstick."

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9	10	11	12	13		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Stay Hungry."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through May 11: "Baby Blue Marine."
From May 12: To be announced.

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"El Ministro y Yo." A Spanish film.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Taxi Driver."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"Grey Gardens."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through May 8: "Love and Anarchy" and "The Seduction of Mimi." From May 9: "Underground."
Theatre 2: "The Crazies" and "Cat People."
Theatre 3: May 5: "Foreign Correspondent" and "The Lodger." May 6: "The Lady Vanishes" and "Blackmail." May 7: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" and "Sabotage." May 8: "Secret Agent" and "The 39 Steps." May 9-11: "Love and Anarchy" and "The Seduction of Mimi." From May 12: "Taxi Driver" and "Shampoo."
Theatre 4: "Inside Marilyn Chambers" and "Behind the Green Door" (both X-rated).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Breakheart Pass."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
Through May 12: "Robin and Marian."
From May 13: "The Blue Bird."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through May 9: "Moses."
From May 10: Theatre temporarily closed.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through May 11: "Barry Lyndon."
From May 12: "Lucky Lady" and "Sky Riders."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through May 11: "Monty Python and the Holy Grail." (Evening performances only on Thursday, May 6.)
From May 12: "End of the Game."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Bambina."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Bad News Bears."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Legacy."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through May 8: "The Mother and the Whore."
From May 9: "Underground."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through May 11: "Salut l'Artiste."
From May 12: To be announced.

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through May 11: "Baby Blue Marine." From May 12: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through May 6: "The Story of Joanna" (X-rated). May 7-11: "Goodbye Norma Jean." From May 12: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through May 11: "No Way Out" and "Killing Machine." From May 12: To be announced.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Grey Gardens."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through May 11: "Breakheart Pass."
From May 12: To be announced.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through May 11: "The Sunshine Boys" and "Smile."
From May 12: "Barry Lyndon."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(*These theatres show revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.*)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
May 5: "East of Eden" (1955), directed by Elia Kazan, with James Dean and Julie Harris; and "On the Waterfront" (1954), directed by Elia Kazan, with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger.
May 6: "Nights of Cabiria" (1957), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Giulietta Masina; and "The White Sheik" (1951), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Alberto Sordi.
May 7: "Last Year at Marienbad" (1961), in French, directed by Alain Resnais, with Delphine Seyrig; and "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959), in French, directed by Alain Resnais, with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada.
May 8: "The Devils" (1971), directed by Ken Russell, with Vanessa Redgrave and Oliver Reed; and "The Seventh Seal" (1956), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Max von Sydow.
May 9: "Black Orpheus" (1959), in Portuguese, directed by Marcel Camus; and "The Red Shoes" (1948), directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, with Moira Shearer and Léonide Massine.
May 10: "Monika" (†) and "The Naked Kiss." (†)
May 11: "David Holzman's Diary" (†) and "My Girlfriend's Wedding" (1973), directed by Jim McBride.
May 12: "Kind Hearts and Coronets" (1950), directed by Robert Hamer, with Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson, and Dennis Price; and "The Mouse That Roared." (†)
May 13: "Accattone!" (†); and "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (1966), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with a cast of nonprofessionals.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
May 5: "Yojimbo" (1962) and "Sanjuro" (1963), both films in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, and with Toshiro Mifune.
May 6: "Exodus" (1960), directed by Otto Preminger, with Paul Newman, Eva Marie Saint, Sal Mineo, Ralph Richardson, and Lee J. Cobb.
May 7: "Nights of Cabiria" (1957), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Giulietta Masina; and "Sweet Charity." (†)
May 8: "Rebecca" (1940), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates; and "The Lady Vanishes." (†)
May 9: "Prince Igor" (1972), in Russian, performed by the Kirov Opera and Ballet of Leningrad; and "The Tsar's Bride" (1966), in Russian, performed by the Bolshoi Opera Company.
May 10: "The Conformist" (1970), in Ital-

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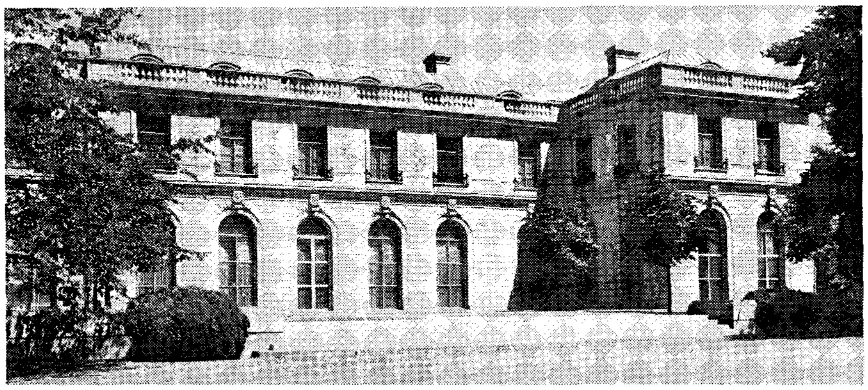

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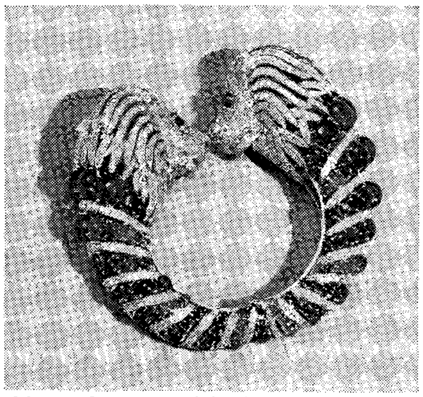

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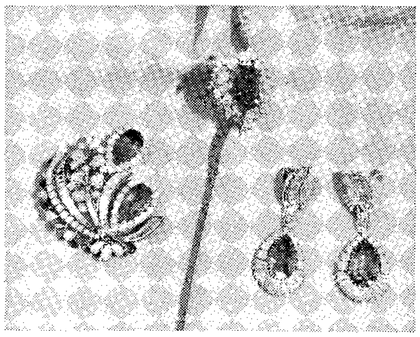

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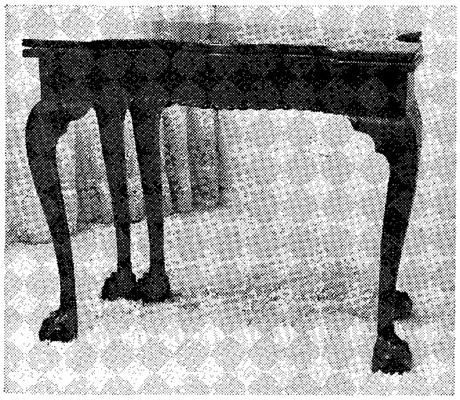

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ian, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda; and "Black Holiday" (1974), in Italian, directed by Marco Leto.

May 11: "A Raisin in the Sun" (†) and "Nothing but a Man." (†)

May 12: "Red Beard" (1965), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune.

May 13: "Casque d'Or" (†); and "Pépé le Moko" (1937), in French, directed by Julien Duvivier, with Jean Gabin, Mireille Balin, and Marcel Dalio.

ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)

May 5: "Patton" (1970), directed by Franklin J. Schaffner, with George C. Scott.

May 6: No movies; theatre otherwise engaged.

May 7: "The Yakuza" (1975), directed by Sydney Pollack, with Robert Mitchum, Takakura Ken, and Richard Jordan; and "Golden Needles" (1974), directed by Robert Clouse, with Joe Don Baker and Elizabeth Ashley.

May 8-9: "Steppenwolf" (1974), directed by Fred Haines, with Max von Sydow and Dominique Sanda; and "Siddhartha" (1973), directed by Conrad Rooks, with Shashi Kapoor.

May 10: "Macbeth" (†) and "Repulsion." (†)

May 11: "Who's That Knocking at My Door" (1969), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Zina Bethune and Harvey Keitel; and "Greetings." (†)

May 12: "Chinatown" (1974), directed by Roman Polanski, with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston; and "Carnal Knowledge" (1971), directed by Mike Nichols, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret.

May 13: "A Brief Vacation" (1975), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Florinda Bolkan, Renato Salvatori, and Daniel Quenaud; and "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis" (1970), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Lino Capolicchio, Dominique Sanda, and Helmut Berger.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Through May 8: "The Private Life of Henry VIII" (1933), directed by Alexander Korda, with Charles Laughton, Merle Oberon, Binnie Barnes, Wendy Barrie, and Elsa Lanchester; and "Alexander Nevsky" (1938), in Russian, directed by Sergei Eisenstein, with Nikolai Cherkassov.

May 9-11: "The Blue Angel" (1929), in German, directed by Josef von Sternberg, with Marlene Dietrich and Emil Jannings; and "Blonde Venus." (†)

From May 12: "Swing Time" (†) and "Second Chorus." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—May 5 at 8:30: A program of seven American avant-garde films. . . . ¶ May 6 at 2:30: "Chronicle of the Gray House" (1925), a German silent film, directed by Arthur von Gerlach; English inter-titles. . . . ¶ May 6 at 6: "Earth in Song" (1933), a Czech film, directed by Karel Plicka; no dialogue. . . . ¶ May 6 at 8:30: "Kabuki Elegy" (1957), in Japanese, directed by Koji Shima; English subtitles. . . . ¶ May 7 at 2: "Zander the Great" (1925), directed by George William Hill, with Marion Davies. . . . ¶ May 7 at 6: "Chronicle of the Gray House.". . . ¶ May 7 at 8:30: A program of five American avant-garde films. . . . ¶ May 8 at noon: "The Lion and the Horse" (1952), directed by Louis King, with Steve Cochran. . . . ¶ May 8 at 2:30: "Two Hearts in Three-Quarter Time" (1930), in German, directed by Geza von Bolvary; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ May 8 at 5: "Kabuki Elegy.". . . ¶ May 8 at 8:30: A film each by Anger, Brakhage, Jacobs, and Conrad. . . . ¶ May 9 at noon: "The Lion and the Horse.". . . ¶ May 9 at 2:30: "Zero for Conduct" (1933) and "A Propos de Nice" (1930), both in French, directed by Jean Vigo; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ May 9 at 5 and 8:30: Two programs of American avant-garde films. . . . ¶ May 10 at noon: "Man of Aran" (1934), directed by Robert Flaherty. . . . ¶ May 10 at 2:30: "Earth in Song.". . . ¶ May 10 at 6: A program of three films by John Voorhees. . . . ¶ May 10 at 8:30: A program of six American avant-garde films. . . . ¶ May 11 at noon: "Man of Aran.". . . ¶ May 11 at 2:30: "Z" (1969), in French, directed by Costa-Gavras, with Yves Montand, Irene Papas, and Jean-Louis Trintignant; English subtitles. . . . ¶ May 11 at 8:30: A film each by Gehr, Brakhage, Gerson, and Frampton. . . . ¶ May 13 at 2:30: "Zero for Conduct" and "A Propos de Nice.". . . ¶ May 13 at 6: "Z.". . . ¶ May 13 at 8:30: "For Heaven's Sake" (1926), directed by Sam Taylor, with Harold Lloyd and Jobyna Ralston. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8:30 will not be accepted before 8.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through May 9: "Hurry Tomorrow," directed by Richard Cohen and Kevin Rafferty. Showings at noon, 2, and 4. . . . ¶ Starting May 11: A program of films by Morgan Fisher, Richard Serra, and David Shulman. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evening). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Hill, Flaherty, Rossellini, Landow, Nelson, Jordan, Kubelka, Griffith, Mekas, Ozu, and others. Showing May 5-7 at 7 and 9; May 8 at 2:30, 7, and 9; May 9 at 8; May 11 at 7 and 9; May 12 at 7; and May 13 at 7 and 9.

FILM FORUM, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—A program of seventeen animated abstract films. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

ACCATTONE! *(1961)—Pier Paolo Pasolini's film* about a Catholic boy at the bottom of the heap. The characters and the story are simple and anti-bourgeois by nature; Pasolini's coldly humorless theories and haut-bourgeois intellect sabotage practically everything that he hopes to do emotionally in the picture. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 13.)

ALICE IN WONDERLAND (1951)—A cartoon version from Disney that dilutes the material to a pale variety of whimsey and adds shiny little tunes. Not popular with children at the time of its release; because of the mushroom episode and the many transformations, it is now considered a turn-on for heads. (Cinema I, and Cinema II.)

ALL SCREWED UP—A noisy, sprawling, incident-filled, slice-of-life comedy-melodrama about the corruption of the Sicilians who go to Milan. Wertmüller's point of view is chaotic. The women workers are shown to be acquisitive schemers who manipulate and exploit their men, and there's a ballet in a slaughterhouse which has comic bravura but is so ambiguous that we seem to be asked to laugh at the dead animals. In Italian. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/16/76.) (Gramercy; starting May 12.)

ALL THE PRESIDENT'S MEN—Alan J. Pakula's film of the famous book by Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward about the uncovering of the Watergate coverup. Woodward is played by Robert Redford, one of our best actors; Bernstein is played by Dustin Hoffman with edgy intelligence. The film is good on newspapers' nervous verve, though it has its share of clichés about the working press. (4/12/76) (Loews Tower East.)

BABY BLUE MARINE—With Jan-Michael Vincent and Glynnis O'Connor, directed by John Hancock. (Columbia II, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, and Loews 83rd Triplex; through May 11.)

THE BAD NEWS BEARS—A story of a team of sort of mini-Mets, with Tatum O'Neal as a pitcher, and Walter Matthau as a coach who feeds his team Coke and franks and pours incessant slugs of Scotch into his cans of beer. (Sutton, and Paramount.)

BAMBINA—*With Irene Papas, directed by Al*berto Lattuada. In Italian. (Paris.)

BARRY LYNDON—Stanley Kubrick's stately tour of European high life in the mid-eighteenth century—a coffee-table movie, with Ryan O'Neal and Marisa Berenson. (12/29/75) (Playboy; through May 11. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting May 12.)

BIRCH INTERVAL—With Eddie Albert and Rip Torn, directed by Delbert Mann. (68th St. Playhouse.)

BLACKMAIL (1929)—A London-set Hitchcock silent thriller that was in part reshot and in part dubbed to make it a sound film—and an unusually imaginative and innovative one. With its trick shots in the British Museum and a chase on the museum roof, the film seems almost German in its pictorial style, and the heroine is indeed played by the German actress Anny Ondra, who married Max Schmeling. (Her voice is dubbed.) Cyril Ritchard, who doesn't look very different now, plays the artist who tries to rape the heroine; with Sara Allgood, John Longden, and Donald Calthrop. Hitchcock turns up being pestered by a little boy while he tries to read a book. (Quad Cinema; May 6.)

BLONDE VENUS (1932)—Marlene Dietrich in one of those forgettable stories about women who "sacrifice" their bodies for the noblest of reasons (sick husband Herbert Marshall, child Dickie Moore); the gangster she sells herself to is played by the young and not yet sufficiently stylized Cary Grant. The director, Josef von Sternberg, caps the silliness by putting Dietrich into a monkey suit to sing "Hot Voodoo"—a number that may define camp. With Sidney Toler as a detective, and Cecil Cunningham as a night-club hostess. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 9-11.)

THE BLUE BIRD—With Elizabeth Taylor, Jane Fonda, Cicely Tyson, Ava Gardner, and Will Geer; directed by George Cukor. (Music Hall; starting May 13.)

BREAKHEART PASS—A mystery set in the Old West, based on the Alistair MacLean novel. With Charles Bronson, Ben Johnson, Richard Crenna, and Jill Ireland; directed by Tom Gries. (Guild. . . . ¶ Symphony; through May 11.)

BREAKOUT *(1975)—A jailbreak by helicopter.* With Charles Bronson and Robert Duvall, directed by Tom Gries. (12th St. Cinema; through May 11.)

CASQUE D'OR (1952)—The young Simone Signoret had her finest role as a gigolette with a glorious helmet of golden hair in Jacques Becker's sultry, poetic account of the Paris underworld of 1900. Her performance is a triumph of sensuality and physical assurance; she makes this fundamentally trashy and touristy view of low life worth seeing. With Serge Reggiani, Claude Dauphin, and Gaston Modot. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 13.)

CAT PEOPLE (1942)—The psychoanalyst (Tom Conway) calmly explains to his patient (Simone Simon) that her idea that she is turning into a member of the cat family is a fantasy; she silences him with fang and talon. Val Lewton made his name as a producer with this ironic horror film, produced for R.K.O. on a minuscule budget. While other horror producers were still using gorillas, haunted houses, and disembodied arms, Lewton and the director, Jacques Tourneur, employed suggestion, creepy sound effects, and inventive camera angles, leaving everything to the viewers' fear-filled imagination. Lewton pictures aren't really very good, but they're so much better than the almost totally incompetent horror trash that was being turned out at the time that his ingenuity seemed practically revolutionary. Some of the sequences, such as the scare at the swimming pool, are in their own way classic. The acting of most of the cast isn't up to the effects; with Kent Smith as the Cat Woman's husband. (Quad Cinema.)

LA CHIENNE (1931)—Jean Renoir's prodigal film, showing commercially in this country for the first time—amazingly—with subtitles. It's a story of He, She, and the Other Guy. He is a married cashier and a Sunday painter called Legrand (Michel Simon), who wears a clerkly black hat and pince-nez and is wed to a shrew of a wife. She is a flour-faced tart called Lulu (Janie Marèze), and the Other Guy is Dédé (Georges Flamant), a dapper pimp. We move, as we so often do in a Renoir

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

film, from discord to incomparable harmony. Greatly rewarding. In French. (5/3/76) (D. W. Griffith.)

The Crazies (1973)—A science-fiction horror film, photographed in western Pennsylvania. With Lane Carroll, directed by George A. Romero. (Quad Cinema.)

David Holzman's Diary (1969)—About a young filmmaker (L. M. Kit Carson) who chronicles his own life. The movie, made by Jim McBride, is often rather barren in its self-consciousness, like an autobiographical first novel by a writer who hasn't lived much, but there's one lively sequence (caught by chance) in which a transvestite prostitute tries to pick up a customer. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 11.)

The Duchess and the Dirtwater Fox—George Segal, Goldie Hawn, directed by Melvin Frank in what is described as a bawdy comedy-Western. Self-congratulatory, as at an Academy Awards binge. (Kips Bay; through May 11.)

Echoes of a Summer—With Richard Harris, Lois Nettleton, and Jodie Foster; directed by Don Taylor. (Columbia II; starting May 12.)

End of the Game—A suspense film, with Jon Voight, Jacqueline Bisset, Martin Ritt, and Robert Shaw. Directed by Maximilian Schell. (Little Carnegie; starting May 12.)

Face to Face—Ingmar Bergman's relentless chronicle of the edging toward breakdown of a woman psychiatrist (Liv Ullmann). The film is a marvelously vivid and thoughtful—and, surprisingly, witty—record of an unhappy mind's oscillation between ease and agitation. In Swedish. (4/5/76) (Beekman.)

Family Plot—Hitchcock's fifty-third film, made in his seventy-seventh year, is perhaps his most sparkling and most good-natured, full of sly jokes. Barbara Harris, never more fully used, contributes a very funny study in feminine hysteria—one of Hitchcock's favorite topics—as a pretty, permanently famished clairvoyant who nearly throttles her boyfriend (Bruce Dern) when their car's brake fluid has been nefariously interfered with. The villains are posh jewel thieves, played by Karen Black and William Devane. Highly recommended, and not at all scary; just larky. (4/19/76) (Murray Hill, and Loews Orpheum.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (Stokowski and Stravinsky, among others), and the film—a grab bag of animated shorts—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. It failed commercially, and has been revived as a head film for Mickey Mouse heads. (Cinema I, and Cinema II.)

The Firemen's Ball (1967)—A Czech comedy considered by some to be a minor masterpiece. A small-town firemen's ball is held, ostensibly to award a hatchet to a retiring fire chief but also as an occasion for a beauty contest, a raffle, and an all-purpose celebration. Directed by Miloš Forman, with a feeling for parody and gentle slapstick, from a script that Ivan Passer had a hand in. Sample gag: an old man sits in a chair in the snow facing his house, which is burning; his neighbors, considerate of his feelings, turn the chair around, and then, fearing he'll catch cold, move the chair closer to the fire. (Art; May 7-11.)

Foreign Correspondent (1940)—Hitchcock appears to have concocted this spy thriller out of all the breathtaking climaxes he'd been hoarding; there's the assassination with the gun concealed in a newsman's camera, the Dutch windmill going against the wind, and a tremendous finale aboard a transatlantic plane from London on the very day war is declared. The plot that links all this is barely functional, and the jaunty reporter-hero (Joel McCrea) is held down a bit when he has to attend to the ever-busy heroine (Laraine Day), but the movie is intermittently first-rate, and the topnotch supporting cast includes George Sanders, Albert Basserman, Herbert Marshall, Edmund Gwenn, Martin Kosleck, Eduardo Cianelli, Barbara Pepper, and Robert Benchley, who also had a hand in the dialogue. (Quad Cinema; May 5.)

French Connection II (1975)—Directed by John Frankenheimer (the first film was William Friedkin's), with Gene Hackman cast again as Popeye Doyle, the foul-mouthed killer cop of New York, who is now in Marseilles, determined to break the French heroin connection for good; the connection is once more played by the suave Fernando Rey. Doyle is taken by the film to be a sophisticated plain speaker, but his sophistication is really a case of megalopolitan rudeness. Photographed by Claude Renoir, nephew of Jean Renoir (for whom he photographed "Grand Illusion"); the compositions are individually very fine, but there are too many slam-bang close-ups that make you pine for a long shot to let you find your bearings. Visually as well as morally, the film makes you uncertain where its feet are. (6/2/75) (St. Marks Cinema; through May 11.)

Greetings (1968)—A pleasantly tawdry mixture of an underground film, a skin-flick, and a college revue, with a draft-evader hero and good-humored, casually obscene performances from a whole gallery of talented performers, including Robert De Niro, Gerrit Graham, and Allen Garfield. Directed by Brian De Palma, who made the whole thing on a shoestring of less than forty thousand dollars. (Elgin; May 11.)

Grey Gardens—The Maysles brothers film of Edith Bouvier Beale and her daughter, Edie, in their decaying East Hampton mansion. (8th St. Playhouse, and New Yorker.)

Grizzly—A giant bear runs wild in a national park. With Christopher George, Andrew Prine, and Richard Jaeckel; directed by William Girdler. (Eastside Cinema, and U. A. East; starting May 12.)

Hester Street—A modest comedy about the assimilation process among a group of Russian-Jewish immigrants living on the lower East Side in 1896. Independently made, this first feature by the writer-director Joan Micklin Silver begins lamely, but it wins one over. Carol Kane is lovely as the timid, pious, rejected wife of a sweatshop worker who has broken away from the Old World traditions she represents. Mel Howard plays Bernstein, the scholarly boarder who loves her. (11/24/75) (St. Marks Cinema; starting May 12, tentative.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Alfred Hitchcock's murder mystery about a charming old lady who boards a train and disappears on it has some of the best examples of his comedy and his pleasurable perversity. In movie history, it is a quintessential suspense thriller. The hero is Michael Redgrave (making his film début); the heroine is Margaret Lockwood; the lady is the memorable Dame May Whitty. With Paul Lukas and Cecil Parker. (Quad Cinema; May 6. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 8.)

Legacy—With Joan Hotchkis, directed by Karen Arthur. (Cinema Studio.)

Lies My Father Told Me—Set in Montreal in the twenties, about a seven-year-old Jewish boy, his grandfather, and his father. Directed by Jan Kadar. (72nd Street East; through May 11.)

Lipstick—Smeared. With Margaux Hemingway and Chris Sarandon, directed by Lamont Johnson. (Loews Ciné.)

The Lodger (1926)—An English silent film, directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Ivor Novello. (Quad Cinema; May 5.)

Love and Anarchy (1973)—Lina Wertmüller's large, epic film is set mostly in a thirties brothel; there, a young country bumpkin (Giancarlo Giannini, looking like a freckled young chicken), who intends to assassinate Mussolini, falls in love and botches his plans. The movie is uneven; it often seems like a silent film, and sometimes it is extravagant and operatic. But when Wertmüller concentrates on the whores' faces and attitudes it can be very beautiful. In Italian. (Quad Cinema; through May 11.)

Loves of a Blonde (1965)—A dreamily romantic young girl who is depressed and lost in her regimented factory milieu mistakes the casual interest of a young musician for a serious interest, and follows him to his home. The Miloš Forman picture is a comedy, and yet it's too painful and desolate to be funny; it reveals a horribly petty middle-class world within the Socialist economy. A Czech film. (Art; May 7-11.)

Lucky Lady—An agents' picture—everybody's rip-off, and a mangy insult to the audience. Liza Minnelli is a blond toughie, and Gene Hackman and Burt Reynolds are her competing lovers; they're rumrunners in the early thirties, and meant to be adorable. Stanley Donen directed. (12/29/75) (Playboy; starting May 12.)

Macbeth (1971)—Roman Polanski shows such

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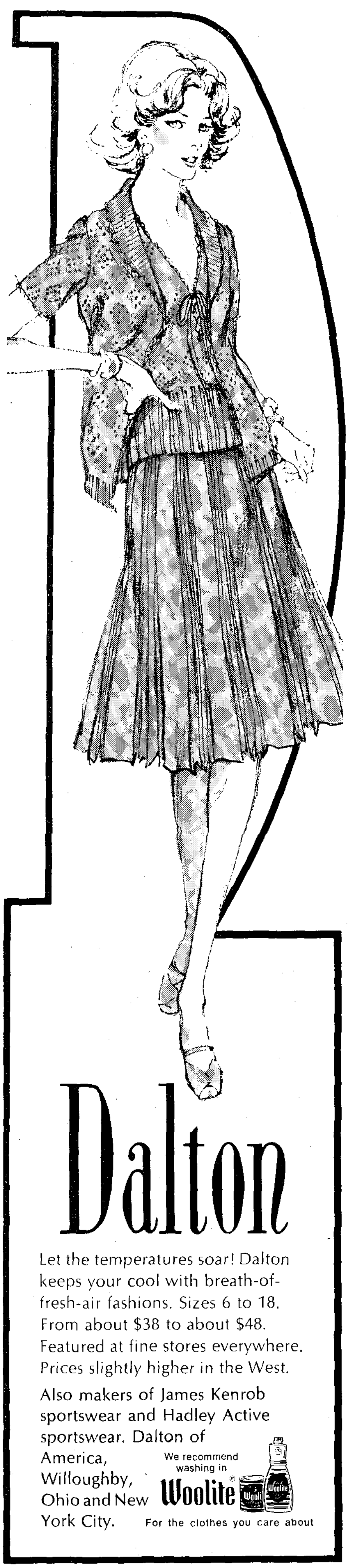

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literal horror that there is no horror left to imagine. He treats the play not as a great cautionary nightmare but as an illustration of how power normally changes hands. The well-acted production is a bloody melodrama that reduces Shakespeare's meanings to something almost complacently lucid. With Jon Finch. (Elgin; May 10.)

The Magic Flute—Ingmar Bergman said that making this film "was the best time of my life; you can't imagine what it is like to have Mozart's music in the studio every day." Actually, watching the movie, one can. He has treated Mozart's peerlessly silly masterpiece with elegance and supreme affection. In Swedish. (11/17/75) (Cinema Village; through May 11.)

The Man Who Knew Too Much (1935)—In 1955, Hitchcock remade in color (same title) this thriller about a kidnapping and an attempted political assassination. The later version starred James Stewart and Doris Day; this first version features Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, and Peter Lorre (it was Lorre's début in English-language films), and it has Hitchcock's ingenuity and flair and sneaky wit. The best scenes—especially an assassination attempt at Royal Albert Hall—are stunning, but Hitchcock seems sloppily unconcerned about the unconvincing material in between the tricks and jokes—a fault that persisted in the later, stodgier version. Nova Pilbeam plays the kidnapped child. (Quad Cinema; May 7.)

Mean Streets (1973)—A true original, and a triumph of personal filmmaking. What Martin Scorsese has done with the experience of growing up in New York's Little Italy has a thicker-textured rot than we have ever had in an American movie, and a riper sense of evil. With Harvey Keitel as Charlie and Robert De Niro as Johnny Boy. (Baronet. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; through May 6.)

Merry Go Round—With Maria Schneider, Helmut Berger, Senta Berger, and Sydne Rome; directed by Otto Schenk. A German film, dubbed in English. (Eastside Cinema; through May 6.)

Monika (1952)—Harriet Andersson in a great performance early in her career, in one of Ingmar Bergman's most interesting, least-seen movies. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 10.)

Monty Python and the Holy Grail (1975)—A cheerfully loused-up reworking of the story of King Arthur, written and acted by the Python team, who were first famous on English TV and then picked up a devoted following here. (5/5/75) (Little Carnegie; through May 11. Evening performances only on Thursday, May 6.)

Moses—With Burt Lancaster in the title role. Also with Anthony Quayle, Ingrid Thulin, and Irene Papas. Directed by Gianfranco de Bosio. (Ziegfeld; through May 9.)

The Mother and the Whore (1973)—This controversial three-hour-and-thirty-minute film, produced, written, and directed by Jean Eustache, is about the aging young of the Left Bank, who live in an atmosphere of apocalyptic narcissism. It is about the disaffection of those who are stranded in a confusion of personal freedom and social hopelessness. Eustache's method resembles the static randomness of the Warhol-Morrissey pictures, but the randomness here is not a matter of indifference; it's a conscious goal. The actors—Jean-Pierre Léaud, Bernadette Lafont, and Françoise Lebrun—were not allowed to deviate from the script, yet Eustache wants the look of chance. He tries to push viewers beyond patience—to rub our noses in his view of reality. Implicitly, he is saying, "I'm going to show you more of the tormented soul than anybody has ever shown you." This soul belongs to a poor young nurse named Veronika, and the picture stands or falls on the viewer's attitude toward her recital of her sexual humiliations and her loathing of sex without love. In French. (Regency; through May 8.)

The Mouse That Roared (1959)—Peter Sellers made his first big impression on American moviegoers playing a field marshal, an imposingly big-bosomed grand duchess, and the Prime Minister of Grand Fenwick in this English comedy about a minuscule mythical country that declares war on the United States, expecting to be quickly defeated and thus eligible for the cash benefits of rehabilitation. Twenty Grand Fenwickians, dressed in armor and toting bows and arrows, set sail for New York in a ramshackle tug. That's about as far as the comedy gets. The film abandons its small, amusing idea and goes off on a wearying tangent about a scientist (David Kossoff) with a big bomb and an ingénue-daughter (Jean Seberg), but it was hugely and inexplicably popular. Jack Arnold directed. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 12.)

The Naked Kiss (1965)—A New England town that is pleasant on the outside and filthy rotten on the inside. Samuel Fuller's movie is like soap opera run hysterically amok. With Constance Towers, Patsy Kelly, Virginia Grey, Betty Bronson, and a bunch of forgettable men. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 10.)

Next Stop, Greenwich Village—Paul Mazursky's wonderful autobiographical lyric satire about a young comedian's life in the Village in the early fifties. With a tip-top cast headed by Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas, and with Shelley Winters giving her first full-scale performance that works on all levels. (2/2/76) (St. Marks Cinema; through May 11.)

Nothing but a Man (1964)—Ivan Dixon and Abbey Lincoln as a black couple trying to live without succumbing to Uncle Tomism. A modest, uneven film, directed by Michael Roemer. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 11.)

No Way Out—With Alain Delon and Richard Conte, directed by Duccio Tessari. (Loews 83rd Triplex; through May 11.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Smashingly effective version of Ken Kesey's novel about a rebel outcast (Jack Nicholson) who is locked in a hospital for the insane. Louise Fletcher is Nurse Ratched, and Will Sampson is Chief Broom. Miloš Forman's intelligent, tentative direction lacks the excitement of movie art, but the story and the acting make the film emotionally powerful. (12/1/75) (Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, Festival, and Thalia.)

A Raisin in the Sun (1961)—Ruby Dee, Claudia McNeil, Sidney Poitier, and Diana Sands head the cast of this movie about the domestic fun and domestic clashes of a Negro family. Most, though not all, of the clashes are the result of a check for ten thousand dollars that points the way out of the Chicago slum in which the family is stuck. Adapted by Lorraine Hansberry from her own play, directed by Daniel Petrie. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 11.)

Repulsion (1965)—Roman Polanski's clinical horror film, recording the deterioration of a murderous, terrified girl, played by Catherine Deneuve. (Elgin; May 10.)

The River Niger—With Cicely Tyson, James Earl Jones, Lou Gossett, Glynn Turman, and Jonelle Allen; directed by Krishnah Shah. (Fine Arts, and U.A. East; through May 6.)

Robin and Marian—Sean Connery and Audrey Hepburn are wittily matched, and their dark-brown eyes are full of life, but the picture's revisionist approach to legends results in a series of trivializing attitudes and whimsical poses. The line between tragic horror and joking make-believe has got smudged; the film is so sententious that it's difficult to gauge when to laugh and when to be appalled. Richard Lester directed from James Goldman's script; with Robert Shaw, Nicol Williamson, and Richard Harris. (3/22/76) (Music Hall; through May 12.)

Sabotage (1936; called "The Woman Alone" in the United States)—Hitchcock thinks that he erred in this one—and that this explains why the picture wasn't a hit. But he's wrong: this adaptation of a Joseph Conrad spy novel may be just about the best of his English thrillers, and if the public didn't respond it wasn't his fault. Sylvia Sidney and Oscar Homolka are a married pair, the Verlocs, who manage a small movie house; Desmond Tester plays Mrs. Verloc's younger brother, who, unknowingly, carries a bomb for her husband. There's a breathtaking sequence when Mrs. Verloc, who has just learned of her brother's death, watches the cartoon "Who Killed Cock Robin?" With John Loder as a police detective, Sara Allgood, Martita Hunt, Peter Bull, and Torin Thatcher. (Quad Cinema; May 7.)

The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea—From the late Yukio Mishima's book. Sarah Miles plays a beautiful young widow cursed with an angelic-faced son who is a member of a club of sadistic schoolboys. The boys not only cut up a cat alive but calmly murder the sailor whom the boy's mother means to marry—Kris Kristofferson—because they feel that his decision to become a landlubber husband has broken his sacred compact with the sea. This very Japanese and violent idea of a religious pact has been transferred to, of all places, Dartmouth, in Devon, with its tea shops and benign, mannerly colonels. (4/26/76) (Coronet.)

SALUT L'ARTISTE—Marcello Mastroianni plays a wilted, second-rate actor who's also a second-rate person, and there isn't much he can do but look depressed. Françoise Fabian, as his mistress, and Carla Gravina, as his wife, are very low-key. The only spark in the film comes from Jean Rochefort, as an actor who gets fed up, takes a business job, and then, being thought a nonprofessional, is offered a job in a movie. Yves Robert directed. In French. (Art; through May 6. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; through May 11.)

SECOND CHORUS (1940)—A misbegotten Fred Astaire musical. At the time, it was generally considered his worst picture, and Astaire himself later concurred in the judgment. He plays an overage undergraduate—a swing bandleader who keeps flunking his exams so that he can stay in college. The band is actually Artie Shaw's, considerably augmented. Astaire's romantic and tap partner is Paulette Goddard, who manages the band, and his rival for her affections is Burgess Meredith. The funnymen, Charles Butterworth and Jimmy Conlin, don't compensate for the scarcity of good numbers. The most memorable song is the one known by the line "I ain't hep to that step but I'll dig it." H. C. Potter directed; Bobby Hackett dubbed Astaire's trumpet, and Billy Butterfield dubbed Meredith's trumpet. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting May 12.)

SECRET AGENT (1936)—Not altogether successful Hitchcock version of Somerset Maugham's spy thriller, "Ashenden," but it has a bright, quick, fresh touch, and it's fascinating partly because the two male leads, John Gielgud and Peter Lorre, are so ill used. Gielgud looks like a tailor's dummy for Leslie Howard, and Lorre plays a cheerful little killer who speaks with a Mexican accent and wears a single earring. With Madeleine Carroll and Robert Young. (Quad Cinema; May 8.)

THE SEDUCTION OF MIMI (1972)—Written and directed by Lina Wertmüller. A farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (6/24/74) (Quad Cinema; through May 11.)

SEVEN BEAUTIES—Lina Wertmüller's Everyman jamboree, full of garbled ideas, cruelty, moist wistfulness, pious moralizing, and appeals to coarse prejudices. With Giancarlo Giannini. In Italian. (2/16/76) (Plaza.)

SHAMPOO (1975)—Warren Beatty, as a Beverly Hills hairdresser, in a sex roundelay set in the Beatles sixties of miniskirts and strobe lights. Exploited for gags, this yummy idea for a movie might have turned into no more than a saucy romp, but the way it has been done, the joke expands the more you think about it. The people whirling in and out of bed include Julie Christie, Goldie Hawn, Jack Warden, Lee Grant, Tony Bill, and Carrie Fisher. Hal Ashby directed this sophisticated farce from a script by Robert Towne and Beatty (who is also the producer). (2/17/75) (Quad Cinema; starting May 12.)

SKY RIDERS—Filmed in Greece; about a kidnapping by terrorists and a rescue by a group of hang gliders. With James Coburn, Susannah York, Robert Culp, and Charles Aznavour; directed by Douglas Hickox. (Playboy; starting May 12.)

SMILE—A fresh, mussed-up comedy about the California finals of a national "Young American Miss" contest. A cousin to "Lord Love a Duck," the film is an affectionate satirical salute to the square; though we laugh at the gaffes of the rawboned teen-age girls, the laughter isn't cruel. Bruce Dern plays the chief judge, a booster who talks in homilies that express exactly how he feels; he's a donkey, but he doesn't have a mean bone in his body. With Barbara Feldon as the girls' den mother, Michael Kidd as the choreographer brought in to stage the beauty pageant, and several talented new actresses—Maria O'Brien, Joan Prather, and Annette O'Toole. Michael Ritchie's direction is highly variable in quality, but he's a whiz at catching details of frazzled behavior. The script is by Jerry Belson. (10/6/75) (Olympia; through May 11.)

STAY HUNGRY—With Jeff Bridges and Sally Field, directed by Bob Rafelson. (Trans-Lux East, and 86th St. East.)

THE STRANGER AND THE GUNFIGHTER—A combination Western and kung-fu film, with Lee Van Cleef and Lo Lieh. Directed by Andrew Dawson. (12th St. Cinema; through May 11.)

THE SUNSHINE BOYS—Neil Simon's extended sketch about two quarrelsome vaudevillians (Walter Matthau and George Burns) who, eleven years back, broke up after forty-three years together and haven't spoken to each other since; they're brought together to appear on a TV special. It's all one-liners; Matthau keeps blasting us with his bullhorn voice; Burns is more restful, giving a rhythmed formality to his tortoise-like old trouper. Directed by Herbert Ross. (11/17/75) (Olympia; through May 11. . . . ¶ Gramercy; through May 11. Evening performances only on Friday, May 7.)

SWEET CHARITY (1969)—Based on what is possibly Fellini's finest film, "Nights of Cabiria," about a gullible, softhearted prostitute, this big musical, starring Shirley MacLaine, was possibly just too ambitious a project for Bob Fosse's début as a movie director. The tricky camera effects that Fosse later brought off in "Cabaret" and in the TV special "Liza with a Z" are too jangling here, and although Shirley MacLaine tries hard, it's obvious that her dancing isn't up to the demands of the role. It's a disaster, but zoom-happy Fosse's choreographic conceptions are intensely dramatic, and the movie has some of the best dancing in American musicals of the period. With Sammy Davis, Jr., Paula Kelly, Chita Rivera, Ricardo Montalban, Barbara Bouchet, Stubby Kaye, and John McMartin. Peter Stone did the screenplay, based on the version Neil Simon did for Broadway. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 7.)

SWING TIME (1936)—Rogers and Astaire at their peak as a team. The continuity is functional and uninspired, but the numbers are sublime ("The Way You Look Tonight," "Bojangles of Harlem," "A Fine Romance," "Pick Yourself Up," "Never Gonna Dance"). George Stevens directed; the songs are by Dorothy Fields and Jerome Kern; and the cast includes Helen Broderick, Victor Moore, and Betty Furness. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting May 12.)

TAXI DRIVER—Robert De Niro stars in Martin Scorsese's feverish, horrifyingly funny movie about a lonely New York cabdriver. Be prepared: it's extraordinarily powerful. Paul Schrader wrote the script; with Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, Jodie Foster, Peter Boyle, and Albert Brooks. (2/9/76) (Columbia I, and Waverly. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, and Quad Cinema; starting May 12.)

THE 39 STEPS (1935)—Hitchcock's suave, amusing spy melodrama, directed with so sure a touch that the suspense is charged with wit. Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll are the pair handcuffed together until hate turns to love. Peggy Ashcroft and John Laurie are the couple joined together by marriage chains, and the villain is Godfrey Tearle, looking astonishingly like F.D.R. From the John Buchan novel. (Quad Cinema; May 8.)

UNDERGROUND—A documentary about the Weather Underground, including recent interviews with members of the group. Filmed by Emile de Antonio, Mary Lampson, and Haskell Wexler. (Quad Cinema, and Regency; starting May 9.)

YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN (1974)—A farce-parody of Hollywood's mad-scientist movies. You have to let this Mel Brooks comedy do everything for you, because that's the only way it works. If you accept the silly, zizzy obviousness, it can make you laugh helplessly. Gene Wilder is the old Baron's scientist-grandson, Peter Boyle is the new Monster, and Madeline Kahn is the scientist's fiancée, who becomes the Monster's bride. The picture is in black-and-white, which holds it visually close to the films it takes off from. It's Brooks's most sustained piece of moviemaking—the laughs never let up. (12/30/74) (34th St. East, and Fine Arts; starting May 7.)

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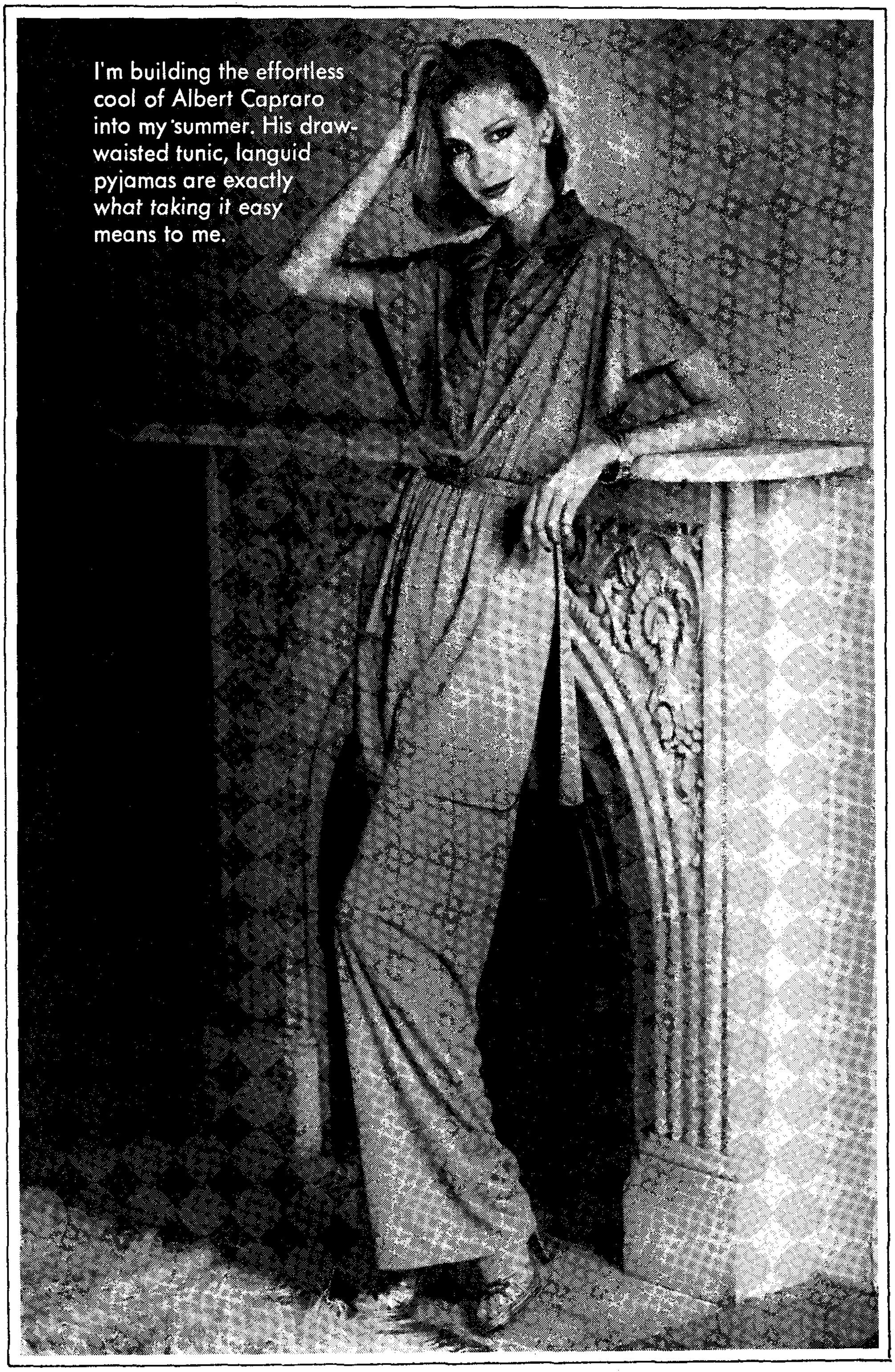
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ON a recent evening, NBC news carried a special report on the death penalty. Much of the report was given over to the situation in Florida, where there are now sixty-seven men under sentence of death, and where the state's Attorney General, Robert L. Shevin, has shown himself to be an effective advocate of capital punishment. The NBC report included footage shot on Florida's Death Row, and an interview with the Attorney General in which he told NBC that he thought it was important for the State of Florida to have a death penalty in its "arsenal" of judicial remedies. Then, remarkably, there was a segment that showed Mr. Shevin walking down Death Row and talking with the men who are imprisoned there. At one point, Mr. Shevin engaged in a debate with one of the inmates of Death Row, a man in his late twenties named Robert Sullivan.

"What about the studies that show that the death penalty doesn't deter crime?" asked Sullivan.

"Well, Bobby," the Attorney General said, in a calm, friendly voice, "there are other studies that show that it does."

Television quite often makes strange things seem flat, depriving them of texture and emphasis, dispersing them before they are apprehended, but there are times—as when Sullivan and the Attorney General of Florida had their abstract discussion of whether or not one of them ought to have the legal right to demand the death of the other—when the strange moments seem more strange because of their flatness. It seemed completely incomprehensible that these two men should cite "studies" at the moment of their meeting. Is it possible that Sullivan will be persuaded, and will agree to his own death if he can be shown that academic opinion is solidly on the side of the Attorney General?

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The Lyrical Approach

WE stopped by the Metropolitan Opera the other morning as the Royal Ballet was settling in for a month-long visit, and the first thing that struck us was how extraordinarily polite everybody was to everybody else. Russian dancers often function in an overcharged atmosphere of smiles and storms; Americans tend to kid around a lot; but the British manage to be simultaneously reserved and pleasant to one another even when they are dancing flat-out in a big corps number. Women, for example, invariably thank the men who have been lifting them into the air, and their partners respond with cool, polite smiles. Staging problems are resolved in low-voiced conferences, and outbursts of temperament seem not to occur.

We began our visit in a basement room around eleven o'clock, watching the regular men's class. It was conducted by Brian Shaw, who has been a principal dancer with the company for twenty-odd years and is an old favorite of ours. Mr. Shaw, a short, genial, energetic man, dressed in khaki pants and a white T-shirt, was putting twenty-four male dancers through a series of warmup exercises at the barre—pliés, ronds de jambe, développés—to piano music that ranged from "Petrouchka" to "Hernando's Hideaway." At eleven-thirty, the women took over the barre, and Mr. Shaw's class moved down the hall, where they continued their exercises in the center of a smaller room. By noon, the men had progressed to triple turns in attitude (one leg extended back with knee bent, arms arched overhead), entrechats (crossing the feet several times in the air), jetés (jumps), and grands battements (straight-legged kicks to the side). Mr. Shaw moved rapidly around the room, correcting an arm here, straightening a back there, and, every few minutes, setting new steps for the dancers to follow ("Glissade, jeté, assemblé, entrechat quatre, soutenu, close fifth, double pirouette, close fifth").

At twelve-thirty, the panting and perspiring men of the corps took a

twenty-minute rest, and some of the principal dancers went into small rehearsal rooms to practice solos and pas de deux. In one studio, Anthony Dowell, tall and elegant in black leotard and tights, with a yellow print scarf wound around his head, circled the room in the great, soaring leaps of his "Bayadère" solo; three doors away, Michael Coleman, in red-and-white tights, was repeating the same steps.

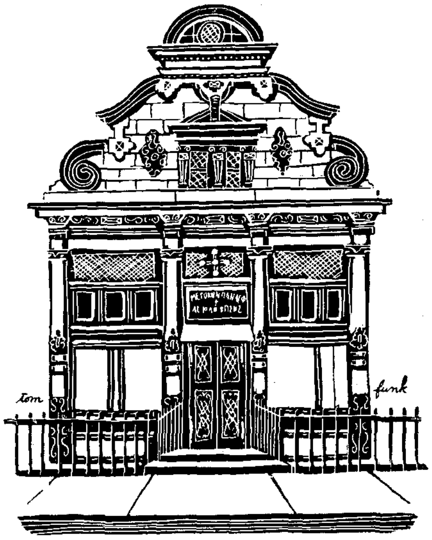
By one-thirty, most of the dancers were onstage rehearsing a lively peasant dance from the second act of "La Fille Mal Gardée," under the watchful eye of Michael Somes, one of the Royal's most famous former premier danseurs. "You must be absolute in your circle," said Mr. Somes, a strikingly handsome man with thick, wavy gray hair. "And you're coming in a bit too much. Now let's do the whole running thing again. Knees up, please." A dozen men carrying short sticks bounded in pairs across the stage—set to represent the main room of a farmhouse—and formed a large running circle. As the circle dissolved into two parallel lines of dancers, who jumped and turned in place, four young men picked up the ballerina—Ann Jenner—and carried her in an arabesque position toward the door. There she was pulled to the floor by the Widow Simone (played by a diminutive dancer named Wayne Sleep, decked out in a comic padded green-and-brown dress). Miss Jenner came down from her perch rather too fast and emitted a well-bred shriek as she landed. "Oh, boy!" she said as Mr. Sleep pushed her into a chair. "I could have used a parachute that time."

We watched a run-through of "Rituals," a strikingly offbeat new ballet by Kenneth MacMillan, the Royal Ballet's director, and afterward we asked Mr. MacMillan how he had come to do such an unusual work.

"When we toured Japan last year, I watched a lot of Kabuki and Nō plays," Mr. MacMillan said. "The stylization and the total lack of emotion, in the Western sense, intrigued me, so I decided to use these qualities in a ballet that deals with some of the rituals we go through in our lives. The first scene deals with rituals of combat and self-defense; the second, which was inspired by the Bunraku puppets, is an encounter between a man and a woman who are manipulated by society; and the third—the most difficult—celebrates with an almost total lack of emotion the birth of a child."

We asked Mr. MacMillan if he thought the company had changed much during his directorship, and he replied that as he was the first director not to be a founding member there had naturally had to be a period of adjustment on both sides. "I feel more accepted by everybody now," he said. "And I don't seem to mind flying as much as I used to. Our new dancers are much more self-assured—don't ask me why. And I've brought in new choreographers—Jerome Robbins and Glen Tetley, for example—who have given us new points of view about dance. Perhaps we're a bit more flexible and experimental these days."

The last rehearsal of the day was of Sir Frederick Ashton's "A Month in the Country," a one-act story ballet based on Turgenev's play about a young tutor who upsets the equilibrium of a wealthy bourgeois Russian household. The music was early Chopin, and the choreography was vintage Ashton—a tangle of unresolved emotions set forth with the wit, clarity, and conciseness of a master. Sir Frederick, who had flown over to supervise the American première, told us that he had tried to avoid conventional ballet mime in telling the story, concentrating instead on dramatic gestures that emerged from the dancing. "I'm a great condenser, so I've dropped a number of minor characters from the play," he said. "But I've kept the plot intact, and also the class distinctions that provide a frame for the characters. Three women fall in love with Beliaev, the rather reserved young tutor: Natalia, a spoiled, sophisticated woman who is married to an older man and who looks for some outlet for her emotions; Vera, her young ward, so honest and direct that she is an obvious victim; and Katia, the maid, who takes love lightly, and is really the only healthy character in the entire play."



We asked Sir Frederick, who retired as head of the Royal Ballet in 1970, how he kept busy when he was not choreographing.

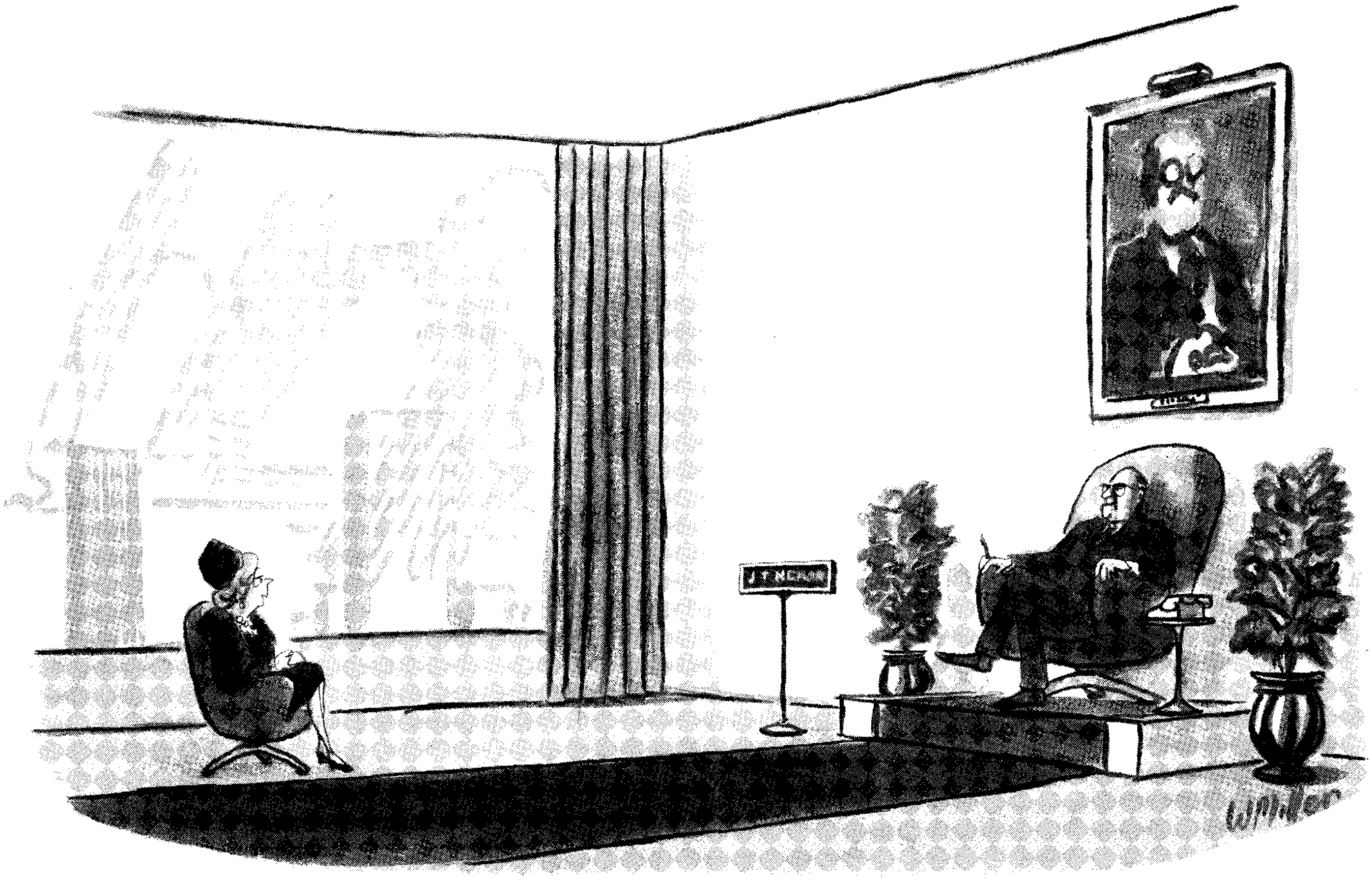
"Oh, there are revivals of my ballets all over the place and I have to go and rehearse them," he said. "And then I'm perpetually being rung up and asked questions by people writing books about Gertrude Stein, Lord Berners, or the Sitwells. There are days when I think that everybody I know is dead."

"Do you see any fundamental changes taking place in ballet?" we asked.

"Ballet is essentially an aristocratic art," said Sir Frederick, "and when it becomes too popular—which is happening right now—the circus element will come into it and the quality is bound to go. As quality has begun to go in almost everything. I mean, even *sugar* doesn't taste the way it used to, does it? Quality, style, and discipline have always been the hallmarks of the Royal Ballet, and I hope these elements will continue to shape its dancers for years to come. The Royal's is a more lyrical approach than that of some other companies; there is a certain finesse, a worrying about the line rather than fireworks, that is central to the personality of Royal Ballet dancers. We must always remember that the principal thing a ballet can achieve is poetic evocation. It can create a mood and lift one into a state that is literally beyond words."

Junior Miss

EVERY year, fifty high-school seniors, representing our fifty states, compete in a televised national Junior Miss contest, sponsored by Eastman Kodak, Kraft Foods, and Breck Shampoo. The winner, America's Junior Miss, receives a ten-thousand-dollar scholarship to the college of her choice. Two days before New York's Junior Miss, Dawn Fotopulos, of Queens, was scheduled to go to Mobile, Alabama, to compete in the Junior Miss finals, she came over to Manhattan, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. William Fotopulos, and had her picture taken by the *News*, had a long lunch at the St. Regis, and was interviewed on three radio talk shows. When we first saw Miss Fotopulos, who is just under eighteen, she was standing near a rack of clothes in a shop on East Fifty-third Street, obliging the *News* photographer with the many poses he wanted her to assume. She was wearing a green wool blazer, green-and-white patterned knit



"Goodness, dear! You never mentioned that you don't even have to use a desk anymore."

slacks, and a white blouse. She has blue eyes, ruddy cheeks, and long light-brown hair that flips up around her shoulders. Except for a trace of mascara, lip gloss, and blue eye shadow, she wore no makeup, and except for a small pair of pearl earrings she wore no jewelry. After taking the shots in the store, the photographer told Miss Fotopulos that he wanted some shots of her walking down Fifth Avenue. On Fifth Avenue, he stood her a few yards in front of him and told her to walk toward him now—first slowly, then fast, then slowly again. He sat her on one of the large planters that line the Avenue, tilted her head forward, and told her to stay in that position. He told her to gaze into a shopwindow displaying an assortment of women's shoes. He told her to gaze into another shopwindow, which had an assortment of women's sports clothes. Altogether, the photographer took thirty-six pictures of Miss Fotopulos, and for every single one of them she smiled.

At lunch at the St. Regis, Miss Fotopulos had roast beef, lyonnaise potatoes, salad with French dressing, a glass of milk, and fruit cup. She said that she had never before been in a place like the St. Regis, or had lyonnaise potatoes. She said, "I feel it's a dream. I feel I'm Cinderella or something. All this special treatment. Everybody has been treating me as if I were something special. It's so much fun. When I entered this contest, I had no idea all this would happen. I found out about the contest in *Seventeen*, and I wrote away for the forms. I thought I wouldn't win, because I didn't have a local sponsor. I was a candidate at large. But this is not like a beauty contest. You don't have to wear a bathing suit. It mostly has to do with scholarship and poise and grace. I have a ninety-five-point-six average. I want to study medicine, and the money that I have already won will help me to do that."

Mrs. Fotopulos showed us a picture of her daughter wearing a long white sleeveless gown and carrying a bouquet of roses as she walked down a runway at the New York State contest, held in Syracuse, in February. Mrs. Fotopulos said, "She's made us so proud of her. You know, she has received a letter of congratulations from our state senator, and Governor George Wallace has sent her a letter welcoming her to the State of Alabama."

At the radio talk show we sat in on, the hostess told her the theme of the day: "Whether Our Idea of Mr. Right Has Changed or Not." She asked Miss Fotopulos questions like "Do you cook?" (Miss Fotopulos said yes), "Do you believe in Mr. Right?" (Miss Fotopulos said she thought that that might be a possibility), "Do you know who Bess Myerson is?" (Miss Fotopulos identified her as Miss America of 1945), "Do you have a pair of white gloves?" ("Well, I have to, because of the pageant"), and "Have you ever been to a prom?" (Miss Fotopulos said she hadn't).

Then the hostess asked Miss Fotopulos, "How do you feel about kissing?"

When Miss Fotopulos didn't reply immediately, the hostess said, "You're representing New York State and you don't have a stand on kissing?"

"Well, that's kind of unfair," Miss Fotopulos said. "I would never ask *you* how *you* feel about kissing."

Zinno's Flight

AT daybreak, recently, we journeyed to a shut-down airfield in the hope of witnessing a historic moment in which technology would be reversed. A man named Joseph A. Zinno would attempt to fly an aircraft propelled only by the power of his own two feet strapped to bicycle pedals. Muscle-powered flight is a far more difficult feat than that of the Wright brothers, who used a twelve-horsepower engine to lift their craft off the ground. Zinno estimates his power at half a horse. In recent years, a handful of aviators have built flying machines in which they rose into the air under their own steam—though not for long—but all such flights have been in other countries. If Zinno succeeded this morning, he would be the first American to do so. Also, symbolically, he would be flying backward in time, to a simpler age when pilots were called birdmen and the ozone was pure and intact.

The sun was rising over Narragansett Bay as we joined a group of people—spectators, friends of Zinno's, and his ground crew—waiting outside a hangar at what used to be the Quonset Point Naval Air Station, in Rhode Island. All around were reminders of aviation's later, more lethal era—an empty control tower, dingy barracks and hangars, and a desert of cement bordering the bay. From the Second World War through Vietnam, aircraft carriers berthed here and thousands upon thousands of military planes came and went from the huge airstrip. Then, in 1974, the station was shut down.

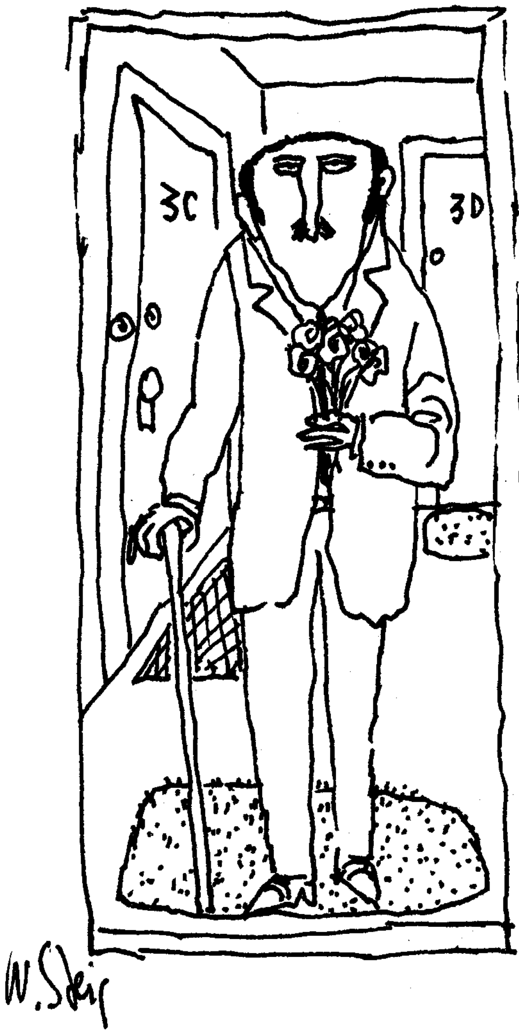
Zinno arrived, greeted his friends, and threw open the doors of the hangar. He is a small man, fifty-two years old, with curly dark hair, sincere brown eyes, a modest, friendly manner, and a real good-guy-named-Joe sort of smile. He retired seven years ago after twenty-six years as an Air Force pilot. He was dressed for the flight in olive-drab coveralls. Zinno's plane looks like a large dragonfly. It is mostly transparent. The frame of the wings and cockpit is made of thin strips of balsa wood glued into a multitude of geometric designs and covered with a skin of clear plastic, not much thicker than the stuff used in supermarkets to wrap meat. The base of the fuselage is aluminum. Inside the cockpit, at the front of the plane, is the pilot's seat—a beach chair—mounted over pedals attached by chains and pulleys to a bicycle wheel just behind the seat. The wheel carries the fuselage a few inches above the ground. At the rear of the cockpit, facing the tail, is a two-bladed propeller. When the pilot pedals, the chains and pulleys turn the bike wheel, and more chains and pulleys, running obliquely upward from the wheel, turn the propeller. If sufficient speed is attained, the plane will take off. Once it is free of ground friction, the propeller should push it through the air.

Inside the hangar, Zinno examined the plane and found that several bits of plastic had come unstuck. He began gluing them back, ironing them on with an electric iron on a long cord and adding bits of double-faced tape here and there. While he worked, Mrs. Zinno—Fran—an attractive woman with blond hair drawn back in a ponytail, gave us background information. Zinno has named his plane the Olympian. It is twenty-one and a half feet long. Its wingspan is seventy-eight feet. It weighs a hundred and fifty pounds. Zinno weighs a hundred and fifty-five. He built the plane in his garage, in North Providence, and assembled the wings on the larger premises of a friend. The job took four years, six thousand man-hours, and five thousand dollars. His efforts were partly stimulated by the Kremer prize, but it was mainly his fascination with the task itself that kept him going. The Kremer prize, an award of fifty thousand pounds, has been offered by a British industrialist for a man-powered flight, at an altitude of at least ten feet, over a figure-eight course around two pylons a half mile apart. All man-powered flights so far have been in a straight line, and the possibility of flying a figure eight is highly remote. Still, Zinno finds the challenge tantalizing and hasn't put it entirely out of his mind. "Right now, though," Fran told us, "Joe just wants to get off the ground."

Zinno finished patching, and his ground crew gently lifted his fragile creation onto a baggage cart and carefully hauled it to the airstrip. The spectators, including a number of cameramen, reporters, and TV news people, followed. A brisk wind hit us in the face. The plane was placed on the ground. Its wings trembled in the breeze. Crewmen held the wing tips to prevent the plane from spinning away like a paper plate. The canopy of the cockpit was taken off, so that Zinno could get in. His expression became solemn and a little awed. He shook hands with the ground crew and with Colonel Russell Johnson, of the Rhode Island National Guard, acting as official observer for the National Aeronautic Association, which oversees all official aircraft records in the United States. Cameras were trained on the group, and suddenly they were transformed into actors in a film about a historic flight. Zinno embraced Fran, who as suddenly became an actress. Zinno climbed into the plane. While helpers strapped his feet to the pedals, he smiled tensely at the cameras. "Fran," he said, "give me another little good-luck kiss." They kissed. "All I want you to do," he said, addressing Fran, but as though speaking for posterity, "is see that wheel come off the ground, and when you do I want you to tell the world!"

Fran replied "Aye, aye, sir," and saluted. The spectators applauded.

The canopy was put in place, closing Zinno into the innards of his dragonfly. Zinno began to pedal. The plane moved forward into the wind. A crewman walked under each wing tip to



The Stubborn Suitor

prevent it from tilting to the ground and smashing. Zinno pedalled faster. The wing-walkers began to jog. The whole crowd jogged, then ran. Feet pounded on the pavement in accelerating rhythm. The wings of the plane bent upward as though it wanted to fly, but the bicycle wheel remained firmly in touch with the ground. After a few hundred yards, the plane slued to the right and stopped. Several panels of plastic had come loose and were flapping in the wind. The cockpit canopy was taken off. Zinno was panting and smiling.

"For a minute there, she felt like she wanted to go," Zinno said.

"You had eight knots of wind speed and eight knots of ground speed," he was told by a young man carrying a walkie-talkie.

One of the newsmen explained to us that the plane's speed was being clocked by radar. Zinno had estimated that a combination of ground speed and wind adding up to seventeen knots would get him off the ground. Fran produced a roll of tape she had brought along in case of emergency, and several people set to work patching up the plastic panels.

"I refuse to respond to an appointee of an official appointed by an appointed official."

Repairs completed, Zinno and his crew walked the plane back to the starting point. The crowd followed. We were aware of the quiet and the salty sea breeze. (In the years when real planes took off from here, the place must have been a hell of noise and fumes.) Once again, the plane was turned into the wind and Zinno closed into the cockpit. He began to pedal. He picked up speed. We jogged, then ran. Again, after a hundred-yard dash we came to a dismal halt. The canopy was taken off, and Zinno climbed out, smiling. "I was close," Zinno said. "Real close. I'm getting the feel of the thing." The plane shivered in the wind like a chilled, defeated bird.

"Let's give it one more try," Zinno said, still panting. The plane was turned around and trundled back over the long course to the starting point. The third attempt began: walk, jog, run, pant. The wings of the plane strained upward, the wheel stayed on the ground, and the run ended as before, but when the canopy was opened Zinno looked delighted. "I've got an idea," he said. "It's those ailerons. They tend to float. They're working against me. We've got to tape them down."

The ailerons were taped down, we returned to the starting point, and for the fourth time Zinno began to pedal. As we broke into the familiar jog, our expectations were not high. It seemed that it is given only to birds, bats, and insects to fly by muscle power alone.

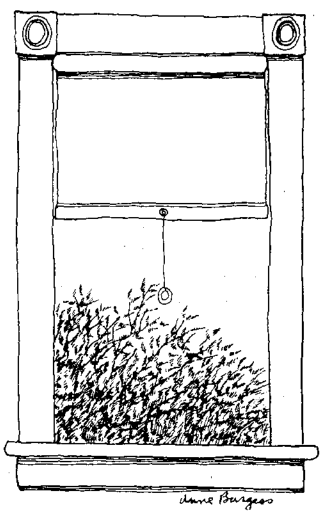
The pace picked up. Everyone was running, and we found ourself toward the rear of the pack. Suddenly, the plane swerved away from us in a long arc and halted. "It lifted!" someone yelled. "He got a lift-off!" The crowd ran to surround the plane. The canopy was removed. Zinno was smiling but seemed uncertain about just what had happened. So did everyone else. Then Colonel Johnson, the official observer, announced that the plane had left the ground and flown for five seconds at an altitude of between twelve and fourteen inches for a distance of between fifty and sixty feet. There was a cheer and a round of applause.

Zinno stepped out, jubilant. He and Fran kissed before the cameras. A lot of people shook hands before the cameras. Zinno posed with his arms around his flight crew and exclaimed, "Well, folks, you just saw history!" It was clearly a giddy moment for him, and one that he deserved. He was swallowed in a crowd of newspaper and TV people, and we started the long walk back to the hangar across the silent, empty airstrip. Looking down, we noticed that the cement was streaked with cracks in which grass had taken hold and was growing sturdily. It struck us as pleasantly appropriate to Zinno's achievement in reverse history.

TRACKING THE ELUSIVE QUARK

NO man has ever seen a quark. How, then, do we know they exist? The circumstantial evidence is overwhelming. We have seen the incredibly tiny bubble tracks. We have heard the eerie cries in the night. (Not even a charging neutrino makes a sound quite like that.) And there are the ancient legends: the tales of human sacrifices to assuage the terrible anger of the quark gods, the chants of the shamans, who believed that quarks made the sun rise and fall, the seasons change, the rivers flow home to the sea, and that they were available in three colors and four flavors. We do not believe that, of course, and yet we know there is something out there. . . .

Dr. Gaddis Quigley, of the Iota Institute, set out in June to track the elusive quark to its lair. I was pleased to be included in his party. Also chosen were Dr. Fenton Balbanian, the eminent rudimentologist; Soy Chavann, the controversial infinitesimalist and cynic; and Jankowski, the kid from Brooklyn, a rehabilitated punk, whose task was carrying equipment and providing comic relief. Oddly, nobody in the group was more than five feet tall.



Dr. Quigley was admirably frank in explaining the dangers inherent in our quest. Yet not a man among us—nor Eleanora Grommet, our physician and the only woman aboard, recruited at the last minute in response to picketing by a protest group—flinched at the prospect of facing the dread quark. All of us were qualified. Dr. Quigley had hunted the snipe, the snark, and the carbuncle without qualm. I had once faced an excited hadron alone and unarmed, and spent my college vacations spelunking through black holes. We were all handpicked for calm under fire, and we would certainly need it while hunting the quark, with its unpredictable nature, its low boredom threshold, and its most uncanny natural defense mechanism—a life span of one-thousandth of a billionth of a second. "This will make it extremely difficult to get off an accurate shot," Dr. Quigley warned us. "You will not have a second chance."

Dr. Filbert Cranshaw, of Scintilla University, our theoretician and public-relations man, was excited—perhaps overly so—at the possibility of our unearthing a "charmed" quark. Recent sightings had been reported, but I and the others questioned their authenticity. Like such pop apparitions as the Indomitable Slow Man, the Big Mouth of the Rockies, and the Landlocked Nester, the existence of the charmed quark seemed more wishful than thinking. "Cranshaw can't tell a particle from a cuticle anymore," scoffed Chavann when the grand old man's back was turned. I was inclined to agree, but I was ready for anything. Or so I thought.

AFTER a week of provisioning and taking on hydrogen, we boarded our bubble chamber and moved out into the vast Subatomic Field, setting up a base camp in the forbidding Vector Meson. Our initial excitement was soon replaced by a pervasive unease, and, sheltered from the raging elements by our Quonsets, we spent a nervous first night. Jankowski played an endless quadrille on his ocarina until Chavann yelled for quiet. Dr. Grommet went in to calm the boy, and was able to lull him to sleep by softly reciting the periodic table.

At dawn, we made directly for quark country, fanning out in a semicircle. It was a wild, luminous landscape, filled with lowing herds of muons, which scattered at our approach. Hyperons chattered overhead as we cut our way through the thick nuclei, and in the distance we could hear the mournful howl of the ever-dangerous lepton.

The hours passed, and we searched on until we were bleary-eyed. With dusk approaching, we finally turned back toward camp. Above, the quasars were pulsating dimly. Clumsily, I almost stepped on a sleeping proton and it sent up a shower of sparks. I was silently resolving to be more careful when suddenly I heard it—that unforgettable aching cry. It stopped me cold—the querulous, full-throated croak of the adult bull quark. Even though I'd heard only Dr. Cranshaw's faculty-tea imitations, I recognized it instantly. Then came a metallic flash. Quigley was shouting, "There! Behind the electron cloud." I saw something move and squeezed off a laser beam. But I was rattled and it caromed harmlessly off a huge graviton.

Cursing my ineptitude, and thinking that probably we'd lost our quarry, I began running toward the spot where the flash had come from. Then, so quickly that I didn't realize what was happening, Soy Chavann was down, clutching at his toe and howling. The incredible was taking place. He was being squelched by a charmed anti-quark, apparently the mate of the quark we'd just flushed. She was trying to protect her young.

I couldn't get off another beam, because Balbanian was between Chavann and myself and his Quantum Theorizer had jammed! It was young Jankowski, unarmed but for his ocarina, who got there first, and courageously flailed at the ground with his instrument. Too late. She was gone as soon as she had come, if not before, and Chavann lay shaking, a wan smirk on his lips.

"Cranshaw was right," he said in a horrible whisper. "I had her in my microscope cross hairs, just for a millisecond. She exists—the charmed anti-quark!"

"But now you must rest," ordered Dr. Grommet, kneeling to give him a quinine shot.

As Dr. Quigley came huffing up, Chavann beckoned for him to draw near. "Leave me here," he said. "I'm done for. You must return immediately to make the fall issue of *Particle Quarterly*."

Dr. Quigley looked stricken, but his voice was firm. "Don't be foolish, son," he said. "You're going to pull through. It's just a question of mind over matter." —LEWIS GROSSBERGER

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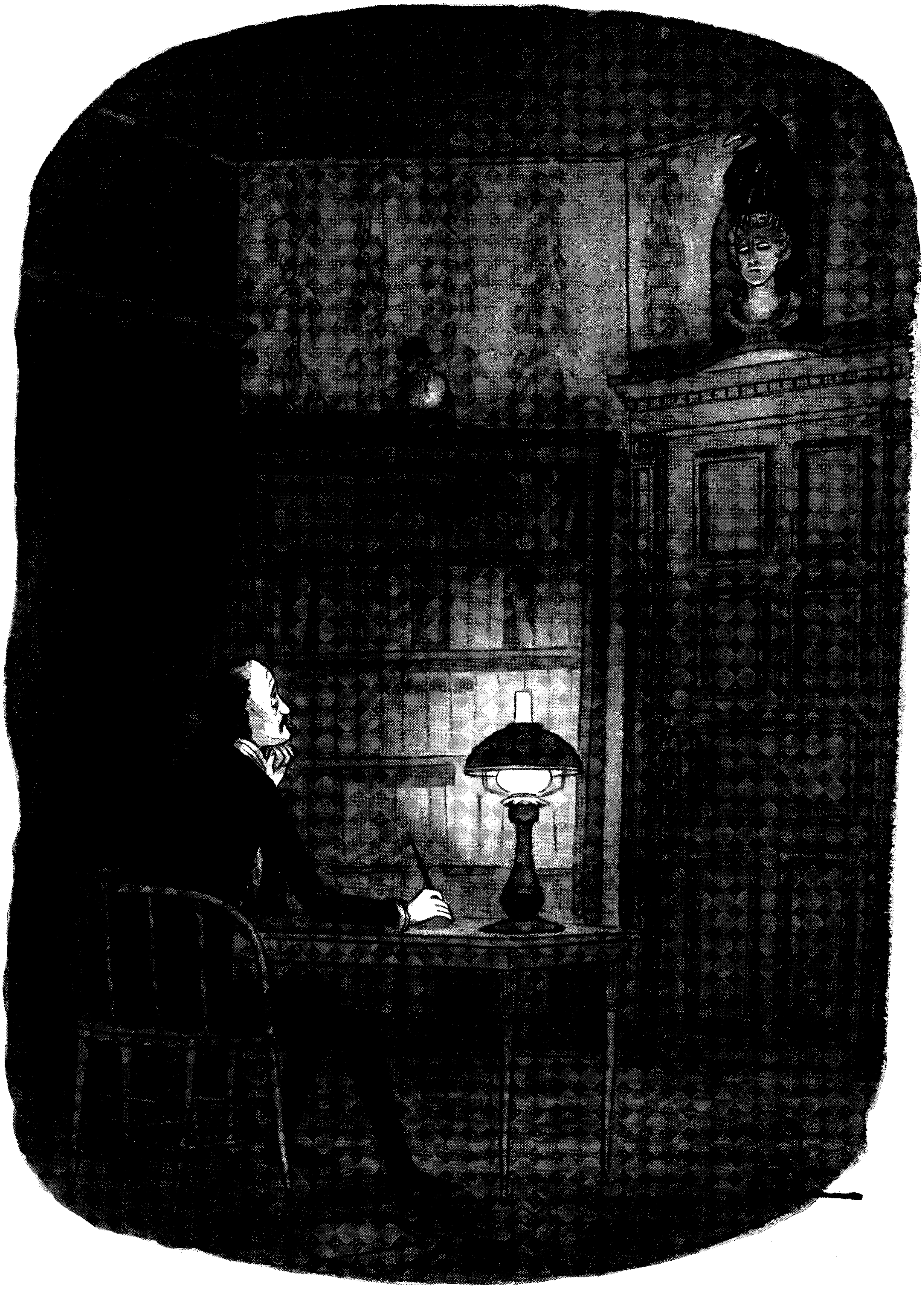
OUR FORGETFUL AUTHORS

[*From Fodor's "Switzerland," 1973 edition*]

Watch retailers in Switzerland do a tremendous business and they have no interest in unloading inferior merchandise. Shop around for the watch that appeals to you, not for price. Prices are strictly controlled and you'll pay exactly the same in one shop or region as another. There are no bargain prices. —*Page 94.*

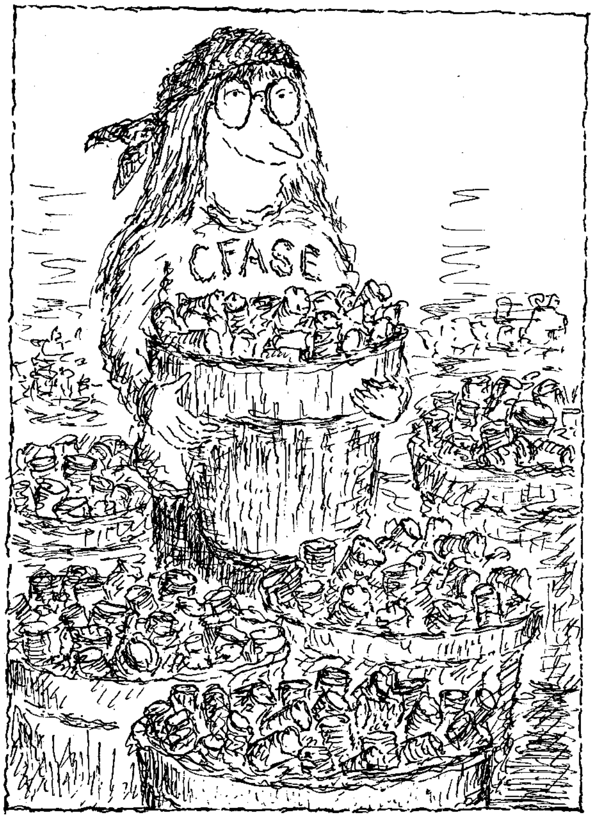
Geneva is still the world's watch-selling centre. All the leading Swiss makers have offices or headquarters here, and the many jewelers' window-displays are a dazzling magnet for even the most thrifty of men and women. The shopping centre lies along the Quai Général Guisan and includes the Rue du Rhône, Rue du Marché and Rue de la Croix-d'Or; but don't neglect the side streets, where the prices are often noticeably lower. —*Page 148.*



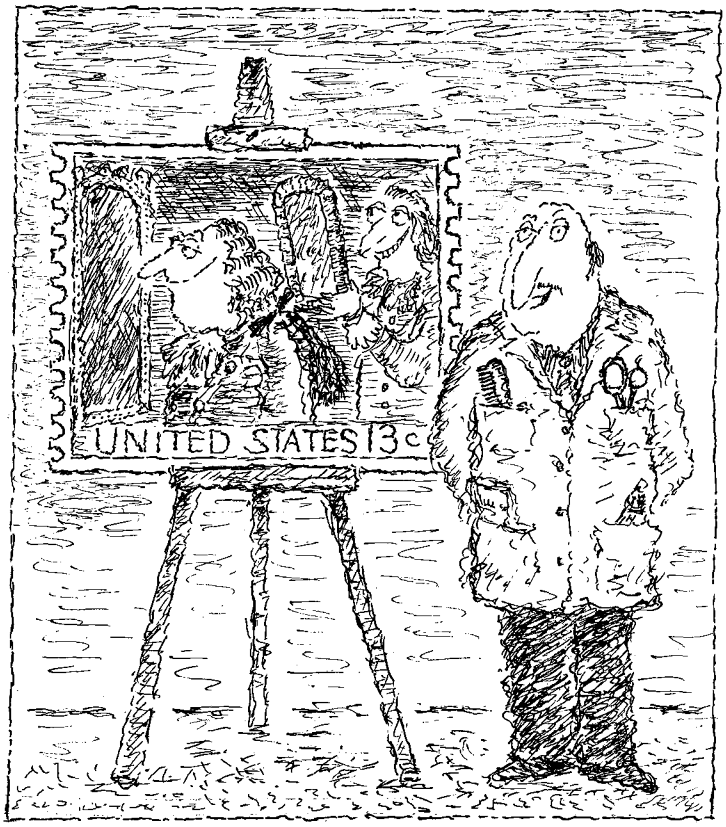
"Occasionally."

THE INQUIRING DEMOGRAPHER

THIS WEEK'S QUESTION: WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO CELEBRATE THE BICENTENNIAL?

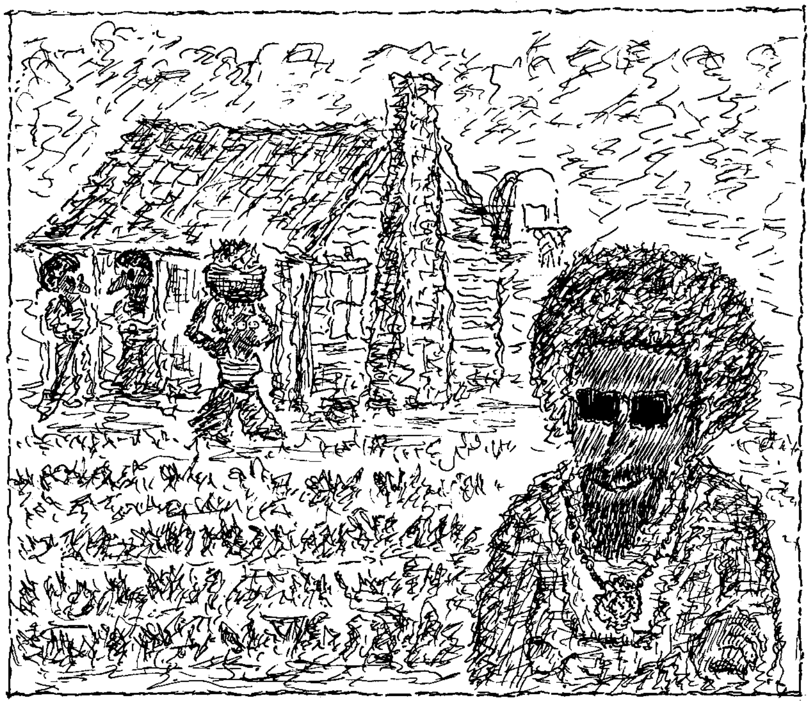


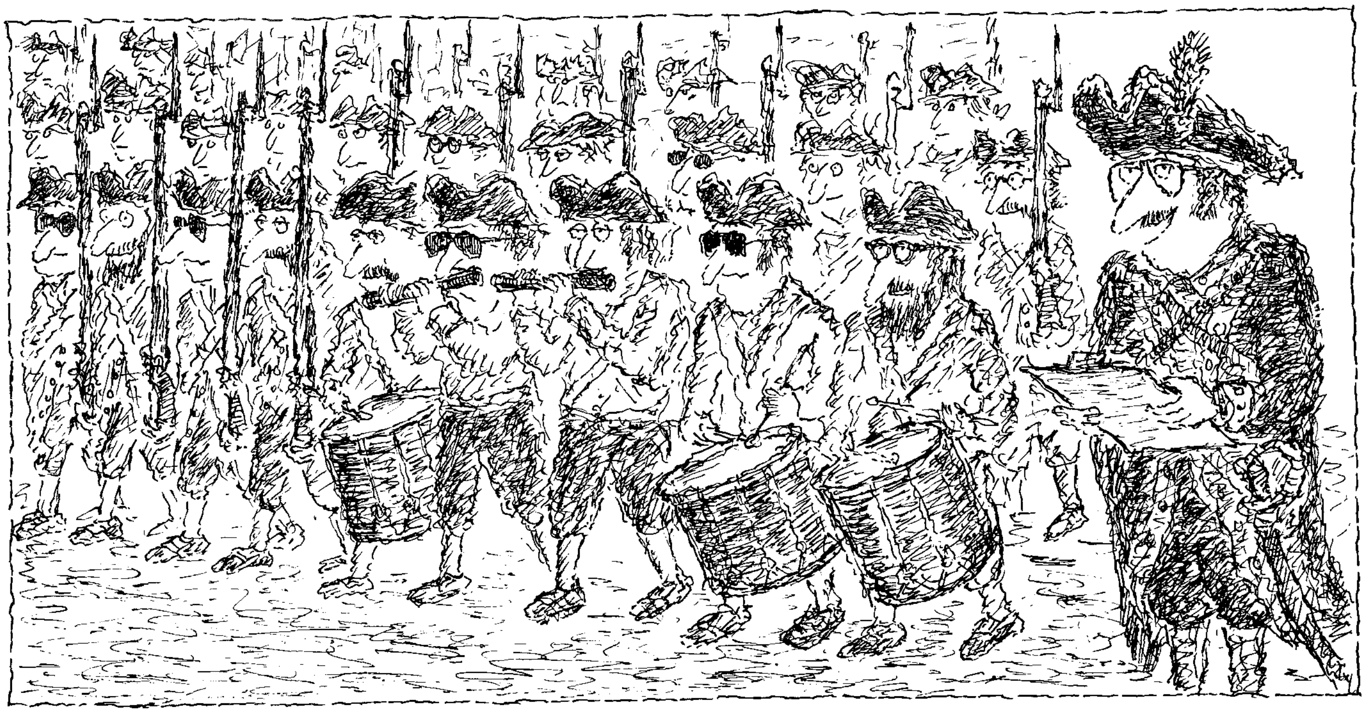
Wendy Brewster, Citizens for a Sound Environment, Newton, Massachusetts: We're doing a Bicentennial Recycling Project—a thirteen-star American flag made completely out of old gum wrappers and beer cans. It will cover two and a half acres, and I'm told that the gum wrappers alone represent enough gum to destroy the teeth of every third and fourth grader in the Greater Boston area. Did you know, by the way, that every single material Betsy Ross used in her flag was biodegradable?



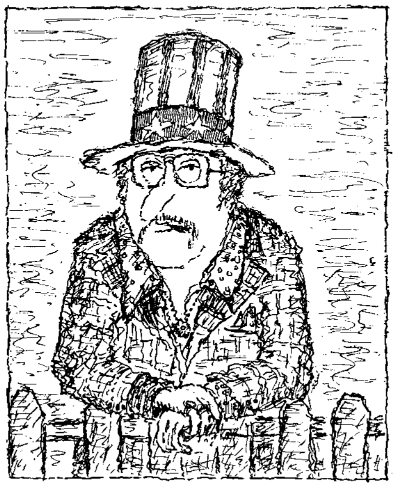
Rocco Martini, Barber, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania: Our man in Washington is trying to sell the Postal Service on the idea that the Bicentennial would be a perfect time to issue a stamp honoring the nation's barbers. There were two barbers involved in the Boston Tea Party, you know, and Paul Revere designed what many people believe was the first American shaving mug, although I understand a gravy boat was what he had in mind. Patrick Henry sometimes got a haircut. We think it's a natural.

Wayne Jones, Jr., Chairman, Black Students Association, East Oakland Community College: The Black Students Association is participating in a joint Bicentennial project with the Association of Native American Students. We have volunteers working a farm under the conditions that prevailed for slaves on Thomas Jefferson's plantation, and the Indians are going to use the meat and vegetables we produce to feed some representative white people a harvest meal extremely high in cholesterol. Coöperation between diverse groups is what America's all about.

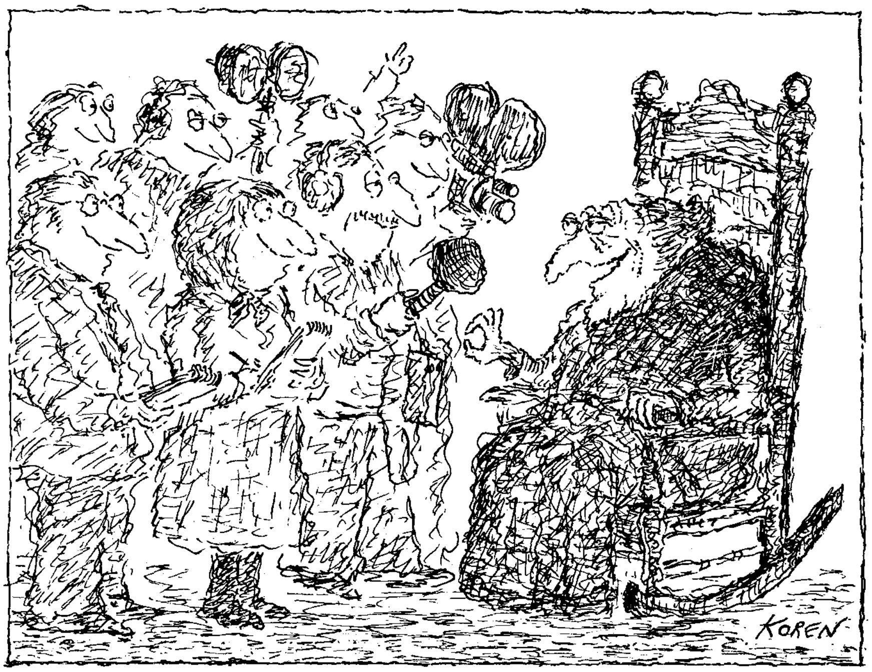




TALIAFERRO BARNSDALE, BICENTENNIAL COMMITTEE CHAIRMAN, PRIORS, VIRGINIA: Naturally, our Bicentennial Committee wanted to re-create the famous Battle of Priors Landing that was fought in the Revolutionary War. But when we arrived at the site, we found it was still being used by the War Between the States Centennial Committee to re-create the famous Battle of Priors Ferry that was fought in the War Between the States. We tried to tell them nicely that it was our turn for the field, but unfortunately they chose to be quite stubborn about it. This weekend, though, we plan to bring three station wagons full of Colonial militiamen to the west bank of the Prior late at night. Then, in a flanking action, we'll cross the river at dawn in some Boston Whalers and capture their souvenir stand before they know what hit them.



ROBERT T. MACKINTOSH, ROBMAC ENTERPRISES, MINEOLA, LONG ISLAND: Those of us who have been horrified by attempts to exploit our nation's birthday for personal financial gain were gratified to see the President's statement deploring commercialization of the Bicentennial—so gratified, in fact, that we are offering copies of the statement to our fellow-Americans, in an attractive Lucite frame, for only $6.95, plus local sales tax where applicable. We're also putting out a red-white-and-blue cheese dip, just in case.



AMY McDORTEN, AGED ONE HUNDRED THIRTEEN, THE OLDEST AMERICAN, PLAINVIEW, OHIO: Nothing, that's what. I said all this centennial folderol was nonsense in 1876 and I say it's nonsense now. What I remember best about 1876 is that my mother got her purse stolen during the Centennial Day speeches in Philadelphia, and my Uncle Ezra went out to fly a Benjamin Franklin Centennial Kite and got struck by lightning. Whenever those silly newspaper people ask me my secret of longevity, I always say, "My secret is not wasting time with nonsense." I do like to drink.

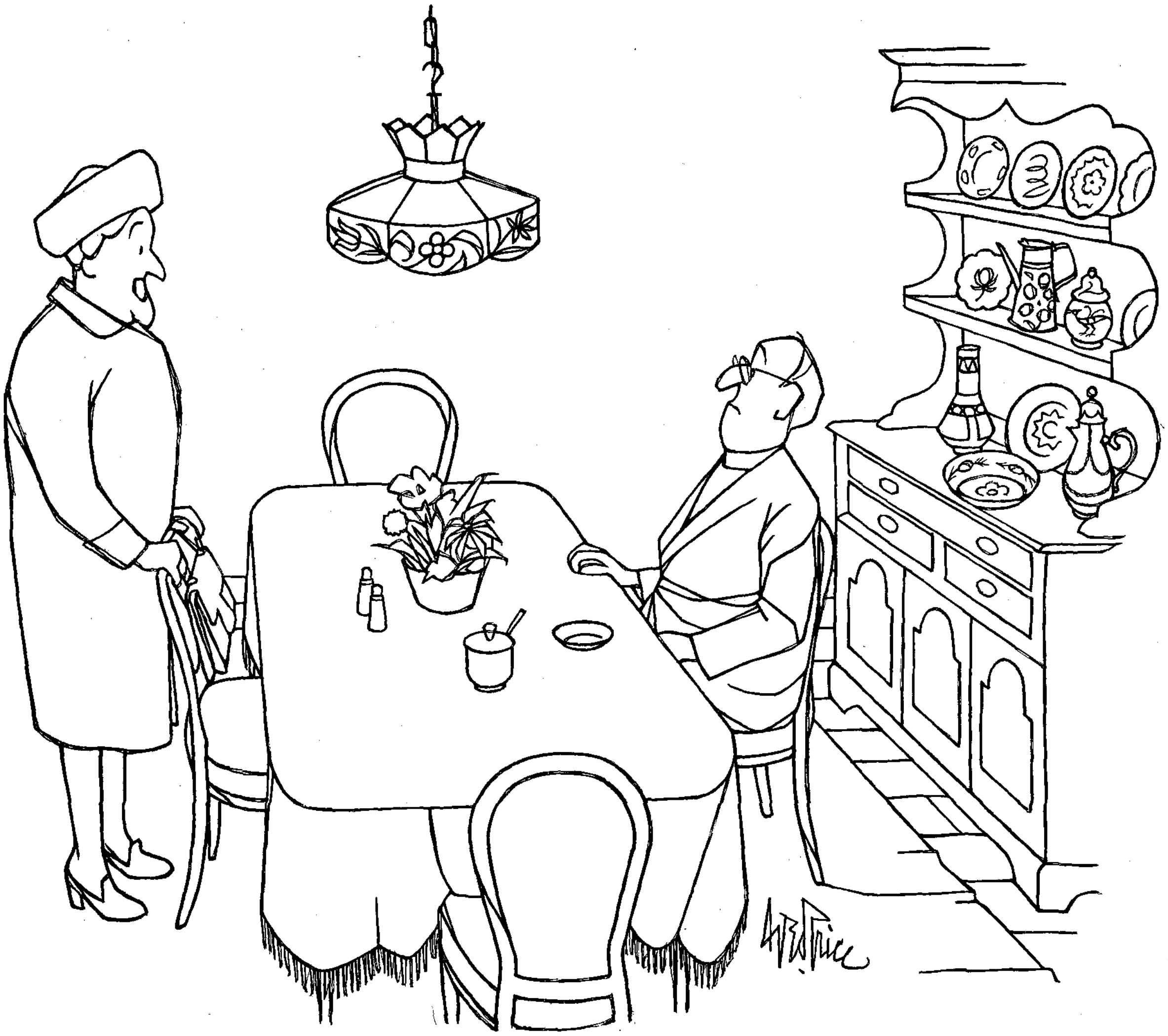
—CALVIN TRILLIN
AND EDWARD KOREN

PATH

WATER laid out the streets of the gray capital, and day after day the rain falls into place along the pavements, and follows a design that is known to it, natural to it, and older than the first buildings, preserved now as bones in reliquaries, inside stone monuments built over them against the weather of the latter days. North of the mountains and the inland ocean, with its long seasons of low skies, the city began, doubtless, as a margin of driftwood huts gradually outlining the shape of a hand or hands, where a river meandering through wide marshes chose many ways to the sea. Ricks of branches. In time, rafts. Eventually the shore haunters brought stone down the river, for building in the color of the winter sky, and the flecked hewn granite began to wander at the water's edge like hems of the light.

The original settlements along the waterline, huddled in the dark winters, must have been the stick nests of clusters of hunters who pursued the retreating glaciers northward, killing along the newborn pastures. Deep in the ice a goddess of spring kept moving toward them. They called her with drums. They listened for her heart and heard soft hoofbeats in their sleep. The surviving legends all tell of journeys, leading out of earlier journeys, between hidden skies. The oldest lyric fragment that has come down to us, in the principal archaic language of those regions, likens the dome of heaven to an upturned boat in which we will embark once again, at the end of time. But that is a relatively late production. It is clear from the legends that the first arrivals came on foot: the travellers in all the ancient stories walk. There are reflected glimpses in those narratives of other roofs, by former shores: suns remote forever, older rivers, perhaps even the Nile Delta with its seven mouths, seven fingers, seven candle flames.

The stone façades still float in the rain. In the course of my visit it fell incessantly, beating on its temporarily buried places, and the days shortened, one by one, with a measured suddenness. I was beginning to think I had learned all I could learn for the time being of the nomadic legends of that region and their recurrence in the later levels of the language. I knew more of the dominant archaic tongue than of the current local one, but I knew neither of them well: it was a rare phrase, from any period, that seemed transparent to me, and I was more conversant with the words' transformations than with their sounds. But the directors of the national library behaved toward me as though my interest, in itself, were a contribution to their archives: they put their entire collection, and all the means of consulting it, at my disposal, and the most celebrated philologist and literary historian in the capital, who spoke my language as his own, guided me through the centuries of what I thought of as evidence. As sometimes happens when one is helped lucidly but without interference, his response to my interest, the material he produced, the order in which he provided me with it, and his own commentaries gave me a sense of our having worked together before. It was plain from the start that he understood what I was looking for—grasped it perhaps more clearly than I did, since he held in his mind, in detail, the whole extant body of texts, whereas I had only an intimation of what I believed must be there. And despite the difference in our ages (at least a generation, and probably more), years and exact learning had neither raised an insuperable barrier between us nor rendered him brittle: he could not only guess what would amuse us both, in the morning newspapers as well as in the ironic turns of the recorded past, but from our first session onward he was able to put in my way, one after the other, re-



"Perhaps I didn't make myself clear. What we are about to receive is down at Palumbo's Seafood Grotto."

semblances, associations, traces, clues, the components of recognitions, which fed and warmed my enthusiasm.

"Oh, come off it, Alan! Bruce Springsteen is not passé."

We had almost finished going through his compilation of those contemporary documents he considered most relevant to my interest. We had proceeded in an order that was roughly chronological, and these were the last of the materials he had set out several weeks earlier for me to study. I felt the weight of the approaching winter, and was looking forward to leaving and taking with me the mass of notes, to try to find out what they meant to me when I had got them back to where I was living. One morning, as a gesture of anticipation, I went to the center of the city to get my air ticket, just to have it, even though I meant to leave the date open for a few more days. I walked, though it was raining even harder than usual. The traffic splashed and roared along the winding avenues, metal-boxed processions hurtling through smoke, hesitant chain saws in water. I tried to keep to the back streets, where there were almost no vehicles, though I risked getting lost, since none of the streets ran parallel but branched off from each other—systems of veins. The closer I drew to the center of the city, the emptier the back streets became. Some blocks were closed to all motor traffic, with vertical lengths of iron pipe rising at intervals from the asphalt. In one such curving passage, two waiters under a bare awning frame were carrying stone tabletops indoors. Down the middle of the narrow street an old woman was moving like a dark mollusk: her back was the same shape and color as her umbrella, and her legs appeared to have shrunk into the rest of her. She was carrying a patent-leather shopping bag. The rain ran off her and dripped at her feet. She was walking so slowly that I imagined, at first, that there was something the matter with her. I thought I was remembering her but could not recall having seen her move. It made me feel that I was walking too fast. The rain travelled down her coat and shopping bag rapidly, pausing but indifferent, as on a pane of glass: the gait of a mumbled rite. I was anxious to get to the travel agency and then on to the library, but I felt reluctant to splash past her as though she were not there. For an instant it seemed that I should do something for her, yet I knew the next moment that the impulse was vain and absurd: she was certainly not helpless; there was no plea in her bent carriage, no despondency in the shuffle of her boots, nothing in the set of her that would have recognized anything resembling pity. I slowed down, as I passed, and turned to nod to her. The waiters had gone in; we were alone on the street as on a country road. I looked for a moment under the umbrella and the dark hatbrim, into a face weathered with age, brown as wood, gaunt and merry. Bright blue eyes. She looked at me, smiling, perhaps laughing. I had assumed that she was doing her shopping; the sight of her face made it seem more likely that she was simply taking her usual walk, inspecting part of her estate, as she had been doing for longer than anyone there would remember. I was about to greet her, but hesitated and said nothing: I had been looking at her out of my own language, and suddenly was overtaken not only by the awkwardness and embarrassment with which I spoke the language of that city but also (I realized only after I had gone past, and left the street) by an uncertainty as to what phase of the language, from what age, was properly hers and would be correct, if I were to address her. I nodded, I heard the rain, above the sounds of the city.

I WAS late getting to the library. For the past week and more, my mentor and I had been meeting in what was called the refectory. The materials that he had assembled for me to study had overflowed his own marigold-yellow office in the interior of the rambling edifice. We had moved to a table by itself at the far end of a reading room, but we could not talk freely there. One day we were invited to the director-in-chief's office, a spacious eighteenth-century room with huge windows of square leaded panes evenly filled with the gray light above the harbor: that side of the building faced onto a margin of shrubbery and a quay where a large warship was moored. The director sat with the light behind him. I had met him at the beginning of my visit; he had been amiable, helpful, and lofty. His manner to me, when I entered his office, was deferential and friendly, as though in the interval we had seen a great deal of each other. Another man was sitting beside him, near the desk facing us, in the light, wearing a gray-blue gabardine overcoat and a hat. He was introduced to me as one of their best-known authors, a man whom the director had particularly wanted me to meet, he said—because of my interest in their literature, on the one hand, and because, on the other, his visitor had recently acquired a reputation as a songwriter. The man was cordial, featureless, his voice toneless, his questions and remarks—I thought—unlit. Neither of the reasons given for our introduction seemed to account for it. I wondered whether we must resign ourselves—whether I must resign myself—to being interrupted by a series of such well-meant (perhaps) but pointless diplomatic encounters; my friend the philologist thought not. As we returned along the corridor, he explained to me, in his glancing but incisive fashion, that I had been repaying a favor. My friend had told the director-in-chief that we needed more room and had suggested the refectory, which was not in use. The director had hastened to comply—he was more or less bound to do so with any request coming from my friend. But the invitation to his office had been (simple sociability apart) a reëstablishment of the director's position of authority, after the favor he had granted. It had served to remind me—and consequently my learned friend—of my obligation. It had allowed the director—who also occupied a high post, and entertained further ambitions, in the Ministry of Culture—to put on a small show of his own importance for the popular author while seeming to flatter him. My friend did not think that the performance would be required twice, and (in exchange) we would have the refectory to work in for the remainder of my visit, and we would have it to ourselves.

He was waiting for me there, when I arrived, by taxi, with my dateless air ticket. I hurried through the reading room in my wet coat, and through the small Gothic door at the end of it, and shut that behind me, in the huge sombre hall, with a long deep breath and a moment's sense of homecoming such as I had not felt in the place—or had not noticed—before. The high windows, here, were made of much smaller panes than those in the director's office. They were narrower and longer, the frames rising into stone trefoils and sharply pointed arches. Just above them were the massive transverse beams, the lowest level of the elaborate nest of rafters disappearing into the darkness of the ceiling. Neither the function of the hall nor its history was clearly defined. Part of the building, apparently, had once been a monastery, which had been almost wholly demolished. Sections of the library, much later, had been built in imitation of the earlier structure—or rather, in imitation of drawings, themselves ancient, of its ruins. A row of venerable, faded, ragged flags on long poles projected over the room from the stone pilasters between the windows. They were older than the hall, and retained a stillness of their own. The polished surfaces of the two enormous parallel tables flowed out of the shadows at the far end of the hall, to fill with the cold light of the northern morning, and appear to be made of it. At the near end of the table on my left, fixed and bathed in that same light, were the piles of papers and folders that my friend and I had been using—I was startled to realize how much of my own unfinished work I had left, day and night, in that relatively public place. Yet not so public either, I reminded myself, thinking of the locked door, the key in my pocket, and my friend sitting there waiting, reflecting the glassy table and the spread-out papers. He appeared not to have noticed that I was late, and I did not have a chance to ask him how long he had been wait-

ASPECTS OF LILAC

By the turn of the driveway, two lilacs have called
Attention to themselves, not by an excess
Of bloom but by an attenuation
Of design: altered shadow on gravel.
Gone for good are those understated
Cases I rescued from worthless soil:
Ripped-off dusty miller from the beach,
Or, struck by overdoses of rain,
Spoiled spotted-leaf geranium. Worse
Is the thud of birds that kill themselves
By flinging their bodies with force against
Glass windows and doors as if this were
Some sort of morgue for feathered things.
The deaf and dumb would find all language
Futile here; nature is silent—
But underneath the silence, struggle.
While powder-puff clouds are showing off
Quickening shapes against more stately
Clouds behind them, an ant has dragged
A fly across the threshold, a mealy
Bug fastened its sticky jaws
Into the crotch of two green stems,
Chewing the asparagus fern to scruff.
Last night the moon had a Byzantine flare
Of lemon gold like the gold-leaf halos
One sees in the early Italian Masters—
Venice, in fact, comes to mind, the palazzos'
Sandcastle, ice-cream feats, effects
Childish but pleasing, of spun-stone heights,
While a rat stands gnawing a lettuce leaf
At the edge of one of the canals. And sex
Like a frog jumps onto the screen at once,
Its spiritual and degraded aspects
Equally keen. In fall, when the first
Earth colors harden and oak fire starts
Its flame and rust, memory dotes
On the old clichés of the unexpected.
Desire never knows the end of the book
Any more than the leaves of the lilac dug
Up in the woods, brought home, and planted
Can tell us whether its roots next spring
Will burst into purple or white cascades.

—Howard Moss

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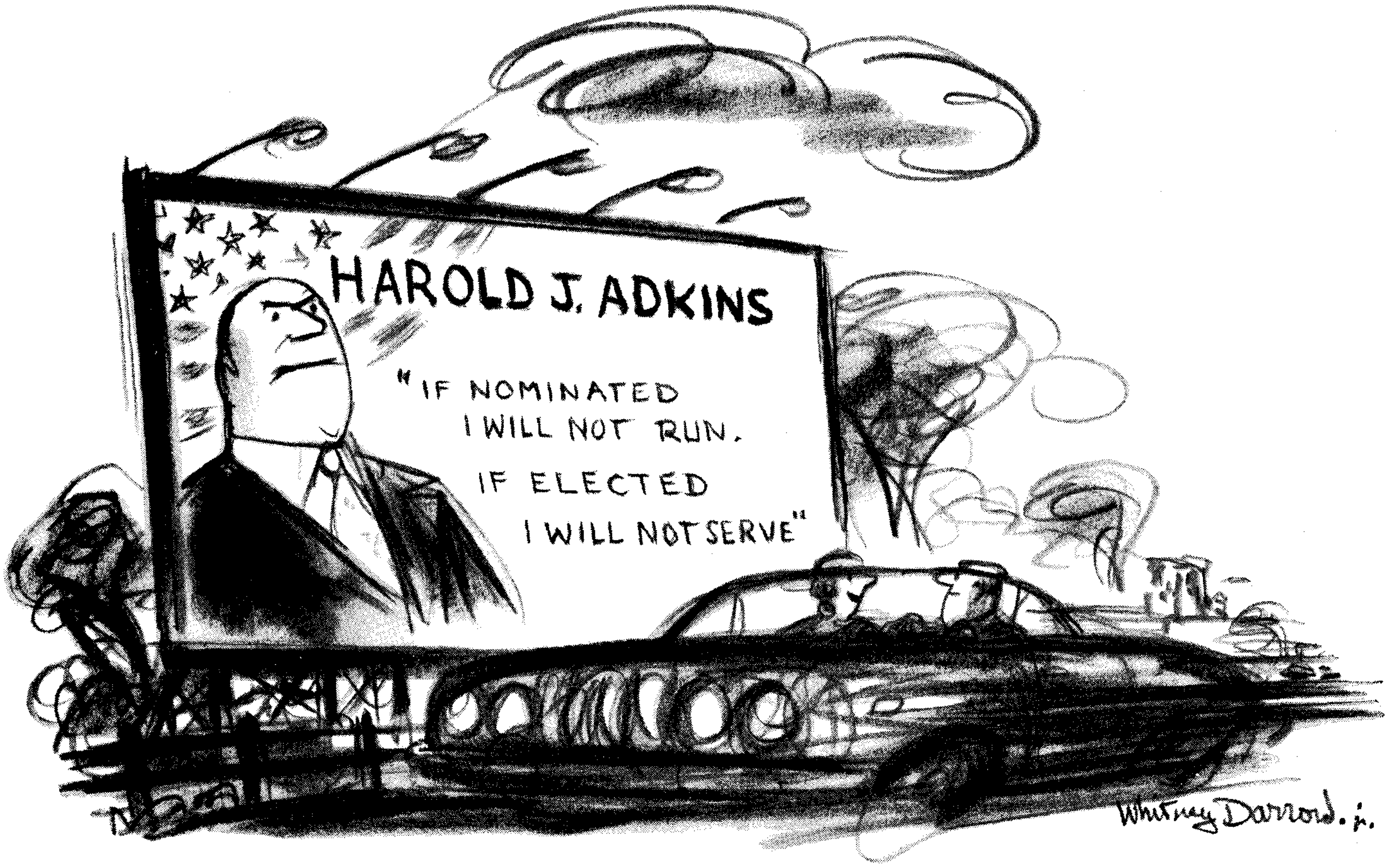

HAROLD J. ADKINS
"IF NOMINATED I WILL NOT RUN.
IF ELECTED I WILL NOT SERVE"
Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"I like that."

• •

ing: he brushed aside my apologies, smiling about something else. He said that there was something he had been preparing for me and for which our work until then might be considered a background. He referred, in a rapid summary, to the particular circumstances of historic scholarship in the last century—at the end of which he had been born. I had considered, and in fact at one point remarked upon, the irony of our studying the early texts and the older reverberations reaching us through them, in the echoing hall that had been built, in emulation of the Gothic age (a time far more recent than the oldest of our texts), at the very period when the surviving motifs from the Gothic era and earlier were vanishing, just as interest and inquiry were first revealing how swiftly and completely they were receding. He referred me to some of the most ancient neo-nomadic fragments and travellers' songs, and read a few passages aloud to me several times so that I would catch the cadence of the archaic metre—the foot, the cadence itself, he insisted, even though, as I knew, the meaning of a number of the words, in those fragments, was now lost, probably forever, and the actual pronunciation was, to an uncertain degree, conjecture. He left me studying the texts that he had just read aloud, and a commentary on certain of their allusions, and told me that he would be back later. I was used to working alone in the high, empty hall, where the shuffling papers, the pencils on the table, and my breath echoed and reëchoed, and I paid no attention to how long he was gone. The clock in the tower was striking as he opened the door again, but I had not noticed when it began to strike, and so could not count the strokes. There were two small boys with him, whom I could not at first tell apart, except that one was slightly more blond than the other.

They came in without speaking, and the boys stood looking up into the rafters, even after my friend had told them to come to the table and take off their coats. They did neither. One after the other he led them over to me, the blonder of the two first, and introduced us, in their language, of course, and they held out their small hard hands. I could read no expression in either of their faces. They remained between me and the windows. My friend told them to sit down wherever they pleased, on one of the benches, near the piles of papers. The one whose hair was darker sat down in front of me, with the table and the open books and notebooks between us; his eyes ran over them, and over me—my hands, my pencil, my face—with the same detached alertness. The other boy sat down at a bench at the far table, nearer the windows. He was turned toward us, but still looking up at the shadows in the ceiling, and the files of flags retreating into the shadows.

They were twins, my friend explained to me rapidly, in my own language, and he instructed me to sit still and say nothing. He began to talk to the boy sitting opposite me, courteously, respectfully—as he addressed everyone, and as he would have spoken to someone of his own age. He told the boy that he had been thinking a great deal about the poems that the boy had told him (the word "tell," in that language, means both "recount" and "chant") at their last meeting, and that he was as interested in them as ever, and would be grateful if I could hear some of them. The boy said nothing, but looked at me.

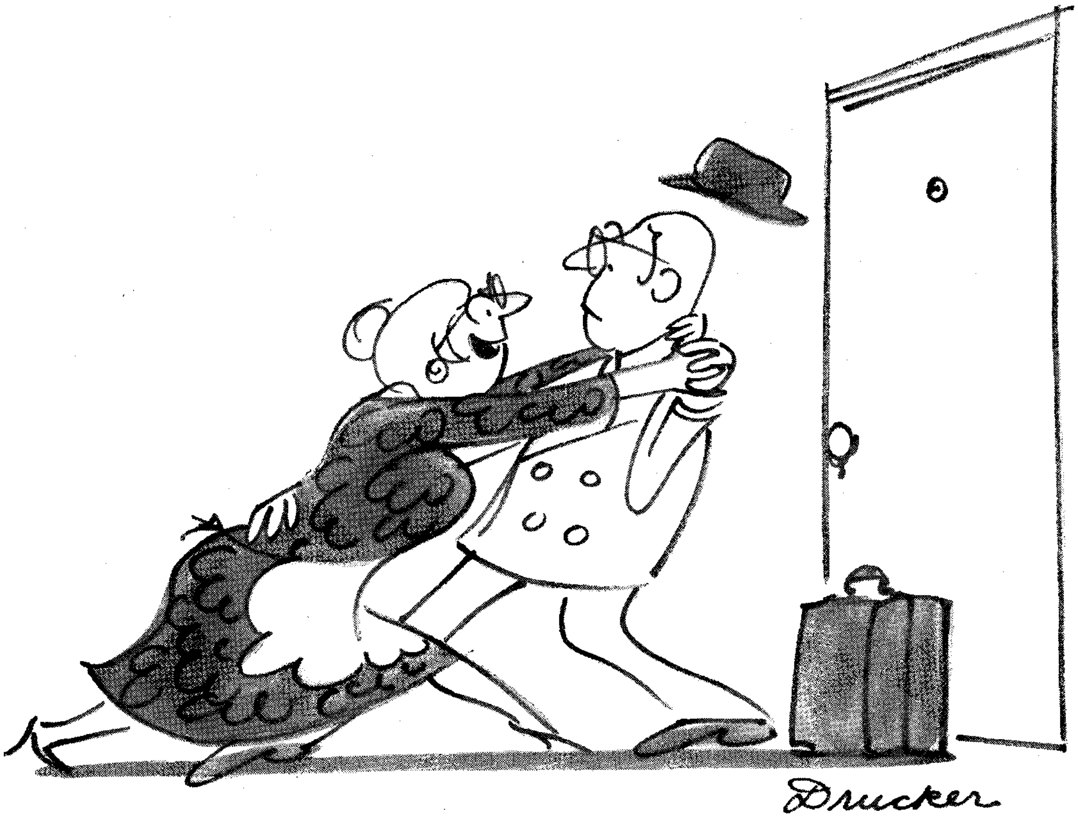
My friend asked him whether he remembered those poems, and the boy said that of course he did.

And others? Yes, the boy said, there were many.

Would he tell us one about the dark traveller?

He was in all of them, the boy said.

Tentatively, as though pronouncing



"While you were in Cleveland, I took dancing lessons!"

the first phrase of a foreign language to a native, my friend quoted a few words, an opening. Something to do with the echoes of a foot on ice. The boy sighed, looked up past us at the wall opposite the windows, and began to hum and pat the table with the palm of his hand. Then he started to recite. His voice was pitched like the string of an instrument, on which the words were played at intervals. He hummed between them, and chanted them as they came, shaping them to fit a pattern that was recognizable but never quite predictable. The poem was a ballad of some kind, or so I thought, though it did not seem to keep to the metrical form of any ballad I knew in that tongue—or in my own. Missing many of the words, as I did, there were whole passages I could not catch, but felt as though I were following at a distance; then a piece of narrative would emerge, and disappear again—someone walking in a mist—and I could not be sure whether the sense kept escaping me because of my inadequate knowledge of the language, or because of the boy's pronunciation, or because the poem itself was difficult. As it was: full of sudden turns, knotted phrases, kennings, allusions to episodes and characters unknown to me. The story, or the parts of it that I could catch, told of the dark traveller's encounters with a series of lights and a gleaming otter, on the marshes; of his arrival at a frozen fortress, with a fountain of ice; of meetings with helpers (the otter may have been one of these); and a fight with the first of the ice giant's dogs. The traveller relied on the help of spirits, some of whose names he did not know, some of whom he had encountered on earlier occasions, in human shape. He transformed himself, for protection, once into a cloud, once into something whose name I did not understand, in which he was frozen for some time—and there again I lost the thread. The idiom of the poem was contemporary—as nearly as I could tell. I could detect neither archaisms nor literary usages—in fact, it seemed to me that the language was not, in the usual sense, even literate: I could make out certain ungrammatical, "incorrect" locutions of the current street language, and bits of recent slang. Once or twice I thought I heard echoes of a popular song a few years old, but I was not certain of that. I would have been interested in the performance however crude it was, but in fact it was presented with pure authority, and from the start two things about it impressed me above all. First, the poetic power of the words, even when I did not understand them. And then, through the poem's sound and urgency, the distant but unmistakable beat of those same ancient fragments that my friend had been reading aloud to me earlier in the morning. Excited and alien, doubting even what I thought I understood, I must have been told it in a number of different ways before I grasped the fact that the dark traveller, the central figure in the apparently endless poem, was the second toe of the left foot, who had been called The Black Toe ever since he had been frozen. But whose left foot? The other twin listened, without a sound or a change of expression.

The recitation came to an end—or a pause. My friend thanked the boy and asked him whether that was the end of the poem. The boy said no; it was just where he wanted to stop for a while.

I saw that my friend had been taking rapid notes, in a phonetic shorthand partly of his own invention: I recalled, as though noticing a coincidence, that it enabled him to write the sounds of the language at each known phase of its development, and I found myself glancing across at the symbols, trying to see whether I could read them. He saw me looking, pushed some of the pages toward me, and took a small tape recorder out of a shoulder bag. He began to explain its purpose and operation to the boy, who looked at the object without obvious interest. My friend demonstrated the use of the machine, talking into it, playing back his own voice, distant and hollow in the echoing hall, and both boys laughed. He recorded their laughter and played it back, the last seconds of it—a tail vanishing through a doorway. He asked the twin who had been reciting whether he would tell a poem into the recorder, and the boy said nothing, stared at him, picked up one of the pencils, and began to copy one of the shorthand symbols over and over on the margin of a page of notes. The other twin looked across, from the far table, and watched; though they were not facing each other, both of them laughed at the same moment.

My friend told them that it would take him a minute or two to prepare the tape recorder. He said it as an invitation, as though the operation of the machine might be something that they would like to watch—and they did, but they kept their distance. They began to talk to each other, not whole sentences but phrases, allusions, half of them in whispers, making each other laugh. I understood little of what they said, and in my own language asked my friend what they were talking about. He told me that most of it escaped him, too, as the boys meant it to. It was a semi-secret language, which they made up as they went along. But he said that in any case they were alluding to things they alone knew: family circumstances, street games, school. The machine did not seem to be running satisfactorily, or my friend had not mastered its controls. It clicked and whirred and burst into passages of frantic gabbling—glimpses of treble multitudes in panic-stricken flight, old haste of dry water—and while he stopped it and started it he spoke to me rapidly in my language, as though discussing the recorder, explaining to me that the twins came from a mountainous region farther north; he avoided saying the name of the place, so that they would not know we were talking about them, but I noticed them listening to the strange language, while they continued to make a game out of their own.

Their mother had been a young woman from that region who had come to the city as a child, with her parents, during the war, and had returned to the country some years later, with a man about whom not much was known except that he had been a legendary figure in the resistance. He had died, there in the mountains, before the twins were born, and their mother had brought them up alone. No one had yet determined their exact age, but they were thought to be about nine. Their mother, too, had died, some years before our meeting, and the twins had been housed for a time at a farm of some relatives of hers, in that region but at a distance from their earlier home; later they had been brought to their maternal grandparents, in the city. There they had lived for a year, without being sent to school: fed and clothed adequately, allowed to run in the streets—until their existence came to the notice of the authorities, who looked into their situation and set about resolving what they described as the problem of the boys' education. The twins had a rudimentary ability to read and write, picked up at home from their mother and from observation of their elders: they were quick and alert and remembered what they chose to. But in the grade they had been put they were several crucial years older than the city children whose formal education was more advanced than theirs. The authorities waxed anxious over the boys' associates: they wanted to make sure that the twins would be able to find friends their own age. They feared that the differences of background, of sophistication, would isolate and further retard the boys' assimilation. They need not have troubled themselves. The twins were soon running what amounted to a gang of their own—posing new problems for the anxious educators. Their schooling required a special arrangement: the twins sat through an hour or two, every day, of ordinary classes, never called on for answers, though much of the teaching, whether or not they were aware of the fact, was directed at them, as at a pair of silent judges. And a tutor was found for them, ostensibly to help them catch up with the studies of the children their own age—or what their age was assumed to be. He was a man acquainted with the region where they had grown up—a student of it, indeed, who had been spending his summers there for over a decade—and he understood the dialect, which the twins still spoke with their grandparents. He got along well with the boys, was more interested in them than in their schooling, and it was he—among those responsible for the boys' education—who had first heard the poems. He had thought them remarkable, and had brought them to the attention of some of his learned and literary acquaintances, who had shared his enthusiasm; it was in this way that my friend the philologist had first heard them. He told me that the boy had at one time made poems in the regional dialect as well, but apparently had not done so now for some time, and no one was certain whether he remembered them.

"But are they really his own?" I asked.

My friend gave me an oddly blank look.

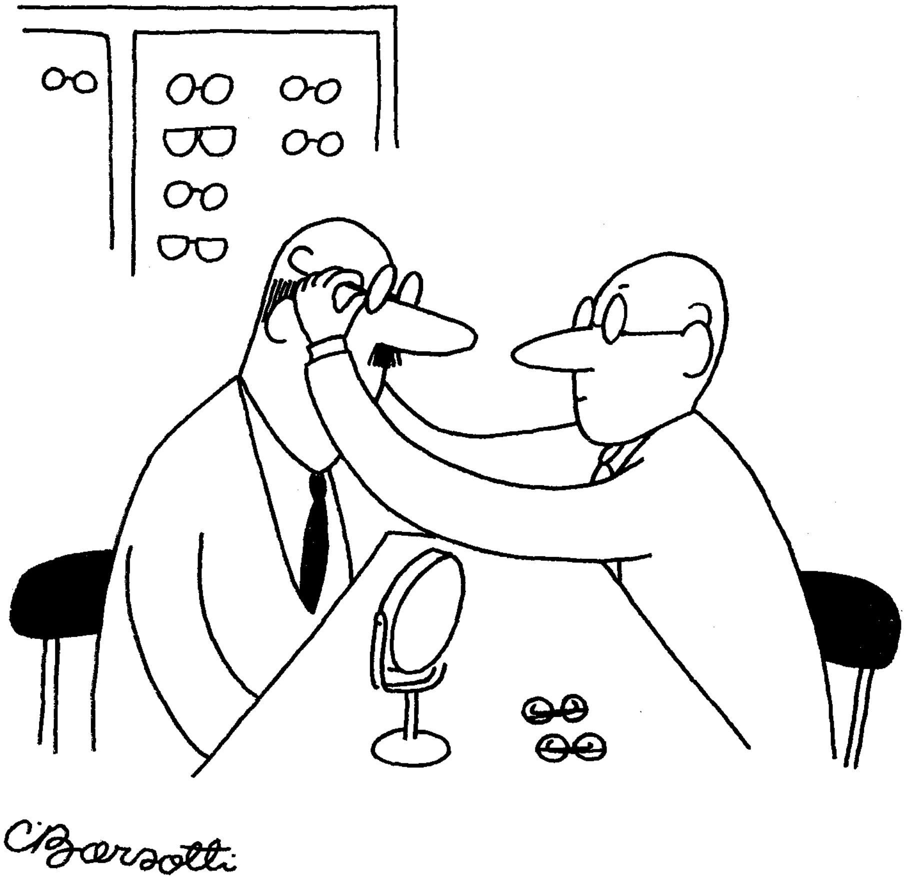
"Does he make them up himself?"

"We don't know that," he said. "We don't know at all."

"And the metre, the ballad form, the rhythm, those echoes of the ancient poetry?"

My friend shrugged. He said that none of those things had been encountered by the folklorists in that region—or anywhere else. He wanted to record whatever he could of those poems, he said, before the twins were fully literate. There would be time to analyze them later.

He seemed to have the recorder working to his satisfaction, and he asked the twin who was sitting at our table whether we could hear some more poetry, with the machine listen-



ing. The twins had been leaning toward each other, laughing and whispering together; now the one who had recited sat back again, looked up into the darkness, took a long breath, and began to hum. My friend switched on the recorder. The boy started to pat the table, sometimes with the palm of his hand, sometimes with his fingertips. Then the words came, the chanted beats, in a voice deeper than the boy used in talk. It was the same landscape as before—a low sky, an ice fountain. Far away on the horizon, a fire, under the night: the house of a planet burning. The Black Toe still unfrozen in this poem; not yet named, calling toward the fire. A water flame coming to help him, out of the sky. The boy stopped.

The philologist stopped the recorder, rewound it, and started to play back what he had just taped. We heard a crackle of static—perhaps scratches on the tape. Then echoes from the room. Then the humming, but deepened and overwhelmed with reverberations: a series of hollow beats like steady thunder—the boy's hand on the table. The poem began, beyond the rumbling and the echoes, as though coming through water. The words, to me, at least, were incomprehensible. But the boys were laughing, both of them. They laughed as loud as the noise of the machine, slapping their legs like old men. My friend turned it off. He tried to explain to the boy that the machine was not working as it should. He asked the boy whether we could hear that part again, when he had it running properly, and had moved it off the table.

No, the boy said.

My friend asked him whether it was because he didn't want to say that poem again, and the boy, in a caricature of the scholar's gesture a moment before, shrugged, and the twins laughed.

Would he say another poem for the listening machine?

No, the boy said.

Didn't he like the machine?

The boy shrugged again, looking at his brother, who shrugged, too.

My friend began to explain the purpose and mechanism of the machine in greater detail, and how it should work if it were running properly. He asked the boy what he objected to about the machine. The boy said that he didn't want to be turned into *that.*

"Into what?"

"That noise," the boy said, pointing to the machine. "What came out of there."

"But you laughed," my friend said.

The boy shook his head.

"Don't you want the poem to be there?" my friend asked.

"No," the boy said.

"Why not?"

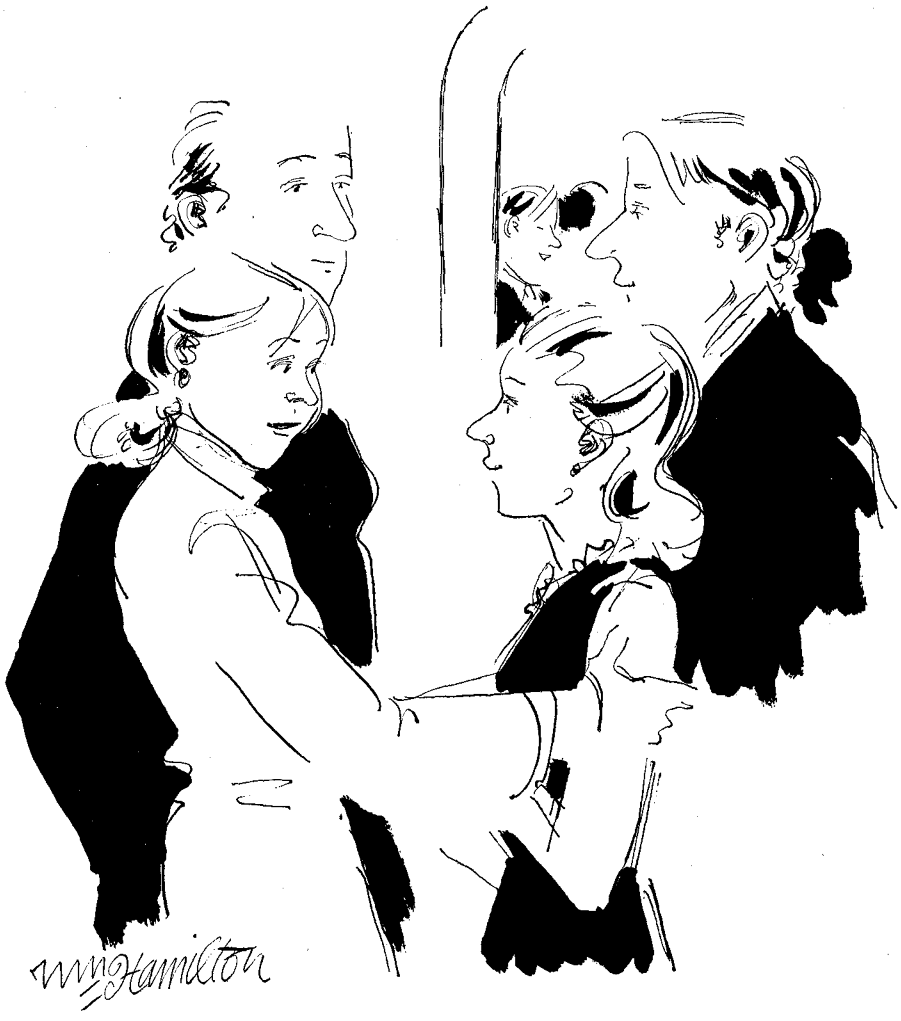
"I won't go in there," the boy said.

My friend put the recorder away.

"What if you forget the poems?" my friend asked.

The boy looked at him without expression for a moment, and then smiled—an impudent, ironic, mocking smile—and took a deep breath again, looked up, began to drum on the table. It was a different beat, more intricate, with syncopations, rhythmic pauses, and after a minute or two I became aware that the other twin was patting the other table, in those pauses. Between them, on the two long polished surfaces, they were beating out a single rhythm. Then the other twin began to hum. I glanced at my friend the philologist, who looked as surprised as I was. I saw the other twin's lips begin to move, and the voice came, lighter but more urgent than his brother's, and with the same power of feeling, the same unquestionable echoes of the ancient rhapsodic diction. His landscape was brighter, but the story was as fierce, full of teeth and blades. The second twin's chant paused, and the first took up the recitation in the name of The Black Toe, running on ice; the boy's words trailed off into lengthening, distorted syllables, and a long wail of loneliness like three descending wolf chords. Then his brother continued, and I understood that his hero was the second toe of the right foot, The White Toe, so called because he raised his face out of the dust, and out of the shadow. In one of the episodes he was disguised as a cripple, and his brother rescued him; it was implied that the rescue also happened the other way round. There were calls of warning, triumph, incitement, between the two voices. When the second twin also had ended his words and his humming, and both of their hands were still, the two tables went on echoing, vibrating—strips of gray daylight running into the darkness at the end of the hall.

—W. S. Merwin



"I'll get back to you about nuclear power."

•

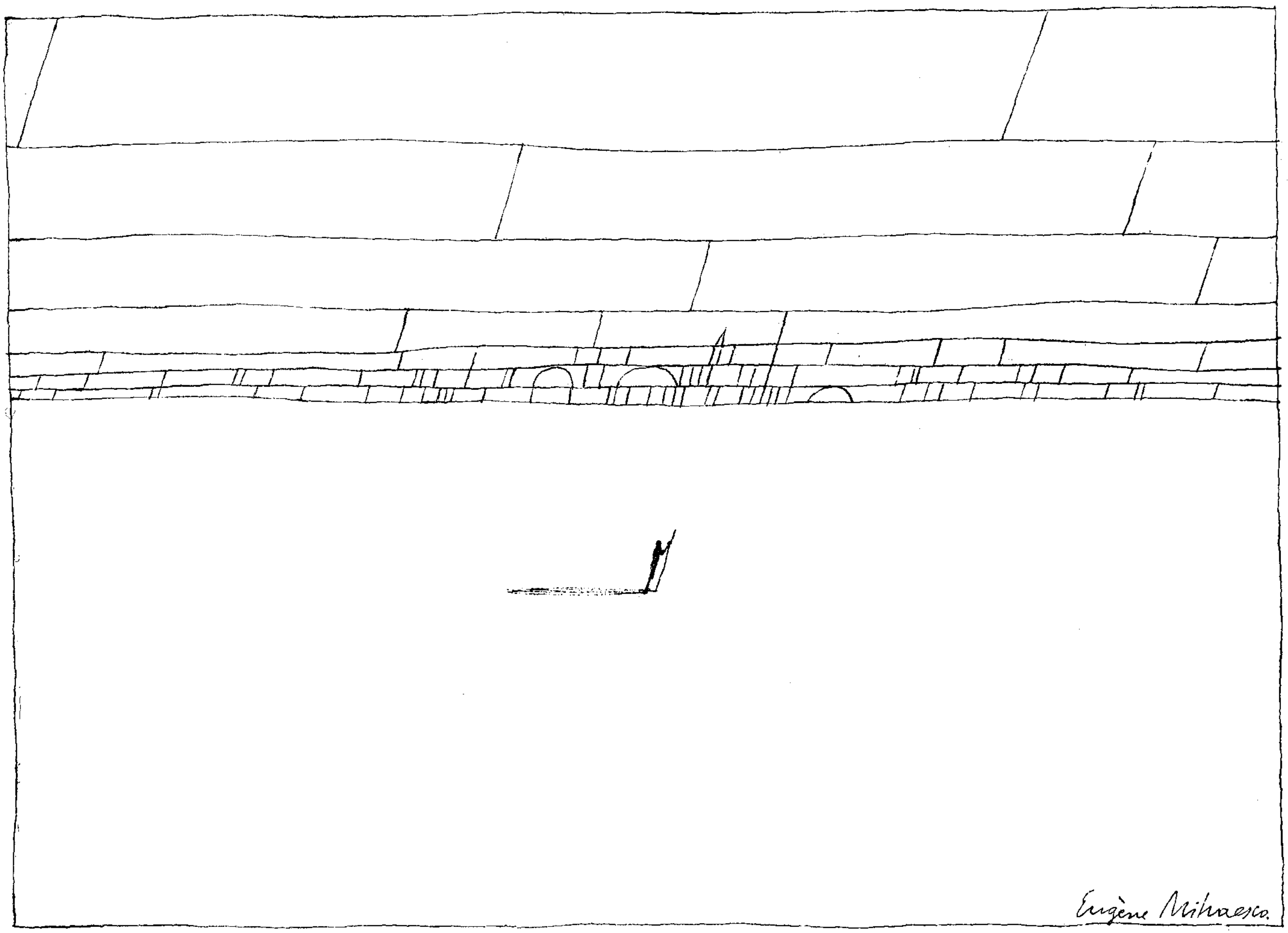
Registered nurse with BS degree desires part time employment in active doctors office. No experience with lab work. Good repertoire with patients. Own transportation.—*Adv. in the Birmingham (Mich.) Eccentric.*

Oh, well, then—let's forget the lab work!

PROFILES

MAHATMA GANDHI AND HIS APOSTLES

I—SUBTLER AND MORE LASTING SHAPES



NOTE

THE life of Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi (Mahatma, meaning "great soul," was an honorific title) is abundantly documented; perhaps no life in any period has been more so. Certainly it was an extraordinary life, fusing, as it did, ancient Hindu religion and culture and modern revolutionary ideas about politics and society—from any viewpoint, a strange combination of perceptions and values. There are at present about four hundred biographies of Gandhi, yet, as Jawaharlal Nehru wrote in the foreword to one of the weightiest of them, D. G. Tendulkar's eight-volume work "Mahatma," "no man can write a real life of Gandhi, unless he is as big as Gandhi." In Nehru's view, the best that anyone could hope to do was to conjure up some pictures of that life: "Many pictures rise in my mind of this man, whose eyes were often full of laughter and yet were pools of infinite sadness. But the picture that is dominant and most significant is as I saw him marching, staff in hand, to Dandi on the Salt March in 1930. Here was the pilgrim on his quest of Truth, quiet, peaceful, determined, and fearless, who would continue that quest and pilgrimage, regardless of consequences." Leaving aside the riddle of who but Gandhi could write his "real life," the writer's task would have to be to discover and truthfully portray the heroic but human pilgrim amid the myths that began proliferating around him when he started his quest and that have inevitably become more numerous because the quest ended in martyrdom. In fact, the very core of Gandhi's thought, presented and developed in tens of thousands of his writings and speeches—his search for God through celibacy and cleanliness, through mastery of all human needs and functions, mental and bodily, and through insistence on personal hygiene and public sanitation—has been obscured by mythologizers fearful of debasing and sensationalizing their martyred hero. Perhaps because Indians rely for information more on the spoken than on the written word, and because they still live close to the soil, with an awareness of the mystery of the land, myths can become established in India as truths, sometimes within only a few years. In "A Passage to India," E. M. Forster touched on this aspect of Indian reality when he described how in India the death of a character "took subtler and more lasting shapes" than the actual facts warranted:

> A legend sprang up that an Englishman had killed his mother for trying to save an Indian's life—and there was just enough truth in this to cause annoyance to the authorities. . . . Nonsense of this type is more difficult to combat than a solid lie. . . . At one period two distinct tombs containing Esmiss Esmoor's remains were reported. . . . Mr. McBryde visited them both and saw signs of the beginning of a cult. . . . "There's propaganda behind all this," he said, forgetting that a hundred years ago, when Europeans still made their home in the country-side and appealed to its imagination, they occasionally became local demons after death.

Forster's Esmiss Esmoor and his "demons" were only local manifestations. Gandhi was a national manifestation. He himself invested many of his gestures with special symbolic meaning, and at one point or another somebody has sanctified his every action and utterance, so that today in India—and elsewhere—there exists not one Gandhi but hundreds of Gandhis. An eyewitness on the BBC once recalled a day when he and Gandhi and some friends were out for a walk and suddenly a tree sprang into bloom out of season and a cobra bent its hood at Gandhi's feet as if in salutation.

Because I was interested in exploring the "subtler and more lasting shapes" that Gandhi has assumed, and because it is in the memories of his closest followers that the pictures live, the myths take their shape, and his message is propagated, I travelled through India, beginning in 1971, and I visited Afghanistan, Bangladesh, Japan, England, and Austria, in order to collect the views of various specialists and the oral testimony of Gandhians in a cross-section of society. I have also made use of recordings, memoirs, and press clippings, and of Gandhi's own writings and speeches, in an effort both to demythologize Gandhi and to capture something of the nature of his influence on his followers and the nature of the influence of their interpretations of his life on India. Indeed, the use of the facts and myths of Gandhi's life may help to determine the future not only of India but of numerous countries that have a stake either in India's well-being or in Gandhi's thought; in a time of widespread corruption and of ruthless political opportunism and repression, people have increasingly been turning to Gandhi for inspiration and an understanding of the role of principles in democratic government. His ideas have application wherever there are poor, oppressed people—even in the richest country in the world, as has been demonstrated by, for example, Martin Luther King, Jr., and Cesar Chavez. What follows, therefore, is as much about how Gandhi affected and animated others, how his ideas are now understood and applied, how he is enshrined and remembered, how he lives on, as it is about Mahatma Gandhi himself. It necessarily portrays at the same time his closest disciples and relatives, who are now mostly very old men and women, and in some cases are quite eccentric and enfeebled by their age. For a number of these people who had the opportunity of knowing him and of living in his presence, Gandhi was Christ, and they themselves are now his apostles, trying to spread his word through an indifferent world.

STARS WHICH SEE, STARS WHICH DO NOT SEE

They sat by the water. The fine women
had large breasts, tightly checked.
At each point, at every moment,
they seemed happy by the water.
The women wore hats like umbrellas
or carried umbrellas shaped like hats.
The men wore no hats and the water,
which wore no hats, had that well-known
mirror finish which tempts sailors.
Although the men and women seemed at rest
they were looking toward the river
and some way out into it but not beyond.
The scene was one of hearts and flowers
though this may be unfair. Nevertheless,
it was probable that the Seine had hurt them,
that they were "taken back" by its beauty
to where a slight breeze broke the mirror
and then its promise, but never the water.

—MARVIN BELL

• •

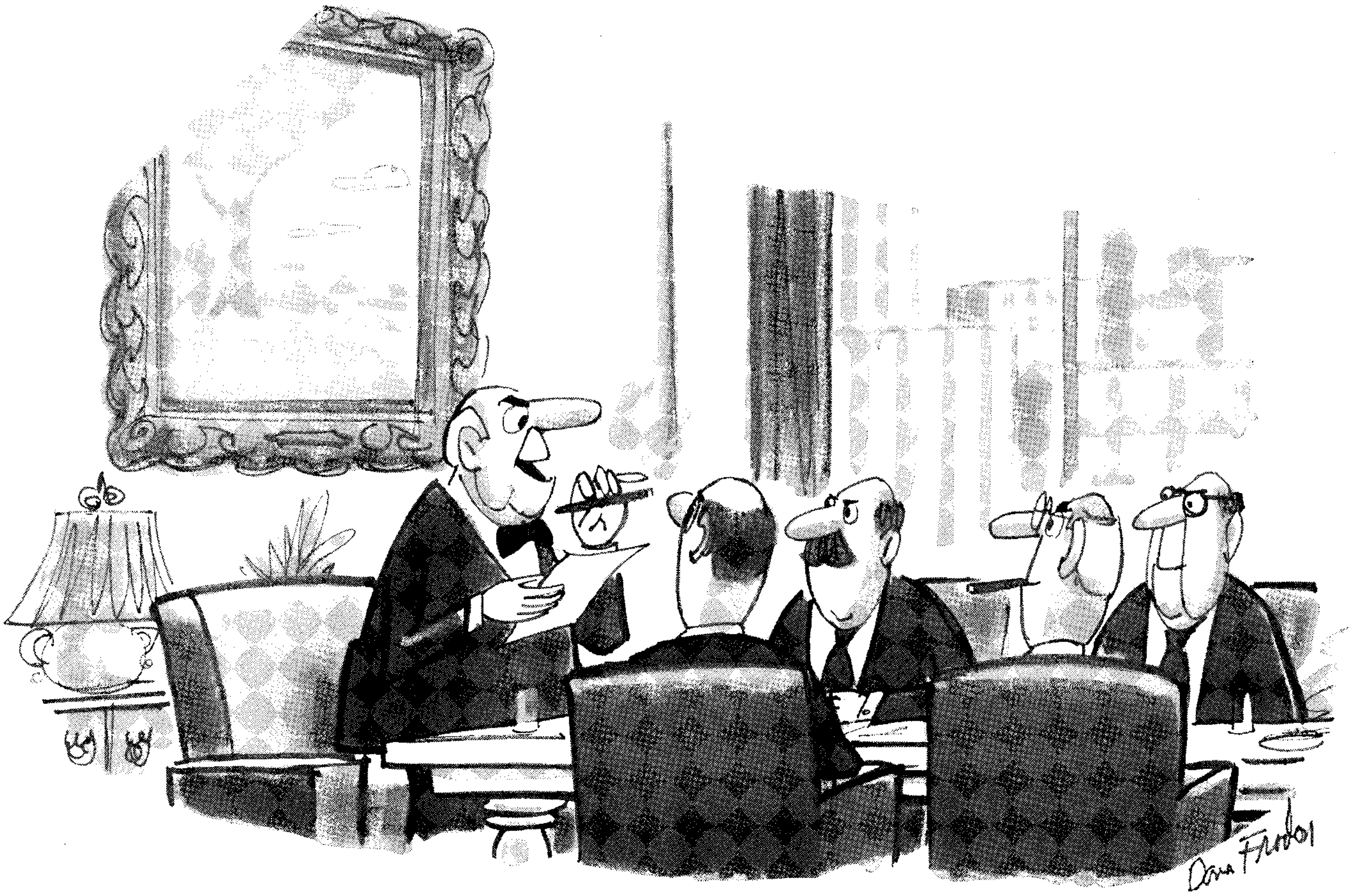
BAPU

HERE are the recollections of an apostle who conversed with me for several days as she travelled through the villages of Central India doing Gandhi's work:

"It is said that the Taj Mahal looks different to different people, depending on where they're standing and particularly on what time of day it is. I feel rather like that about Bapu. [Gandhi was affectionately called Bapu, which means "father."] Sometimes I remember him as small and unimpressive-looking, other times as a tall silhouette. Sometimes I think he must have had rickets as a child, because in my mind I picture him as crooked—his bones crooked, his head crooked, his mouth crooked, his shoulders crooked. He even sat a little crooked, with his head slightly tilted to one side. But other times I remember him as having perfect posture, and wonder if I ever saw his shoulders stoop. Then, again, I think he had weak muscles in the back of his neck and he might have been a little self-conscious about it and made a special effort to keep himself erect all the time. Woodrow Wyatt, the former English M.P., once told me that he remembered Bapu as looking rather like a polished nut, all bright and shiny, with no spare flesh—a brown nut, carefully cherished. He gleamed, you know. His chocolate-colored skin was smooth, healthy, and young-looking, and shone all over.

"As a rule, he went about completely naked except for his bright white dhoti, neatly tied around his loins and thighs, and his spectacles, with their cheap wire frames. His dhoti was always white, because he thought dye concealed dirt, and it was always of khadi [homespun cotton cloth]. He wanted to wear or use only what was within the means of any peasant, however poor. He mostly went barefoot or wore wooden clogs. When he went on long walks, he wore a pair of leather sandals, and sometimes also a white cheesecloth shawl around his shoulders and a white kerchief on his head, tied under his chin. The sandals were made from the hide of a cow that had died a natural death. As a good Hindu, Bapu believed that the cow was sacred; moreover, he didn't believe in killing anything.

"Though he was old when I knew him, he had such fine muscles and strong bones that, as I remember him most often, he appeared well built. He had a short, thin neck, a noble chest, a narrow waist, big, expressive hands with well-formed fingers, and long, thin, firm legs with knobby knees. His head was large, and his ears stood out abruptly. Because he had high blood pressure, the veins in his temples protruded a little. His nose was fat and pointed downward. His lower lip was sensitive and somehow conveyed suffering. Whenever he smiled, he revealed naked gums. He had lost most of his teeth by the time he reached his mid-fifties. He was actually a very ugly man, and took pride in being ugly. I saw him once on his day of silence—he observed silence every Monday,



"To close on an upbeat note, I'm happy to report we received twenty-two per cent more in kickbacks than we paid out in bribes."

• •

as a religious duty—and I told him, 'Bapu, I think I saw the ugliest man in the whole world yesterday.' He frowned. Then I remembered, and said, 'No, the second-ugliest.' That made him smile. He liked to be teased. In repose, his face certainly was ugly, but it was seldom in repose. His eyes were soft and gentle, yet compelling and challenging. You felt naked and exposed before them, but more often than not they were twinkling in affectionate amusement. On his day of silence, they seemed sad and a little blank.

"He spoke in a low singsong. His tone was always conversational, even when he was addressing millions of people. Whatever he said was to the point, and he used mostly simple words to say simple things. He never resorted to histrionics, or any rhetorical device, although he was fond of using parables and proverbs, and quotations from the Bhagavad Gita and other sacred books.

"I stayed with him several times at Sevagram Ashram [Sevagram means "village of service." Ashram means "hermitage" or "sanctuary"], which was in Central India, and which was his home from the mid-thirties to the mid-forties. He used to say that at Sevagram he felt as insignificant as a frog at the bottom of a well but that for him this well was India—was, in fact, the whole universe.

"From a distance, Sevagram Ashram looked like a stockade in the middle of nowhere. Only a dirt road connected it to Wardha, the nearest town, and so to the outside world. The land was flat and arid, baked dry much of the year by the burning sun. The summers were interminable. Frequent whirlwinds coated everything with dust and sand, the temperature never seemed to budge from a hundred and twenty degrees, and the grass seemed to die as soon as it sprouted. Often, the monsoon was late and then came in a deluge. In no time at all, the land was waterlogged, mosquitoes were everywhere, and scorpions and poisonous snakes boldly slithered all over the place. They seemed to know they were safe in Bapu's country, where reverence for all life was an unquestioned law and the worst that could happen to them was a few minutes' discomfort in the teeth of a pair of tongs as they were carried away from the ashram and set loose in the nearby fields.

"The ashram was on the edge of the village of Segaon, which was just a few mud-and-bamboo huts with a primitive communal well. There were no shops worthy of the name, and no amenities of any kind. Most of the villagers were untouchables, and every last one was a victim of chronic malaria, chronic dysentery, or chronic malnutrition. Not even the children had enough energy to brush away the flies that settled on them. Who but Bapu would have thought of trying to teach these villagers anything? One of my earliest memories of Bapu is seeing him trudge along the tracks sweeping up the excrement that the villagers had left around like dogs, even by the well. That was his way of setting an example, of teaching the villagers the most elementary lesson of all the lessons he wanted to teach—that human and animal filth was the main cause of disease throughout the land. The whole ashram was really a lesson in what a village could be. We had well-kept communal latrines, from which all the excrement was carried first to trenches outside the ashram, to make compost, and then to the fields, for fertilizer. These fields we carefully planted with sugarcane and vegetables—the staples of our diet. Although, like Segaon, the ashram was not much more than mud-and-bamboo huts, the main buildings were neatly ranged around a central courtyard covered with gravel.

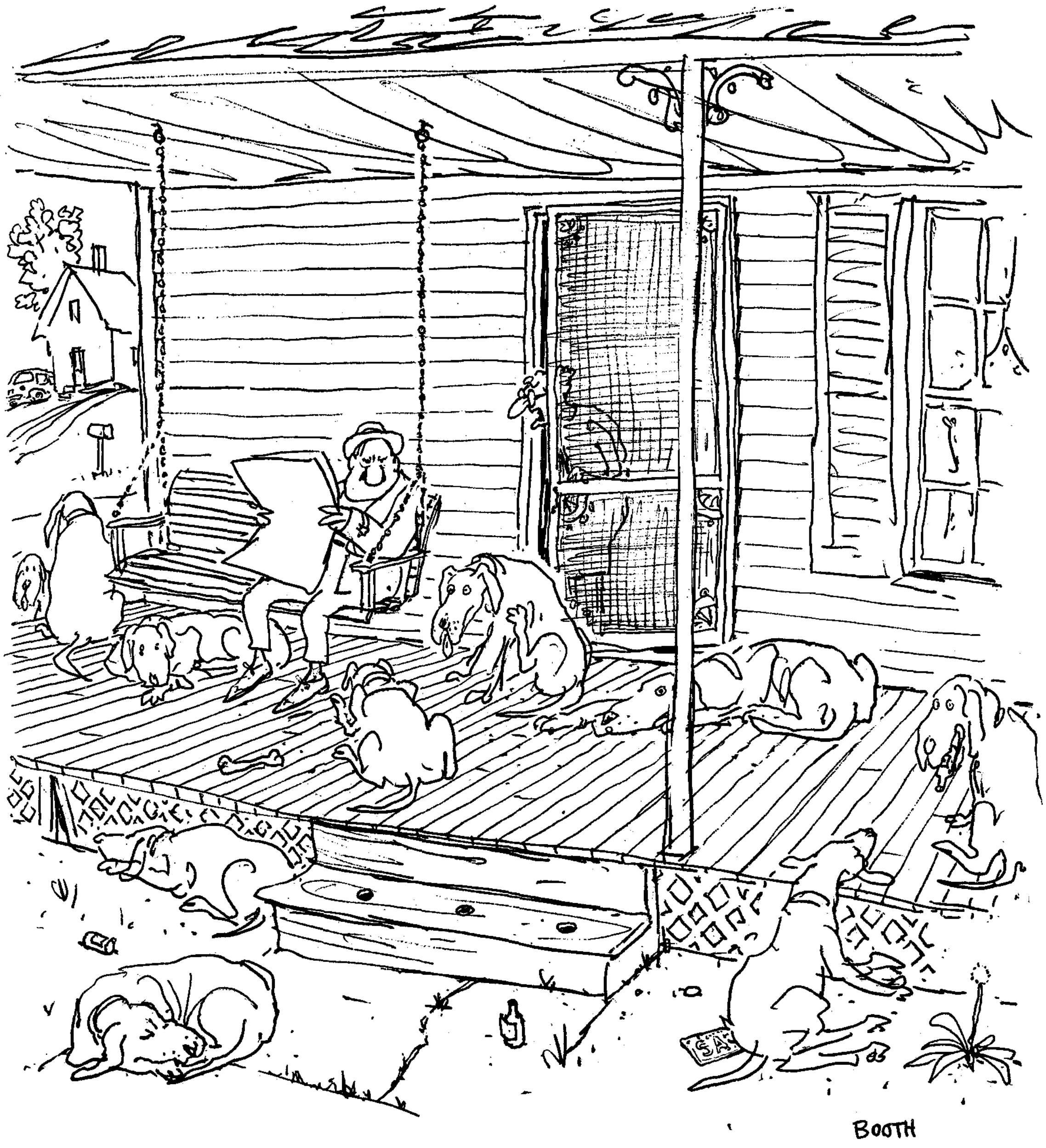
"More than anything else, though,

the ashram was a community of men and women dedicated to Bapu's ideals of truth and nonviolence, industry and humility. Who can say which, if any, of us there, with our very dissimilar temperaments and capacities, ever came near to realizing those ideals? Of course, when we were living with Bapu we felt we could do anything, and yet we also felt we needed him to solve all our problems. We became so dependent on him that we couldn't make any decision without consulting him: 'Bapu, how much hair oil should I use?' 'Bapu, should I get my head shaved?' 'Bapu, should I have one or two spoonfuls of soybean paste?' 'Bapu, won't you bless our marriage?' Bapu's prescripts were based on his particular religious and moral principles, and some of them were a little hard to accept at first. He once gave a couple his blessing after their wedding ceremony and said, 'Now you should live like brother and sister.' He believed in celibacy for spiritual growth, even in marriage.

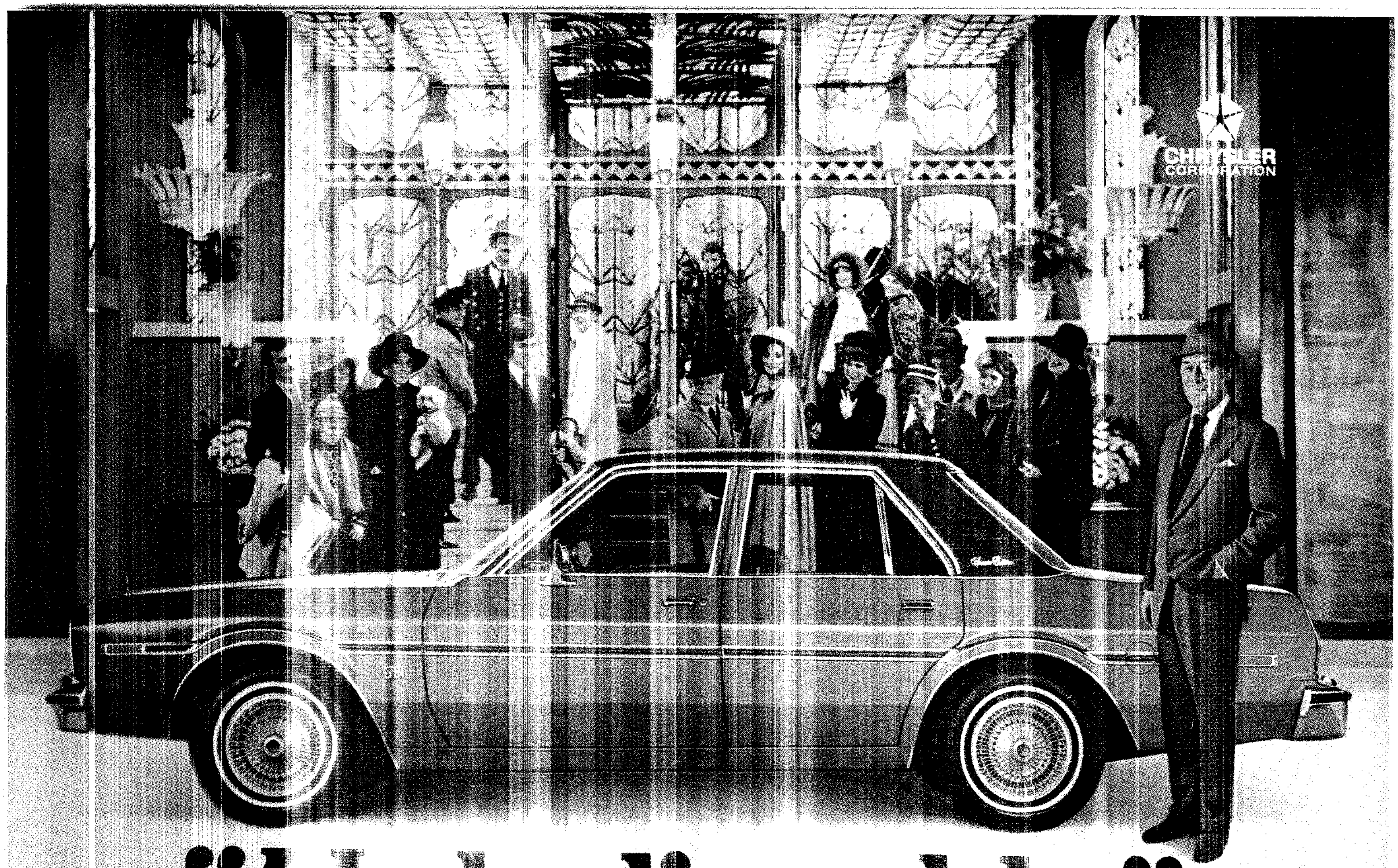
"Some outsiders said we were a pitiful bunch of broken reeds, all dependent in some way on Bapu for support. Some said that Bapu had gathered us up from here and there just to gratify his own ego, or to use us as guinea pigs in his experiments with truth and nonviolence. Some said that all of us—including Bapu—were mental cases, and that healthy people, like Jawaharlal Nehru, had no need of ashrams. Bapu himself once wrote, 'I am physically and even mentally an invalid and I have collected about myself a crowd of invalids.' Invalids, my foot! We were very hardworking and devout, and Bapu more than any of us. Have you ever heard of Jai Krishna Bhansali? He used to teach Sanskrit in the city of Ahmedabad. Then for years he wandered naked in the Himalayas with just an iron belt around his groin, searching for God. One night, someone stepped on him while he was asleep. He had taken a vow of silence unto death, but he cried out involuntarily, 'Look out! What are you doing?' He was so dismayed at his lack of self-discipline that he sewed up his lips with copper wire. He also threw himself down on a large cactus and rolled around until he had thorns in every pore of his body. He wouldn't allow anyone to pick them out, and in a few days he was covered with septic sores. Somehow, he found his way to the ashram and to Bapu, who convinced him that the way to spiritual enlightenment lay in the world of action rather than in silence and mortification of the flesh. Bapu persuaded Brother Bhansali to unstitch his lips, but they were scarred for the rest of his life.

"Brother Bhansali didn't need to sleep much, and often worked through the night at the grinding stone in the communal dining hall, grinding wheat. It became his duty to wake up the ashram. The clock in the dining hall was synchronized every evening with Bapu's pocket watch. Everything had to be done at a set time in the ashram, because Bapu believed in absolute regularity in daily life. At exactly four in the morning, Brother Bhansali strode across the courtyard with a bamboo stick and struck a heavy piece of iron hanging outside Bapu's hut as a makeshift gong.

"The gong had scarcely stopped ringing before Abha Chatterjee, a pretty, young Bengali sister, who later married Bapu's grandnephew Kanu, was at Bapu's bedside with a lighted lantern and with an iron bowl, a tumbler of water, a twig of neem, and a fine powder made from charcoal and the shells of almonds and walnuts. She had prepared the powder and beaten one end of the twig into a splayed brush with a stone the night before. Bapu sat up in his bed, which was just



"Did you woof?"



"Unbelievable."

What would you say about a small sedan with the style of a fine European road car?

A small sedan with classic lines, a broad expanse of glass, a roomy interior that seats six comfortably and a long list of options including power seats, power windows, electric door locks, and automatic speed control. Very classy, indeed!

What would you say about a small sedan with a ride that rivals that of a full-sized car?

Aspen does it again! With a unique Isolated Transverse Suspension. It's rubber-isolated to reduce the noise and vibration transmitted to the passenger compartment. To give Aspen the comfortable ride you usually find in bigger cars.

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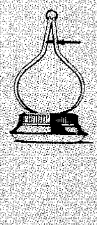

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a hard board raised a little above the ground, with a thin khadi pallet and a khadi sheet, a couple of pillows at the head, and a couple of woollen shawls at the foot. His wife, Kasturbai—or Ba [Mother], as we all called her—lived and slept in her own hut, next to Bapu's. None of their children—four sons—stayed at the ashram for long. It was Sister Abha's duty to attend to Bapu's personal needs. Bapu took the iron bowl in his lap and, with obvious pleasure, set about brushing his gums and cleaning his tongue with the twig of neem and the powder. A lot of us didn't like the bitter taste of neem and objected to its strong smell, but Bapu liked the taste and he had practically no sense of smell. Sister Abha meanwhile took away a brass spittoon that was kept at Bapu's bedside through the night—he suffered from catarrh—and emptied it in the adjoining bathroom.

"After Bapu finished washing his mouth, he changed out of the dhoti he'd slept in into a clean one, and put on his spectacles. He picked up the lantern, crossed the room, slipped his feet into his wooden clogs, which had been left at the door, and went out into the shadowy morning light, with Sister Abha at his heels carrying his backrest—a plain board with a prop—and his cushion. He walked over to the pipal tree at the far end of the courtyard, where we had all gathered for morning prayers; Bapu believed that praying and constantly repeating the name of God were the best ways to purify the mind of evil thoughts. The prayers had been held under the tree ever since he founded the ashram, in 1936, at the advanced age of sixty-six. Sister Abha set up his backrest and cushion under the tree. Bapu took off his clogs and sat down cross-legged on the cushion, and the rest of us, including Ba, sat in front of him in a semicircle on the bare ground, the sisters on one side and the brothers on the other. One of the ashram children put around Bapu's neck a string of prayer beads and a garland of marigolds or some other flowers that had been freshly picked and strung together. It was four-twenty—time to begin the morning prayers.

"Lord Krishna says in the Bhagavad Gita, 'He whose mind is not troubled in sorrow, and has no desire in pleasure, his passion, fear, and anger departed, he is called a steady-minded sage,' and 'He who moves among the objects of sense with the senses under control, and is free from desire and aversion, he who is thus self-controlled, attains serenity of mind.' What better place to search for that serenity than under the pipal tree with Bapu, who was our steady-minded sage? Prayer meetings had been a ritual with Bapu for almost forty years. The prayers were drawn from many religions, and generally followed an established order. In fact, when I was there we had our own prayer book, the 'Ashram Bhajanavali,' which was revised every now and again to include a new prayer or a new hymn that we'd learned from a visitor and adopted as our own. If Bapu heard someone make a mistake or mispronounce a word—after all, there were Bengalis struggling with Marathi, and Gujaratis with Urdu—he would call out 'Stop!' and correct the mistake.

"We usually began with a Buddhist chant that a Japanese monk had taught us. Someone beat a little drum and said in Japanese, 'I bow to all the Buddhas, I bow to all the Buddhas, I bow to all the Buddhas, I bow to all the Buddhas.' After that, we meditated for two minutes and then recited together, in Hindi, our Hindu morning prayer: 'O God with a curved mouth, a big body, refulgent like ten million suns, keep me ever free from harm whilst doing beneficent acts. . . . I bow to Vishnu, who is peace incarnate, who lies on a snaky bed, from whose navel grows the lotus.' Then Brother Kanu read a few Arabic verses from the Koran in praise of Allah:

> For those that fear the majesty of their Lord there are two gardens . . . planted with shady trees. Which of your Lord's blessings would you deny? . . .
>
> Each bears every kind of fruit in pairs. Which of your Lord's blessings would you deny?
>
> They shall recline on couches lined with thick brocade, and within their reach will hang the fruits of both gardens. Which of your Lord's blessings would you deny? . . .
>
> Virgins as fair as corals and rubies. Which of your Lord's blessings would you deny? . . .
>
> And beside these there shall be two other gardens . . . of darkest green. Which of your Lord's blessings would you deny? . . .
>
> In each there shall be virgins chaste and fair. Which of your Lord's blessings would you deny?
>
> Dark-eyed virgins sheltered in their tents . . . whom neither man nor jinni will have touched before. Which of your Lord's blessings would you deny?
>
> They shall recline on green cushions and rich carpets. Which of your Lord's blessings would you deny?
>
> Blessed be the name of your Lord, the Lord of majesty and glory!

"There were no Muslim priests living with us at the time, but Brother Kanu had been trained to read the Koran in their special guttural, singsong way. After that, we reaffirmed our dedication to Bapu's principles with these resolutions: 'We will be nonviolent; we will be truthful; we will not steal; we will be continent; we will not hoard; we will all wear khadi clothes; we will work with our hands; we will eat simple foods; we will be fearless; we will treat people of all religions equally; and we will work for the eradication of untouchability.' Then came a Pahlavi verse from the common Zoroastrian prayer of the Parsis. We seldom had a Parsi among us, but it was an easy prayer to say, and we took turns reading it: 'O Ahura Mazda, reveal unto me the Word and Actions of the highest religion, so that, keeping to the path of righteousness, I sing thy praises. Lead my path as you desire. Grant freshness to my life and the bliss of paradise.'

"Then we sang a lot of hymns, keeping time with tiny metal finger cymbals or by clapping our hands. Bapu had a thin, uncertain singing voice, which was never quite in tune with the others. One of his favorite hymns was the Christian hymn 'Lead, Kindly Light,' but neither he nor anyone else ever mastered the tune. We all had our favorite hymns. I think I liked best the Urdu hymns in praise of Allah—they are so poetic. But I also especially liked the Hindi hymn with the line 'Learn good sense from a tree, O mind,' and the Bengali hymn that says, 'Make my heart fixed on Thy holy lotus feet and make it full of joy, full of joy, full of joy.' A foreign visitor once remarked that our singing seemed to be one long wail, but we always enjoyed the sound of our own music.

"Then came the *dhuns*, the invocations of the Hindu God under His various names and incarnations. Every child knows Bapu's favorite *dhun*, in praise of Ram:

Raghupati Raghava Raja Ram,
Patita pavana Sita Ram.
Ishwara Allah Tere nam,
Sabko Sanmati de Bhagavan.

[This can be translated as "O King of Raghu clan, Ram, you and Sita are the purifiers of sinners. Ishwar and Allah both are your names. Give us good sense, O Lord." Sita is Ram's wife, Ishwar is the God of the Hindus, and Allah, of course, is the God of the Muslims.]

"But we said so many others. We said one for Krishna:

Jai Krishna, Hare Krishna,
Jai Govind, Hare Govind,
Jai Gopal, Radha Gopal.

["Hail Krishna, God Krishna, Hail Govind, God Govind, Hail Gopal, Radha's Gopal." Govind and Gopal are two of Krishna's names, and Radha is his consort.]

"We said one for Shiva:

Samb Sadashiv Samb Sadashiv
Samb Sadashiv Samb Shiva;
Har Har Har Har Samb Sadashiv
Samb Sadashiv Samb Shiva.

[These are all names of the god Shiva, Har being another form of Hare, signifying God.]

"We said another one for Ram:

Hare Ram, Hare Ram, Hare Ram, Hare;
Bhaj Man Nishidini Pyare.

["O God Ram, God Ram, God Ram, God; O mind, think of the beloved day and night."]

"We chanted innumerable rounds of *dhuns*, clapping out the rhythm faster and faster and louder and louder. Nothing thrilled Bapu more. He was in ecstasy as the names of God rolled over us.

"The prayer meeting finished with someone reading from the Bhagavad Gita in Sanskrit. The Bhagavad Gita was the most important book in Bapu's life—over the years he must have read and reread it thousands of times—and it was read through from beginning to end every week at morning and evening prayers in the ashram. Bapu didn't mind who did the reading, of course—a Brahman or an untouchable—but Ba, who remained somewhat orthodox despite Bapu's efforts to reëducate her, preferred to hear it from a Brahman's lips.

"At five, the prayer meeting was over. Bapu returned to his hut and sat down cross-legged on his bed. Sister Abha brought him his special drink—bicarbonate of soda, honey, and lemon juice in a glass of hot water—which he sipped slowly from a wooden spoon. After that, he got down to his paperwork. A Lifebuoy-soap crate turned upside down and spread with a khadi cloth served as his desk. On it were a makeshift clipboard and a pad of paper, a handmade wooden penholder with three or four old pens in it, a few loose nibs, an ink bottle, and three or four shiny, polished stones, which he used for paperweights. On a little shelf at his elbow were a few books—the Bhagavad Gita, the Koran, the Bible, an English dictionary—and a red khadi satchel of manila files containing papers. He balanced the clipboard and pad on one knee and propped up on the desk his pocket watch, a fat, cheap, old Ingersoll. Turnip watches, I think they're called—the kind that Englishmen in Victorian novels wear at the end of chains in their waistcoat pockets. He adjusted his spectacles and started writing. His writing was rather sprawly, but he filled every corner of whatever he was writing on, until it looked as though ants had trailed ink all over it. When the pad ran out, he wrote on the backs of letters he'd received, or even on the envelopes. What a Banya he was! [A Banya belongs to the caste of shopkeepers.] He didn't believe in wasting anything; he once scolded his son Devadas for losing a pencil stub! Now and again, when he didn't like what he'd written and the paper he was writing on was completely used up, he dropped it into an embroidered woollen wastepaper basket—a present someone had brought him from Kashmir, and probably the most expensive thing in the ashram. His secretaries often fished out the day's discards and saved them.

"Whenever he did any paperwork, he was attended by several secretaries. There was Mahadev Desai, Bapu's chief secretary. He was a tall, good-looking Gujarati with a neat mustache and thinning hair on an intellectual head. He was the only person who had a complete grasp of the complicated details of Bapu's work, and he was, so to speak, Bapu's alter ego. There was Pyarelal Nayar, Brother Mahadev's chief assistant, who was as absentminded and dreamy as Brother Mahadev was attentive and precise. Brother Pyarelal was the kind of man who would stand stirring a kettle of goat's milk with one hand while he held a book of Shelley's poems in the other—and the milk would evaporate and all but burn up the kettle while he was puzzling over his favorite poet. There was Brother Pyarelal's sister, Dr. Sushila Nayar. She was a doctor trained in Western medicine, who could keep a check on Bapu's blood pressure, and who also, incidentally, happened to be good at taking Hindi dictation. And there were numerous others. At one time, there was Rajkumari Amrit Kaur, who sat elegantly poised for English dictation. She was a princess and a Catholic. She wore well-stitched clothes made out of the finest khadi, and spoke fluent English with a real English accent. At another time, there was Madeleine Slade. After she became Bapu's disciple, he gave her the Hindu name Mirabehn, or Sister Mira. She was the daughter of an English admiral and liked to lord it over everybody.

"Bapu worked continuously for an hour and a half with one five-minute break for a glass of orange juice flavored with lime, or a glass of pineapple juice when we could get it. He was constantly in touch with his lieutenants in the field, especially those working for his Constructive Programme: Dattatreya Balkrishna Kalelkar—or Kakasaheb [Honored Uncle], as we called him—who devoted himself to the campaigns for basic education and for Hindi as a national language; Satishchandra Das Gupta, who did so much to promote the cause of khadi and to help eradicate the slur of untouchability from the Calcutta tanners; and Abdul Ghaffar Khan, a Pathan, who was so successful at teaching nonviolence to his notoriously warlike tribesmen in the Northwest Frontier Province that he was called The Frontier Gandhi. Bapu wrote or dictated letters, telegrams, speeches, or articles for his weekly magazines in English, Hindi, and Gujarati. He checked the translations. He planned his national campaigns for independence and for khadi and against untouchability. Bapu knew how to make the best use of his various secretaries, whether it was for drafting a defiant cable to the Viceroy or merely for carrying it to the nearby office hut to be typed. He could concentrate on his work regardless of the comings and

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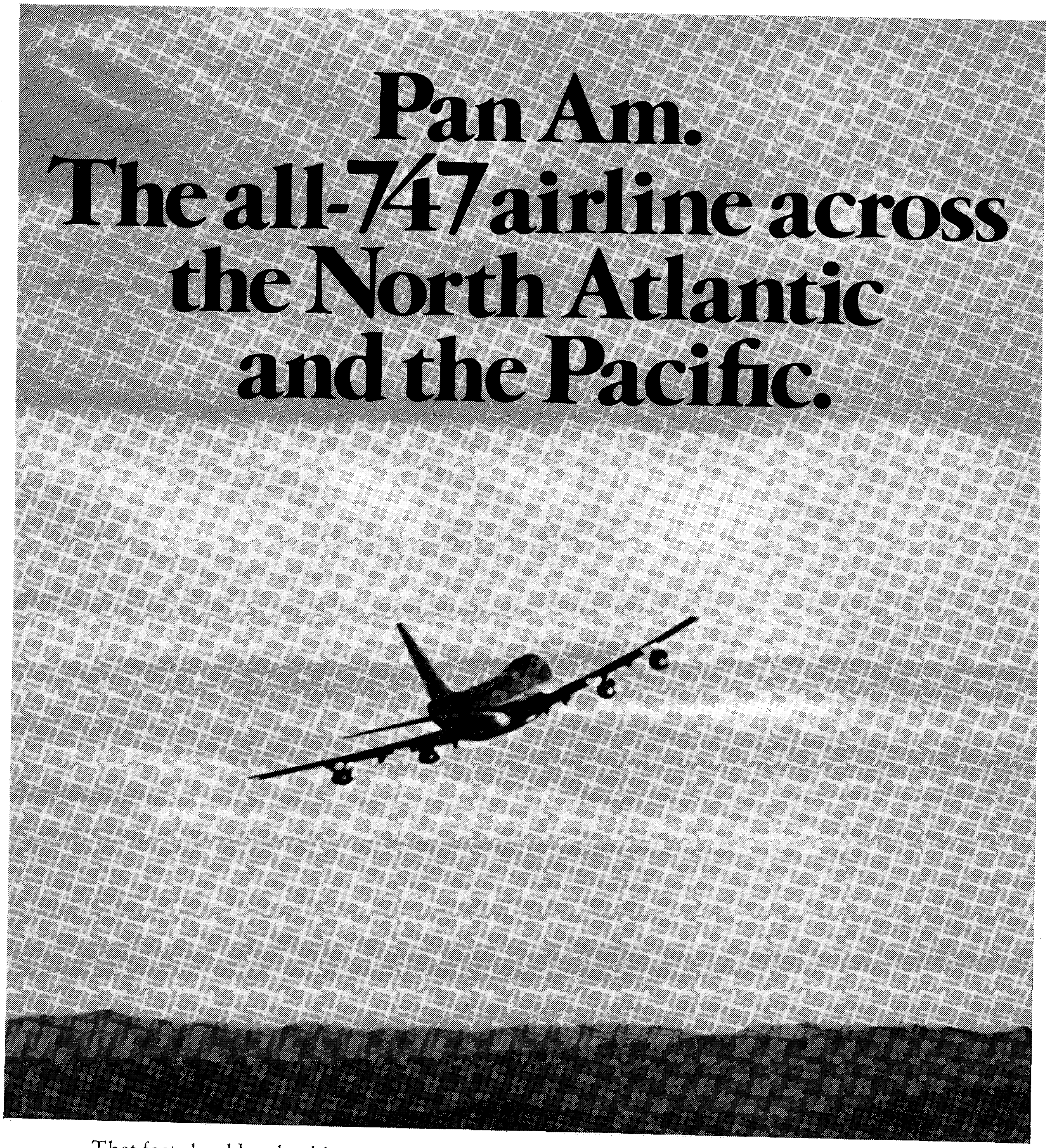

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goings—and people were constantly coming and going, like birds.

"I remember once Ba rushed in. 'There's a madman in the kitchen!' she cried. 'I've never seen him before. He was trying to set fire to my sari.' Everyone ran to the kitchen. The madman was waving a burning log. Bapu caught hold of his wrist and took the log away from him. The madman was so frightened that he passed his stool in his dhoti. Ba and Bapu tussled over who was going to wash the dirty dhoti. Bapu, of course, won. He never missed an opportunity to show us what an elevated and holy office it was to clean up someone else's excrement.

"At six-thirty, he always fastened his pocket watch to the waist of his dhoti with a safety pin, slipped his feet into his leather sandals, took up a tall bamboo staff, and set out for his morning walk, along the dirt road toward Wardha. Most of the time, the sun was already quite hot, the air was dry, and the earth smelled of stale manure. Many of us rushed after him, clamoring for his attention. A number were less nimble-footed than he and almost had to run to keep up with him—he took such long, quick strides. The children of the ashram danced around him, pestering him with their questions. They had little opportunity to spend time with him otherwise, so they made the most of his walks. I remember that one of them said, 'Bapu, in the Bhagavad Gita the hero Arjuna asks short questions and Lord Krishna gives long answers. But when we ask you questions, you always give us short answers.' Bapu laughed, and said, 'Lord Krishna had only one Arjuna to contend with. I have dozens of you.'

"Along the way, Bapu greeted pilgrims who had come great distances for their darshana, and peasants who had left off their work in the fields to watch him go by. Sometimes, when he got a little tired, he gave his staff to the first person who reached for it and put his hands on the shoulders of the sisters walking beside him. These 'walking sticks,' as he affectionately called them, were usually Sister Abha and Sister Sushila. Sister Sushila was about ten years older than Sister Abha and was as domineering and pushy as Sister Abha was quiet and retiring. Bapu invariably asked them, 'Did you have a good bowel movement this morning, sisters?' Constipation was the commonest complaint in the ashram, and no one thought anything of talking about it. Bapu taught us to be open about everything—with him and with each other. His standard prescription for constipation was more vegetables, and, if that didn't work, an enema, which he taught us to administer to each other without any embarrassment.

"We often met Ba on our way back. She didn't go on Bapu's long walks. Instead, she bathed, read a little of the Ramayana, and then took a stroll through the ashram with some of the other older women. She was about the same age as Bapu, and, like him, she was toothless. Her face was quite sunken, but she always looked contented. By the time Bapu returned to his hut, it was about seven-thirty. Sister Abha took off Bapu's sandals, which were covered with dust and caked with mud, cleaned them with a rag, and put them out in the sun to air.

"Bapu then spent at least twenty minutes squatting on the commode in his bathroom; he had chronic amebiasis and always had trouble with his bowels. He was completely unself-conscious about urinating and defecating, rather like a child. He believed that these bodily functions were as natural and sacred as eating, and used to say, 'The bathroom is a temple. It should be so clean and inviting that anyone would enjoy eating there.' If any of us wanted to talk to him, we could go in and out as we pleased. There was no such thing as privacy in the bathroom or anywhere else in the ashram.

"Next, Bapu washed himself with water that Sister Abha had left in a mug near the commode, and then she helped him wash his hands with ashes or mud. We seldom used soap—it dried out the skin. Abha removed the chamber pot from the commode and took it out to a trench where all the pots were emptied. She rinsed it with water and mud and set it in the sun to dry.

"Bapu, meanwhile, went off to an alcove next to the bathroom for his daily massage. He liked to keep his body—his 'machine,' he called it—in tip-top working order. He used to say that in this harsh environment everything was so quickly eaten up by heat, disease, and dust that it was of the first importance to stay healthy. Sister Sushila helped him onto a high bamboo table and, as he lay back, slipped his dhoti off and put a khadi napkin across his loins. She mixed mustard oil and lime juice in an old Hazeline Snow cold-cream jar, poured some of the mixture into the palms of her hands, and started rubbing it into Bapu's scalp. She had a doctor's touch and was especially good at massaging. Sister Abha joined them and started massaging Bapu's feet. The two women worked their way up and down Bapu's body, back and front, kneading and rolling, slapping and patting, pinching and twisting, and filling the air with the heavy smell of oil. All this massaging was meant to keep the skin clean, young, and supple in our hot, dry climate, and was part of the ancient Hindu nature-cure regimen in which Bapu placed his faith. Except for a few emergencies, such as when he was obliged to have his appendix out, he would have nothing to do with modern, Western medicine, because he believed that any sickness could be cured by God-given, natural means. During his massage, Bapu dozed intermittently or read a book on the nature cure. Ba looked in occasionally, and silently fanned him or swatted a few flies or dusted away the sand that was always blowing in through the open doors and windows. I don't remember ever seeing her without a duster in her hand or tucked into the waist of her sari.

"After forty-five minutes or so, Bapu returned to his bathroom, this time for a bath and a shave. He sat in a small tin tub that had been filled with lukewarm water, and washed off the excess oil while Brother Pyarelal shaved him with a straight razor, using water from the tub. Bapu never used a safety razor, because new blades were expensive. The straight razor was usually dull and sometimes drew blood, nicking his skin or cutting open a wart—no matter what Bapu did for his skin, now and again a blemish appeared—but generally Brother Pyarelal could shave him without any trouble, because Bapu had a soft, downy growth that came off with a few experienced strokes. Bapu ran his hand over his face, and if there was a rough spot, he attended to it himself. He always cleaned his feet himself, with a pumice stone, and trimmed his nails when it was necessary. He then moved over into another small tin tub, filled with cold water, for a quick rinse. He stood on a wooden rack and dried him-

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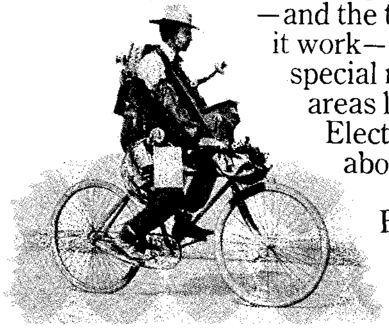

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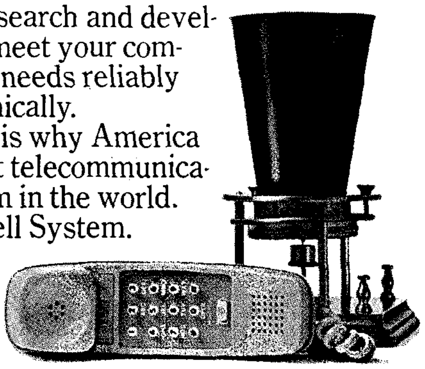

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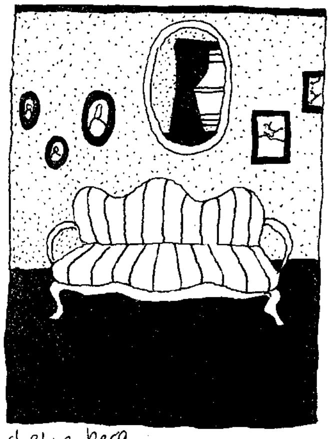
self with a couple of khadi towels while Sister Abha used the warm bathwater to wash his dhoti. Nothing was wasted in the ashram. He put on a clean dhoti, slipped his feet into his clogs, and strode into his room gleaming from head to toe.

"Sister Sushila had a glass of fresh orange or pineapple juice ready for him, or sometimes a coconut. When she gave him a coconut, he drank the milk from a hole bored in the top, and cracked the coconut open with a stone to get at the meat. Then he settled down to another hour's paperwork. After that, Bapu made his daily visit to the sick members of the ashram. He stopped in the hut of the leper Parchure Shastri and gave him his daily massage. Brother Parchure's body was wasting away, yet he remained cheerful and kept himself busy studying Sanskrit. It was a joy to see Bapu give him a massage. Bapu's touch was firm yet delicate. Visitors who saw him tending the sick—massaging, lancing boils, applying unguents, giving enemas—remarked in wonder on his nursing skill.

"At eleven, Bapu went for the first of the ashram's two meals of the day. We all ate together, sitting on the floor in the dining hall. Ba had spent most of the morning in the kitchen supervising and cooking. The water had to be carried from the ashram well, the cow's milk and goat's milk brought from the shed and boiled, the fire under the large clay stove fanned almost continuously by hand, the fruit and vegetables picked, washed, peeled, cut, and steamed, the dough kneaded and fried for *khakhras*, a Gujarati bread we ate. The brothers and sisters who took turns helping in the kitchen were constantly complaining about having a fever, a headache, or stomach trouble, but Ba found time to comfort them in the middle of everything, just like a mother.

"There was quite a lot of confusion in the dining hall at mealtimes, because there were more than a hundred of us to be fed. The brothers and sisters who were waiting on us moved in and out putting down brass plates, brass bowls, and brass tumblers, and the big pots of food. Some people needed help in serving themselves. Children clamored to be served more of this or that. Bapu took his place on a small cushion and served himself and those near him. When everybody was served, Brother Bhansali struck the gong, and one of the brothers in charge of bringing in the food stopped where he was, closed his eyes, and started chanting a prayer, in which everyone joined.

"After the prayer, Bapu fished his dentures out of a brass bowl of water that Ba had brought him, and, holding them up, said, 'See, children, I have an adjustable set of teeth.' He had an abhorrence of anything artificial, but he needed false teeth to eat. The *khakhras* were wafer-thin, crisp, and hot. They were made with wheat flour and baking soda, and fried in ghi on a griddle. The vegetables were all steamed without salt, sugar, or oil. The only relishes that Bapu ate were ground neem leaves and crushed garlic. According to the nature-cure principles, neem leaves were good for boils and skin eruptions, and garlic aided digestion and kept the blood pressure down. Bapu always had a big bowl of crushed garlic by his plate. He ate a lot of it and dished some out to anyone who he had decided needed it. In accordance with the Bhagavad Gita, Bapu believed we had to discipline the palate before we could discipline the whole of our bodies and, ultimately, our minds. He also believed we should eat a simple, cheap, and nutritious diet that even the poorest of our countrymen could afford. But he didn't lay down the law on every aspect of what we ate or how we ate. People were free to sprinkle lots of salt on their vegetables, put big dabs of ghi on their *khakhras*, and add as much sugar as they liked to their milk, which they could drink to their heart's content.



"Like a good host, Bapu knew the smallest habits and preferences of each of his guests. He never forgot who liked cream, who liked curds, and who liked milk. He even arranged to have meat served to meat eaters. I remember once Padmajani, whose mother was the Nightingale of India, the poet Sarojini Naidu, came to spend a day at the ashram. Because of her poise, wit, and charm, she was known as the glamour girl of India, and Bapu had a soft spot for her. He used to begin his letters to her, 'My dear Lotus-Born'—that was the English translation of her name—and close with 'Your loving playmate and comrade the slave driver.' When she sat down to her meal, she was astonished to see a lovely pink bone-china bowl full of slices of orange and melon in cream—her favorite dish—and a matching jug full of hot cow's milk. The two Kumarappa brothers, Bharatan and Joseph—great organizers of village industries in Bapu's Constructive Programme—happened to be sitting next to Padmajani. They had been served huge quantities of soybean paste on two of our plain brass plates. Around this time, Bapu, who was always experimenting with diets, had fixed on soybeans as the best staple diet. The brothers eyed Padmajani's feast with envy, and one of them said, 'Bapu, may the downtrodden speak?' 'I didn't know there were any downtrodden in my ashram,' Bapu said. 'Where are they and what have they to say?' 'Must we eat soybean paste, and must we eat it off these drab plates?' 'It's good for you,' Bapu said, 'and the plates aren't so drab. You shouldn't be envious of our dear Lotus-Born. She's a guest and has to be fussed over a little.' Ba never tired of telling this story. She was self-effacing and abstemious, but she must have been a little pampered as a child, because she always kept peppermints, dried fruits, and other goodies for the ashram children, and even secretly served guests coffee and tea, although Bapu said they were bad for you.

"When Bapu was eating, he didn't talk much. He chewed his food thoroughly, taking about an hour over his meal, which he finished off with a glass of goat's milk. Sister Abha cleared away Bapu's utensils. Sister Mira once tried to do that. She kept hovering over him, saying, 'Bapu, have you finished? Bapu, have you finished?' Bapu spoke sharply to her. 'How often have I told you not to bother about these things? Abha will see to them. That's her job.' Bapu wanted everyone to stick to what he or she did best. Sister Mira was best at editing Bapu's English and at treating people's cuts, sores, and fevers, but she aspired to do everything. We all ate with our fingers and afterward gathered, laughing and chatting, outside the kitchen at a tap to wash our hands and utensils, and clean our teeth with neem twigs. Then we went off to continue working—carding, spinning, studying. The ashram was immediately filled with the clatter of kitchen pots and pans, the buzz of carding bows, the hum of spinning wheels, and a jumble of voices reciting Sanskrit verses.

"Bapu returned to his hut and napped for half an hour. He had developed such control over his mind and body that he could sleep anywhere,

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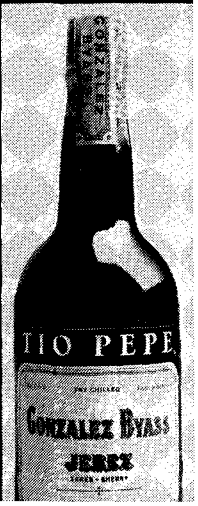
Tio Pepe



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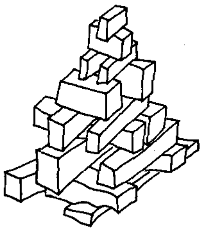
under any circumstances. Sister Abha put a mud poultice on his forehead and over his eyes and another on his stomach. She had boiled the mud to destroy the bacteria, cooled it in the open air, and made two poultices by wrapping it in soft khadi cloths. The poultices gave Bapu a little respite from the afternoon heat and helped his digestion. At one time or another, we all used this mud treatment to ward off sunstroke, prickly heat, headaches, stomach aches, and other aches and pains. It was a standard part of the nature cure. When the day was especially hot, Ba laid a damp kerchief on his bare chest, and kept the kerchief cool by frequently dipping it in water. She also rubbed ghi into his skin, particularly on his feet. He had poor circulation, and no matter how much ghi or oil was rubbed into his feet, the skin there was always cracking. I once rubbed ghi into his feet, but I didn't manage to wipe off all the excess between his toes, because I did not want to wake him. He felt it as soon as he woke up, and told me not to worry about disturbing him in the future.



"When he got up, Sister Abha handed him his second glass of bicarbonate of soda, honey, and lemon juice in hot water, and Bapu gave Ba a lesson. She had very little education, and it was hard for her to study, but she wanted to please Bapu. She read out loud from a Gujarati primer, which she labored over as best she could. She painstakingly copied out a few sentences in order to improve her handwriting. Bapu used an orange to represent the world and told her about longitude and latitude. But what she learned one day she forgot the next. I think she was happiest when she was cooking or cleaning, sewing or spinning, and looking after everyone. No one quite realized how much we all depended on her. After she died, I once heard Bapu say, 'I now feel really alone—Ba was the warp and woof of my life.'

"After the lesson, and another twenty minutes on the commode, Bapu settled down on the cushion in his hut for an hour or two of spinning. Any of us could go and sit with him then. His thin, slightly nervous hands worked rapidly, the spinning wheel made a soft, warm, comforting buzz, and his lap was soon filled with fluffy cotton fibre. He could spin half a hank of thread—four hundred and twenty yards—at one sitting. This thread ordinarily went into the common pool, but sometimes it was woven into cloth for Ba. I once heard Bapu say to Ba, 'When I married you, I promised to supply you with food and raiment. I cannot claim to have supplied you with food—we both have to thank our benefactors for that—but I can at least supply you with raiment.' At the time, Bapu was using a very compact spinning wheel, which opened and closed like a box. Maurice Frydman had invented it for him. Mr. Frydman was a Polish engineer who became Bapu's disciple, and he spent his time in the ashram dreaming up new types of spinning wheels. Bapu was always interested in Mr. Frydman's inventions, because he was eager to find the most efficient and economical spinning wheel for our country. Through spinning, Bapu hoped to instill in us something of his own reverence for manual labor. He wanted us all to do some physical labor, so that we could identify with the workers who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow. He wanted to teach us the dignity of 'bread' labor, as he called it, and restore to us the self-respect we had lost through slavery to the British, so that we would have the inner strength to stand up to the British lords and Indian sahibs who propped up the raj. Sometimes Bapu lectured us on politics over his spinning wheel, and that would make us cry out, '*Bapu ki jai!* ["All hail to Father!"] Bapu has fired another missile from his spinning wheel! Bapu has scored another hit on Whitehall!'

"Sometimes Bapu received visitors while he was spinning. Magistrates, police superintendents, Congress Party workers, cultivators, Constructive Programme workers all flocked to the ashram by train, by bullock cart, on foot—most of them without letting us know first. Important guests, if we knew about their coming, were met at the station at Wardha by our Ox-Ford—that's what Bapu called the ashram's only means of transport. It was an old Ford that had to have a team of oxen hitched to it before it would go anywhere. Like the land on which the ashram stood, it was a gift of our great benefactor the cotton merchant Jamnalal Bajaj. The visitors left their footgear outside Bapu's hut and sat down wherever they could, in and around the hut, on thick, colorful khadi-and-bamboo mats. When it came to things like mats, Bapu liked a lot of color. An encouraging nod or a quick yes from Bapu, who remained sitting on his little cushion, was usual-

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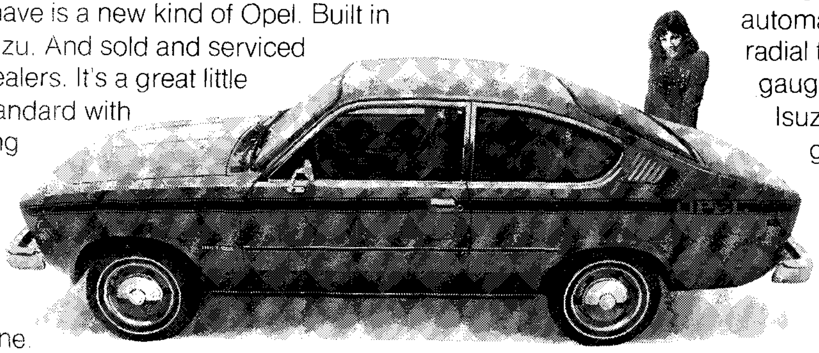

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ly enough to start the visitors talking.

"I remember that once a boy came to Bapu and said that his father had forbidden him to marry the girl he loved. He begged Bapu to write to his father and plead his case. 'Can you support yourself and a wife?' Bapu asked. 'No,' said the boy. 'I live with my father.' 'As long as you live with your father, you must obey him in all matters,' Bapu said. 'Before you think of marriage, you must become independent. Go and work as a laborer for two years. If at the end of that time you still want to marry the young woman, and you can support her, you will have my blessing.' Afterward, we asked Bapu why he didn't recruit the boy for the freedom struggle. He said, 'He is caught up in his little sorrow. He's like a man who has got a thorn in his foot or has lost his way in the woods of life. Until he can conquer his little sorrow, he will not be a good soldier in the struggle for freedom.' Another time, a man came and told Bapu that he suffered from heavy nosebleeds. He said he had tried all kinds of medicines but nothing helped. Bapu gave him a tin of brown powder and told him to take it like snuff. 'What is it?' the man asked. 'Don't you bother about that,' Bapu said. 'Just do as I say.' The man went away, and came back some time later to say that he was cured. 'What was that miraculous powder?' he asked. 'I'm not sure I should tell you,' Bapu said. 'But I might need it again,' the man protested. 'Well, if you must know, it was an ancient nature-cure formula—powdered cow dung,' Bapu said.

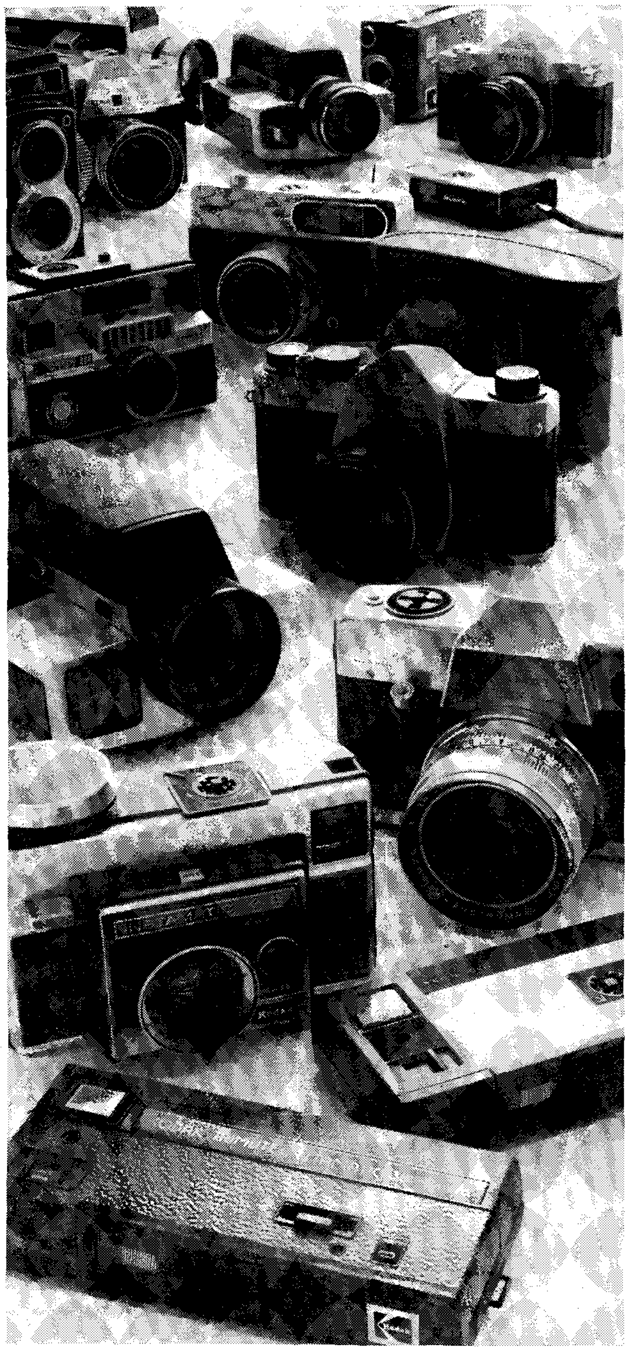
"Such conversations were usually conducted in public, and a secretary took notes on them. If Bapu thought that any of them were of general interest, they would be published in a subsequent issue of one of his weekly magazines.

"When Bapu had finished his spinning, and his visitors had gone, he lay down for another nap. In fact, the rest of Bapu's day was a sort of repetition of the morning routine. He did more reading and writing till five, when everyone gathered for the evening meal, and after that he went out for another long walk. The lanterns were filled with kerosene, and their wicks raised, trimmed, and lit, for the evening prayer meeting under the pipal tree. This time, Bapu gave a discourse on celibacy, sanitation, or some other subject, and we each called out how much thread we had spun during the day. Then Bapu retired to his hut to do more reading and writing, and we sat with Ba on charpoys put out in the courtyard for those who liked to sleep in the open, and rubbed each other's feet and backs and chatted and gossiped. Before going to bed, Bapu had a cleansing enema. By nine or nine-thirty, all the lanterns were out and the entire ashram was fast asleep—except, perhaps, for Brother Bhansali, who went on grinding wheat and murmuring verses from the Ramayana: 'Listen, my friend, there is another kind of chariot, which brings certain victory. Its wheels are made of strength of mind and patience. Truth and dignity are its firm flagstaff and its flag. Strength and discretion are its two horses. Forgiveness and benevolence are its two reins. Faith in God is its wise charioteer. Absolute contentment is its dagger. Charity is its axe. Knowledge is its bow. Steadfastness is the quiver and self-discipline its arrows. Respect for the learned is its impregnable armor. . . . Listen patiently, O friend, the brave man who has this chariot shall be victorious over the greatest invincible enemy—which is life in this world.' "

RELICS AND MONUMENTS

THE road leading to Wardha and Sevagram Ashram is barely wide enough for two cars. It is jammed with numerous cars, trucks, buses, and herds of cows and goats. For many miles, the land is flat and uncultivated, broken up only with scrub and small trees, but as I get closer—I've hired a driver and a car for the trip—the monotony of the landscape is relieved by a series of low cultivated plateaus. Wardha consists of white buildings with red tile roofs neatly clustered around a statue of Gandhi with his right hand raised and the palm turned outward, to signify peace. The ashram is six miles southeast of the town, and as we drive along, the road—now macadamized—is lined by bright-green fields and shaded by neem trees. It is crowded with a succession of wooden carts drawn by bullocks, their necks hung with brass bells that ring in the still air. Then, suddenly, I come upon a row of low, boxlike modern buildings of red brick and gray concrete standing incongruously alongside some charming old mud huts. This is Sevagram, more than a quarter of a century after Gandhi left it.

Waiting in front of one of the new buildings is the man who is to be my guide through Sevagram, which by now includes, in addition to the ashram itself, many institutions that grew up



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Not to be dismissed, however, is the possibility of bringing back pictures as good or better than sold on postcards and much more meaningful personally. If you show your travel pictures to others, they would rather look at good pictures than bad pictures.

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For less obvious suggestions on how to take good pictures in place of bad ones, invest in an item or two of the literature at your photo dealer's. If headed overseas, get "Tips for Photographing Your Trip Abroad" (Kodak Publication No. AC-17). It tells about processing, customs, film in x-rayed baggage, etc. If your dealer doesn't have it, we'll send it to you. We also have pamphlets on picture-taking in:

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Please remember also that our idea of a good picture is arrived at objectively, even statistically. By definition, therefore, examples shown in the pamphlets are bound to strike you as trite. Your own pictures don't *have* to be trite. You can afford subjectivity. We can't.

His grandfather brought back some photographs from Egypt, but not in color

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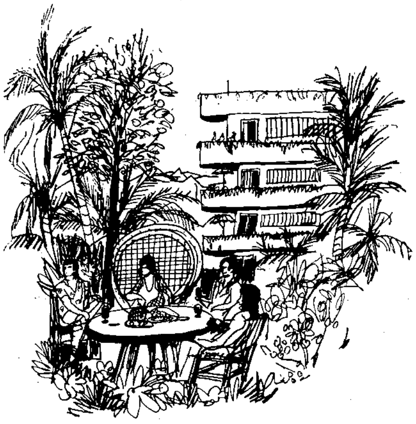

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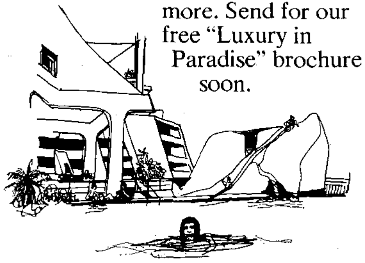

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here around Gandhi and in memory of him. “All these modern buildings are part of the medical college and the hospital,” my guide says, getting into the car. He is the director of the medical college—a friendly man with wavy black hair, who wears black-rimmed spectacles, a green-and-white plaid shirt, brown-and-white checked khadi trousers, and sandals. “The college is named after Mahatma Gandhi and the hospital after his wife, Kasturbai. Both institutions were founded by our government in 1969, with help from the United States Agency for International Development, during the centenary celebration of Bapuji's birth.” (The suffix “-ji” is an honorific.) The first stop is at a small, unremarkable building, of which the director says, “In Bapuji's time, this building used to be the headquarters of the All India Spinners' Association, but now it's a Gandhi museum.”

The museum consists of several rooms filled helter-skelter with models, photographs, framed quotations, and prints. The place has a certain spontaneity and exuberance. Above an altarlike platform in the main room is a large photograph bearing the inscription “From Mohan to Mahatma” (as a boy Gandhi was often called Mohan) and showing within a flame various stages of Gandhi's life. On the platform itself are a couch, with a white cover and pillow, and a vase of fresh flowers. Nearby is a glass case containing three large dolls dressed in white khadi kurtas and miming the three monkeys in one of Gandhi's favorite mottoes: “Hear no evil. See no evil. Speak no evil.”

We drive on, and pass some fields and then a small brick-and-mud building, from which some teen-age boys are emerging, each carrying a spade over his shoulder. “That is Bapuji's Basic Education Centre,” the director says. “As in Bapuji's time, the boys get some elementary education, but most of their training is in practical work, because Bapuji believed that that was the best education for our impoverished people, whose main concern is to have a cloth over their bodies and at least one square meal a day in their stomachs.”

We drive past the village of Segaon, which is a collection of mud huts connected by muddy lanes that are choked with manure, refuse, sickly, aimless cattle, and bullock carts. It seems never to have been touched by Gandhi's residence in the ashram.

Everywhere, the air is thick with flies. “The ashram has its own dairy farm, and it breeds flies like anything,” the director says as he tries, in vain, to brush them away.

“Who lives at the ashram now?” I ask.

“Some of the old ashramites are still around, and the medical college makes use of the empty space. But Bapuji's hut is, of course, kept as a shrine.”

The ashram proper is a series of low buildings with light-brownish-gray mud walls and dark-red tile roofs grouped around a gravelled courtyard about thirty feet square. By the main entrance to the courtyard is a rusting tin latrine shed with its door open, showing a platform of bamboo poles above a small pile of cut grass. In the courtyard, some girls in plain khadi saris and some boys in textured shirts of white khadi and pajama trousers of brownish-gray khadi are busy spreading straw mats near a big pipal tree, at the base of which are a white cushion and a weather-beaten slab of wood. A sign on the slab identifies it as “Backrest for Bapu at Prayer Time.” “Those are students from the college,” the director says. “We have our daily prayers under the pipal tree, facing Bapuji's old cushion, just as the ashramites did when he was alive.”

“All of us are staying at the ashram for a one-month orientation in Bapuji's ideas,” says a talkative student. “When we are admitted to the medical college, we all give a pledge to spend three years working in the villages after we finish our training.”

The students sit down cross-legged on the mats and start their prayers, and the director and I go into one of the bigger buildings. I find myself in a large hall painted with primitive murals of Buddha, Jesus, and various Hindu gods and goddesses. “This is the oldest building in the ashram,” the director says. “This is where they ate in Bapuji's time. We still use the building for meals.”

In an adjacent kitchen, by a wood-burning clay stove, several people are sitting on the floor eating. All around are brass kitchen utensils, screened cupboards, and burlap bags of onions and squashes.

As we enter a smaller building, the director says, “We call this the Last Residence. Bapuji was unwell toward the end of his stay and moved here from his own hut to catch more of the sun. He left the ashram from here in 1946 and never returned.” The Last Residence is crowded with a variety of objects: paper streamers with Gandhi

You can tell a lot about an individual by what he pours into his glass.

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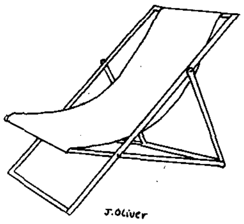


We leave the building by a back veranda, and go across to Gandhi's hut, which is marked off by a bamboo fence. "This is a very solid structure," the director says of the hut. "It was built to Bapuji's specifications, by covering a bamboo frame first with cow dung, then with mud."

The windows of the hut have palm fronds fastened around them to keep out the monsoon rain, and the door is a simple one of bamboo and wood. Just inside the door is a glass case containing Gandhi's tall bamboo staff and his special wooden clogs, with single capped pegs to keep the clogs on the feet. In the main room are the makeshift bed covered with a white sheet, a pillow propped against the wall next to a square prayer rug, a low brown wooden bench with a lantern on it, a wooden footstool, and, on a small shelf, a sewing kit, a first-aid kit, an inkstand, some polished stones, a water bottle, a Bible, a Koran, and a Ramayana. Against a wall is another glass case, displaying two bowls, a fork, a spoon, a statuette of the three monkeys, a pen, a spittoon, a boxlike spinning wheel, a letter opener, a pair of spectacles, a pocket watch, a string of holy beads, a Bhagavad Gita, a pair of leather sandals, and a second pair of wooden clogs. Up near the ceiling is a shelf where a wooden stool is stored, and on the walls are a picture of Jesus, with the caption "He Is Our Peace," and little handwritten signs reproducing Gandhi's favorite quotations from the Bible, the Bhagavad Gita, and Ruskin's "Unto This Last." On one of the walls is a small molded relief of two palm trees with the sacred word "Om" between them. "Everything in the hut had a special association for Bapuji," the director tells me. "That relief was done by Madeleine Slade. The picture of Jesus was given to Bapuji by Rajkumari Amrit Kaur. The stool on the shelf was kept at the ready for Sarojini Naidu. The Nightingale of India was fat and had difficulty sitting on the floor."

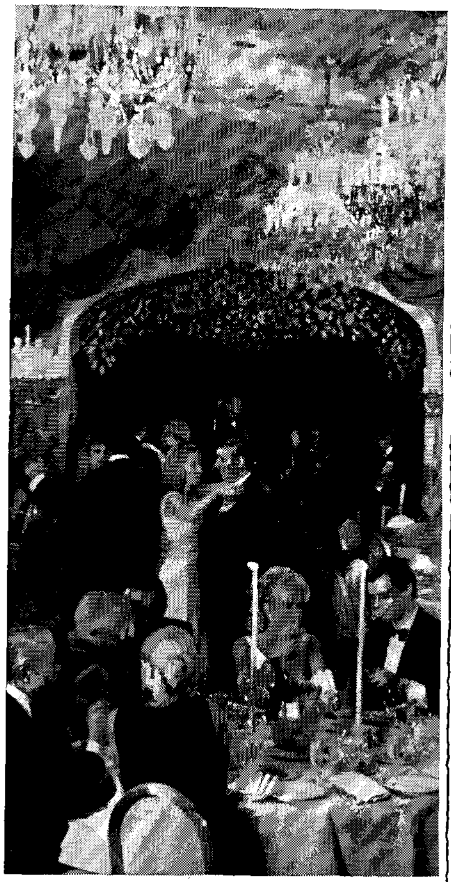
Passing an alcove that served as a bedroom for Gandhi's secretaries, we come to Gandhi's bathroom, containing a toilet, two tin tubs, a bucket, a stool, a jug, and a scrub brush. A sign over the toilet, which is made of stone and has a wooden cover, reads, "This septic tank was built for Bapu as an experimental model by Shri [Mr.] E. G. Williams of Ushagram." "This is where Bapuji kept books and clippings to read when he was on the comfort seat," the director says, tapping a wooden box fixed to the wall near the toilet. By the box is a black slate bearing the message "He used to think of this bathroom as a temple."

A door leads from the bathroom to the room where Gandhi had his daily massage, and here a benchlike cot, a high trestle table, and portable steps are set up. A man is taking down clothes from a line and folding them. He has tufts of gray hair, a stubbly beard and mustache, and a deeply lined forehead. "This is Haribhai, one of Bapuji's attendants," the director says.

"I have been in the ashram for thirty-five years," Haribhai says, adjusting his dhoti, which is tucked up above his knees. "I served Bapuji all the time he was here, and go on taking care of his things just as I used to."

"Nothing was more important to Bapuji than sanitation," the director says outside, as we come upon what look like several sentry boxes made of sheets of tin but turn out to be latrines. All have their doors open, and inside are planks over holes in the ground. "In Bapuji's time, these sheds were made just of bamboo matting, but we've modernized them."

As I leave the ashram, a woman resident stares at me through a window of one of the huts. She is dressed in a pink choli and an orange-and-red sari, and looks curiously out of place. She leans indolently toward me and shouts, "The next thing you know, there'll be a Gandhi cigarette! It's about the only thing left that hasn't been used to commemorate him!" She spits out an orange seed. (According to "Gandhi: 1915-1948: A Detailed Chronology,"



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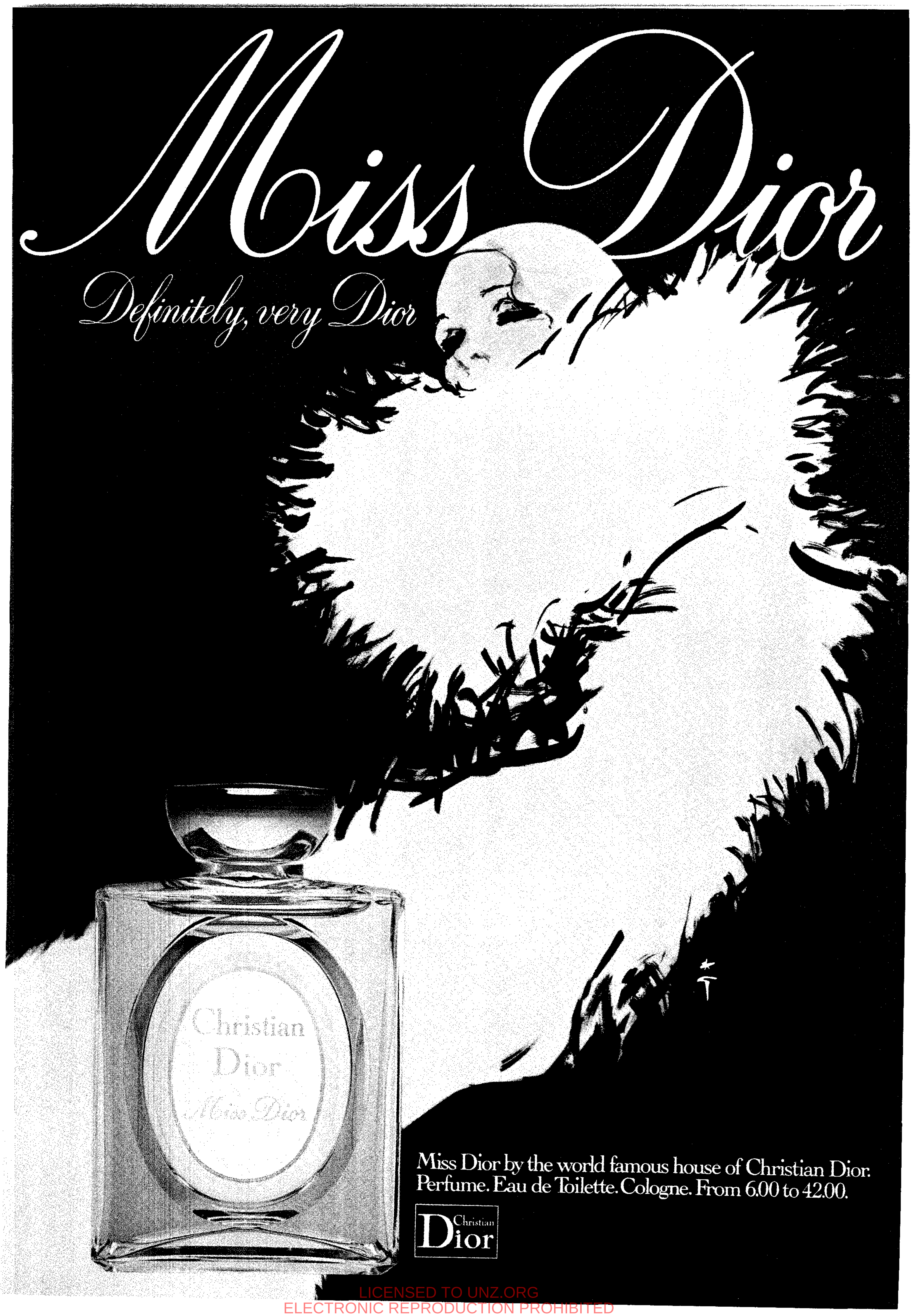
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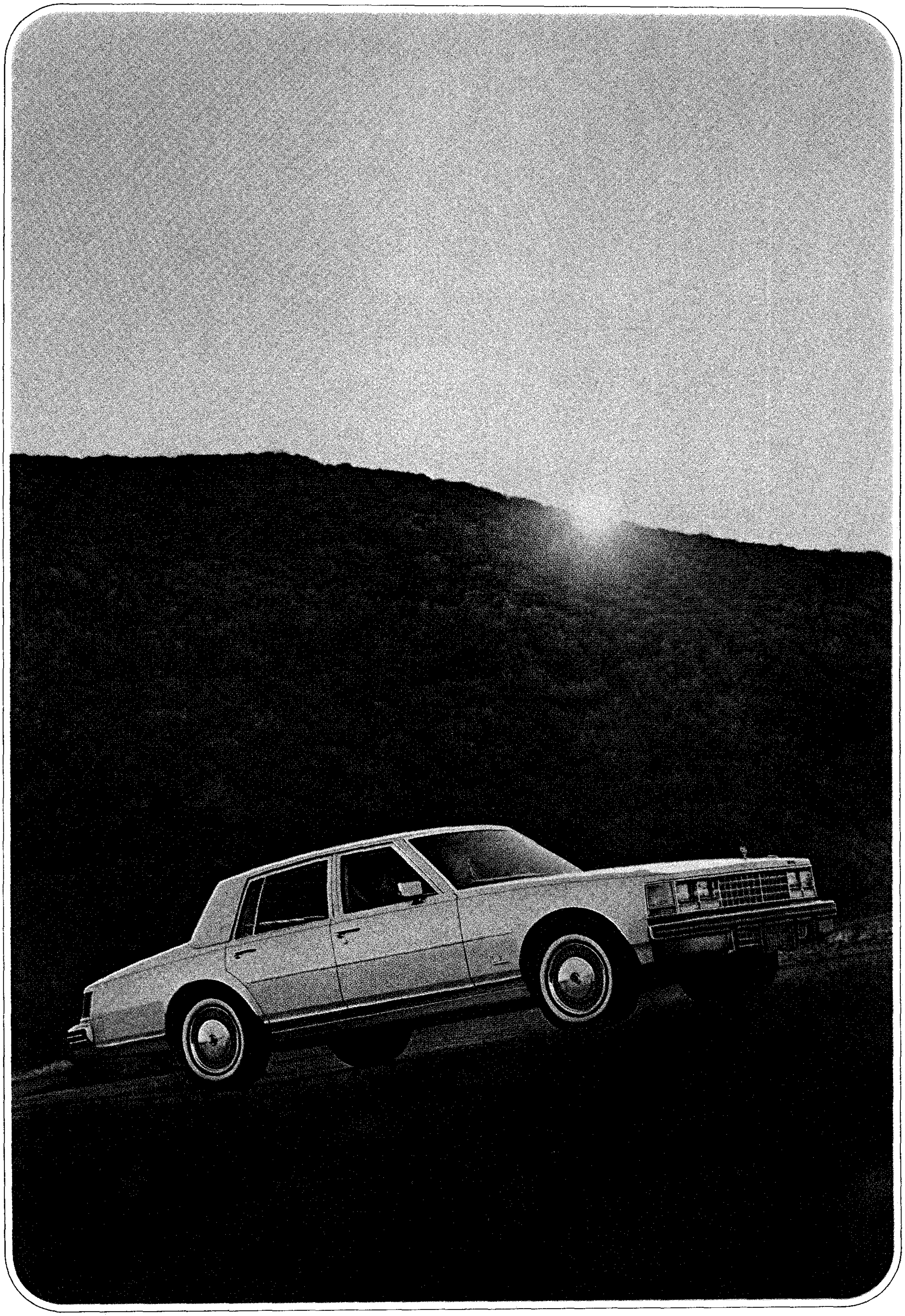

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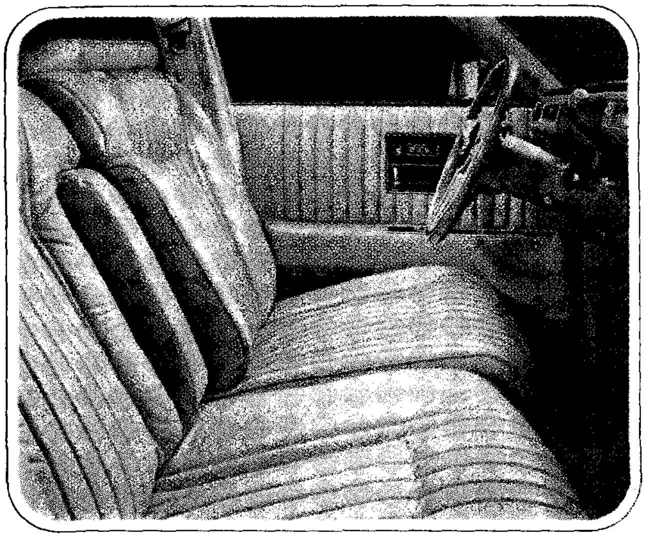

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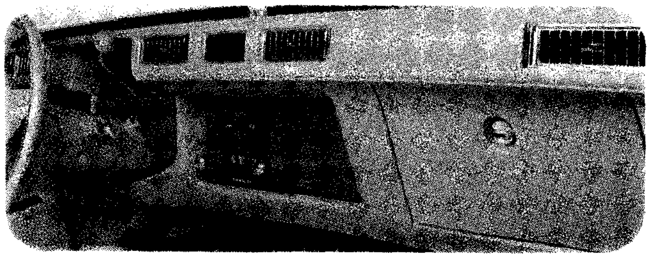
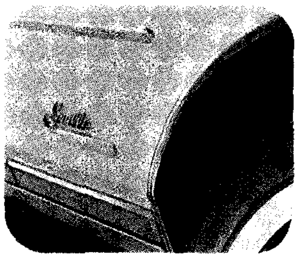
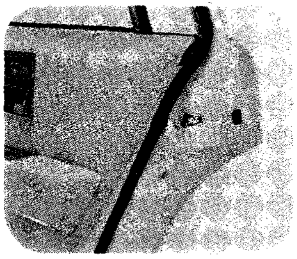


To help minimize squeaks and rattles, the instrument panel cover utilizes one-piece assembly—with foam on the back and air bezels molded into place.



To battle rust, side and wheelhouse moldings are formed of bimetal (stainless steel laminated to aluminum).



To help silence wind noise, super-soft weather stripping is used on doors. (Note absence of visible seams in metal portion of door.)

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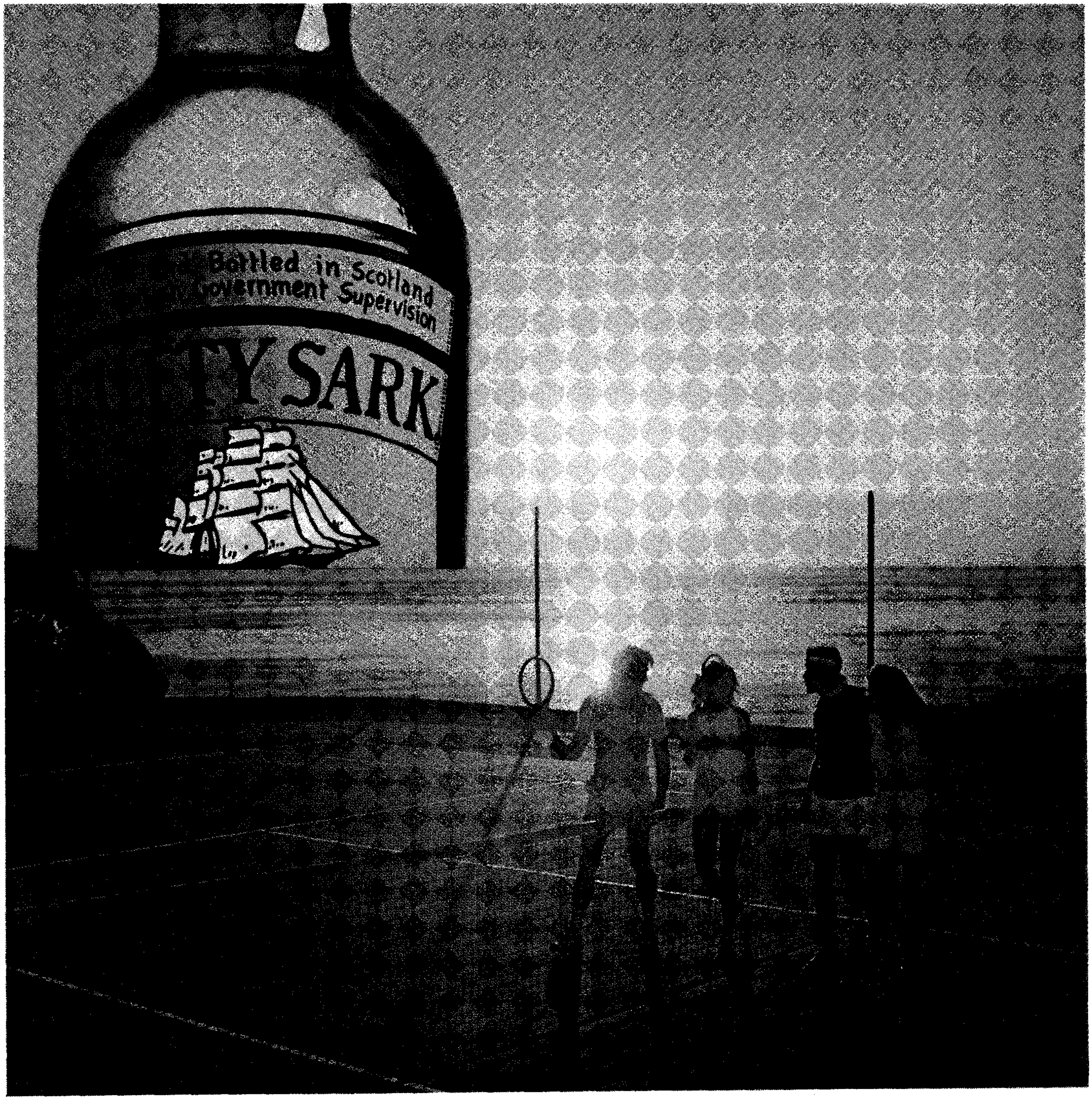
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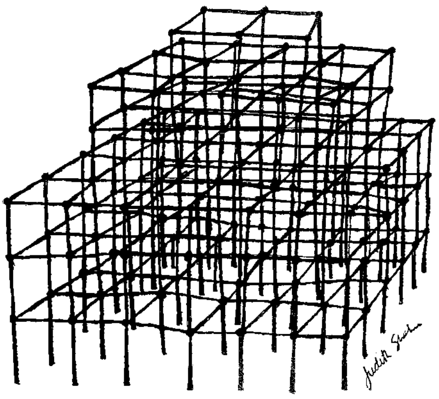
by C. B. Dalal, around the end of December, 1946, someone actually did start the "manufacture and sale of country cigarettes with 'Mahatma' as a trademark.")

IN India today, there is scarcely a town or village that does not try to perpetuate in one way or another the memory of Gandhi, who was assassinated on January 30, 1948. In Delhi, there are numerous Gandhi shrines, museums, and other monuments, many of which are clustered around the place where Gandhi was cremated. The Gandhi Samadhi, or Cremation Ground, is a large enclosed area on the west bank of the sacred river Jumna. As I approach the entrance gate, a snake charmer strikes up a tune and a toothless old lady hawking flowers redoubles her cries, but the sentry—a sullen fellow with bloodshot eyes, dressed in a dirty white shirt and trousers—hardly gives me a glance. I pass a notice that reads, in part, "This sacred place should be free from smoking, domestic animals, or any other undesirable activities," and make my way among well-trimmed but dusty lawns and flower beds, past half-empty lakes and ponds, and up a little hill. I come upon an archway cut into the hillside, where I am asked to remove my shoes. I walk barefoot through the archway into a large, walled-in open square. On all sides are arched alcoves containing stone slabs on which are carved quotations from Gandhi in various languages. A flagstone path covered with wooden racks—to keep the feet cool—leads to the center of the square, the actual site of Gandhi's cremation, which is marked by four upright blocks of white marble set around a polished black slab lying flat on the ground and bearing the inscription *"He Ram,"* or "O God." Eyewitnesses have said that Gandhi died instantly, but the myth has grown up that as he was struck down he called out, *"He Ram! He Ram!"* Incongruously, on two of the white marble blocks are tin boxes with slots in them to receive alms for the upkeep of the shrine.



THE Gandhi Darshan, or Exhibition, is next to the Gandhi Samadhi. It was opened in 1969 to celebrate the centenary of his birth and has become another permanent memorial. The exhibition, which is spread over forty acres and is housed in several red-brick-and-dark-wood pavilions, is somewhat reminiscent of Disneyland. In the entryway is a cactus garden with a large concrete bust of Gandhi and signs pointing to the pavilions, which are identified as "India of My Dreams," "Evolution of the Philosophy of Satyagraha," "Gandhi and Man in Evolution," "Constructive Programme," "The World Is My Family," and "My Life Is My Message." A different hymn is coming from each pavilion, and is relayed over loudspeakers at full volume.

The exhibition pavilions turn out to be a maze of dimly lit, windowless rooms and corridors, which are suffocatingly hot and are crammed with people and relics. I pass photographs of Indian village life; murals of starving people; an abstract sculpture inlaid with bits of glass; a large circle on a ceiling which contains a quotation from Gandhi about ever-widening circles; a map of India showing the places where he lived and worked; a painting of his mentors, including Jesus, Buddha, Socrates, and his own mother, who is shown worshipping the sun; a bench on which he supposedly sat during a protest demonstration; photographs of the 1963 civil-rights march on Washington; murals portraying the goals of the Constructive Programme (village industries, equality of religions, women's rights); one of Gandhi's spinning wheels; a huge mural entitled "Cow Also in the Centre of National Economy;" live demonstrations of village crafts; actual pages from *The Vegetarian*, the journal of the London Vegetarian Society, to which Gandhi belonged; an array of centenary postage stamps from various countries; photographs of Gandhi's school reports, his London clothes, his barrister's certificate, and his favorite spiritual books; a full-size model of a jail cell in which he was once imprisoned, with one wall cut out to show its interior. Outside one of the pavilions is a large green jeep with the words "Mahatma Gandhi" and the inscription "This gun-carriage carried Gandhi's body to the funeral pyre" written on the front license plate. On a wooden board in the back of the jeep is printed, "Shoes

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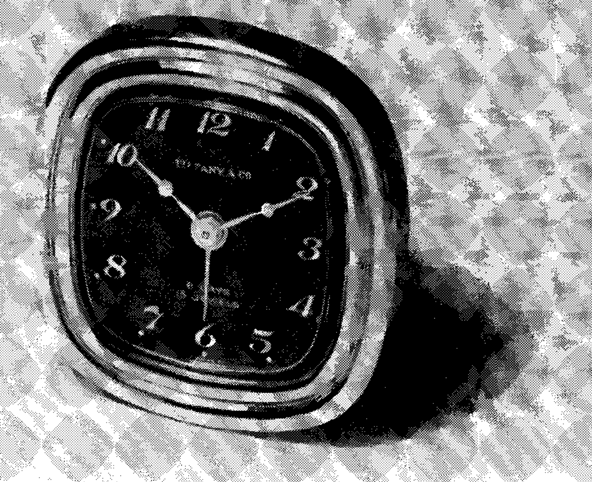

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should be discarded when working on this vehicle."

I pay a brief call on Anil Sengupta, the curator, who is sitting in a small, untidy office crowded with visitors. "Gandhi Darshan is very popular," he tells me. He is a large man in his early forties, with gray-flecked black hair, a heavy face, and a mouth stained red by betel juice. He has on a shirt of ivory-colored raw silk, and around his right wrist is the sacred red thread of an orthodox Brahman. "We get three or four hundred visitors each day, and during the holidays as many as five to ten thousand," he continues. "We stage song, drama, and dance performances—just now we are doing a ballet on untouchability. Our people need mass activating and awakening." He tells me that the centenary symbol is a large hand with the palm outward and with a diamond shape in the middle. "The diamond indicates the greatness or potential greatness of a humanitarian. In the years I've been working here, I myself have developed a diamond on my palm." He proudly displays some threadlike creases in his palm.

"But I thought Gandhi didn't believe in such superstitions," I say.

"It's not a superstition. It's a fact," says Sengupta.

THE Gandhi National Memorial Museum, which is also near the Gandhi Samadhi, is a large gray building trimmed with the Moghul pinkish-red sandstone often used on public buildings here. One of Gandhi's favorite sayings, "Truth Is God," is written in white letters on each side of the entrance. Just inside, next to a bookcase overflowing with materials containing his pronouncements in favor of prohibition, is a life-size bronze bust of Gandhi with his eyes cast down. Through the museum's public-address system hymn-singing blares away. Upstairs is a life-size wax-museum set of Gandhi, a contemporary biographer, C. F. Andrews, and the poet Rabindranath Tagore seated in rattan chairs on a veranda, among potted plants and apparently deep in conversation. In addition to the usual gigantic photographs bearing captions like "With Malaviyaji admiring a cow, Mysore," and models of Gandhi's various dwellings, complete with drainpipes and with windows that actually open and shut, are some grimmer exhibits: a bullet lies on some clothes with reddish stains, in a glass case labelled "One of the three bullets that took Bapu from us" and "*He Ram*, these bloodstained clothes were worn by Bapu on his last day;" and standing on a pedestal is the sacred urn in which his ashes were first placed.

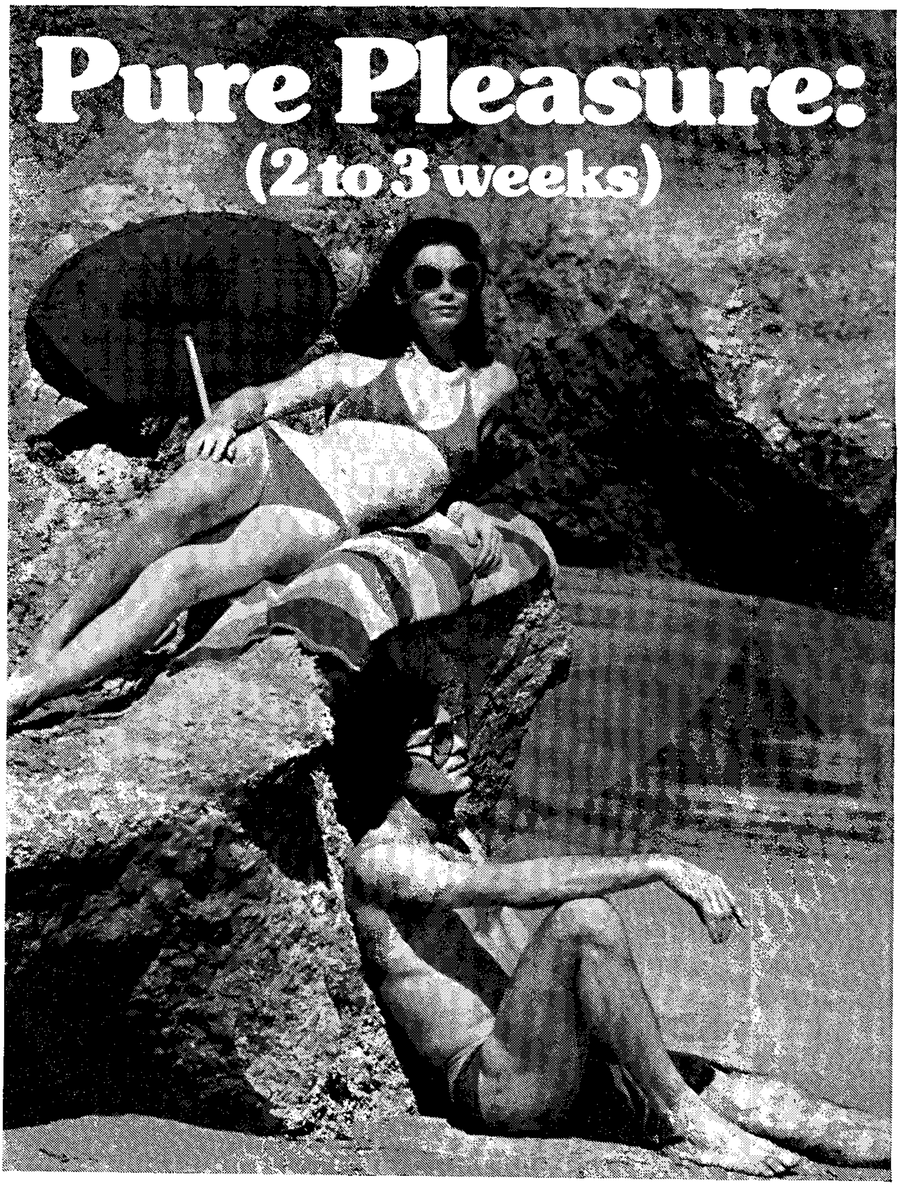
I walk into the museum's wood-panelled library, which houses a valuable collection of Gandhiana, and talk with the librarian, Mrs. S. K. De. She is a plump, black-haired lady in her forties, wearing a white khadi sari with a border of multicolored stripes. "My job is facilitating research," she says. "We have in this library five to six thousand photographs and thirty-seven thousand photostat copies of letters written by Gandhiji. But there are many other museums where Gandhi scholars can research. There is a major museum in Patna, one in Barrackpur, one in Madurai, and one in Bombay, and hundreds of minor museums throughout the country."

"How are all the museums financed?" I ask.

"By the government and various charitable Gandhi trusts," Mrs. De replies.

THE first of the numerous charitable trusts set up after Gandhi's assassination to promote his work is also the most important. It is called the Gandhi National Memorial Fund, and is housed in a small two-story building a few hundred feet from the Gandhi National Memorial Museum. A young woman seated behind an old-fashioned wooden switchboard tells me that Lele will show me around. She bangs an office bell furiously for the office peon, but no one appears, and she calls out, "Mr. Lele, you have a visitor."

In response, an elderly man with white hair, a large head, and a heavy face, wearing a short-sleeved white khadi shirt and thick glasses with black rims, comes out of a nearby room. He is Lele—Indians often have only one name. "After Bapuji's assassination, the Gandhi National Memorial Fund collected about a hundred and ten million rupees," Lele tells me. There are about seven rupees to the dollar, so this sum amounts to something like fifteen million dollars. "Most of the money was handed over to the states for local Gandhian activities, but part of it was reserved for national activities. The Fund financed the Gandhi Peace Foundation, among other major Gandhian institutions. We also have a few practical programs of our own, like experimenting with latrines of various models. As you know, Bapuji devoted his life to helping the untouchables, who did the society's menial dirty work. He felt that sweepers with pails of human excrement on their heads should not be necessary in mod-



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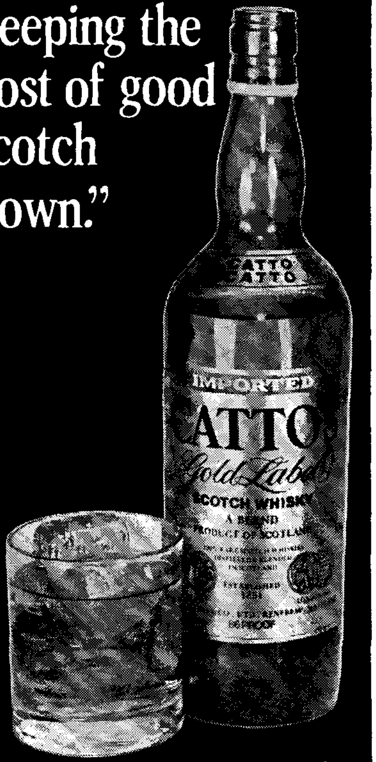

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Lele takes me out to what looks like a small golf course, except that among the lawns and flower beds stand simple latrines, some of concrete, some of brick, and some of wood. There are at least fifteen types, which are variations of septic tanks, mere holes, or primitive flush systems, and all of which are designed to make use of the waste directly as fertilizer or indirectly as cooking gas. The exhibit is completely deserted, and the latrines are beginning to be overrun with weeds.

PERHAPS the most influential of the institutions engaged in Gandhi's practical work is the Gandhi Peace Foundation. Its headquarters, in another part of Delhi, occupy a new three-story red brick building with narrow cantilevered balconies. On either side of the building are dusty rosebushes and, near them, signs saying "Enjoy but do not pluck the flowers." Inside, the place looks something like an Indian version of a Holiday Inn. In the front hall, a hemp wall hanging partly covers the windows, and on another wall is a hanging that depicts an orange sun. There is a bulletin board announcing special events of the India International Centre, the weekly meeting of the Sufi Centre, and a lecture, "The Role of Khadi and Cottage Industries for Economic Growth and Social Justice." Signs point to the back garden, the general office, the library, and the auditorium, and to upstairs guest rooms, which are for rent. The reception desk, covered with Gandhian literature, is attended by earnest-looking young women.

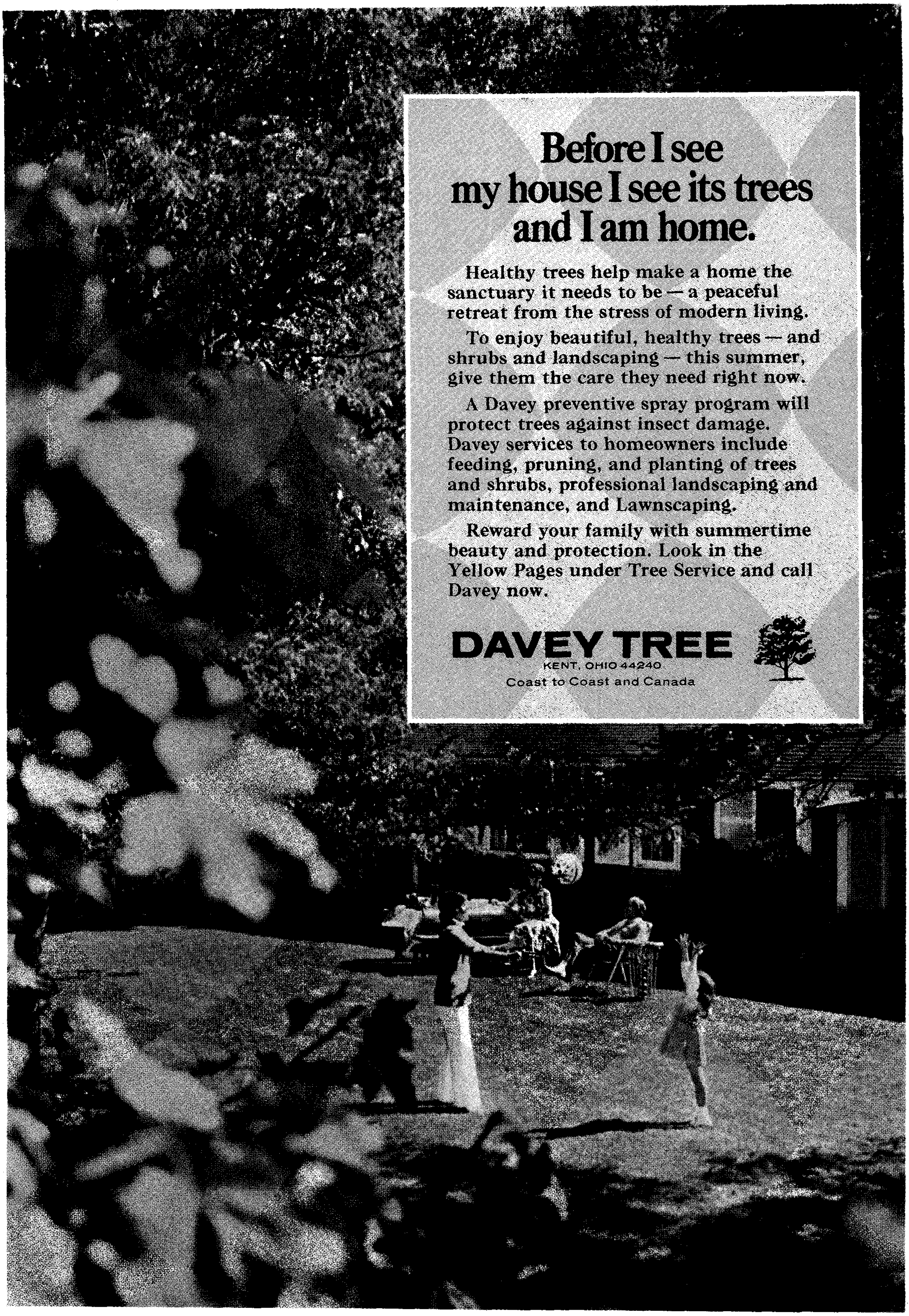
I go past the general office, where perhaps twenty clerks are working at two long rows of desks, and into a rather bare room, the office of the secretary of the Foundation, Radhakrishnan. He is a middle-aged man with a big head, big eyes, and a soft, full face, and he is dressed in a simple white khadi kurta and dhoti—the Gandhian uniform. On his desk are a dusty appointment book and, under glass, an Indian Airlines schedule so old that it is almost certainly out of date; there are more paperweights than papers. "We now have more than ten million rupees in capital and use the interest on it for operating expenses," he tells me. "We carry out researches into peace activities, and publish the *Gandhi Peace Foundation Newsletter* and a magazine called *Gandhi Marg*. [*Marg* means "path."] We have about forty-five branch offices throughout the country, which provide information on Gandhian ideals, and we sponsor lectures, seminars, and workshops. Sometimes the workers in the branch offices are even called upon to arbitrate community disputes. We are in the mainstream of Gandhian work, and our more recent heroes are Martin Luther King and Danilo Dolci." He suggests that I go with him to the auditorium next door, where a six-hour film on Gandhi produced by the Fund is about to be shown. "It is the longest film ever made on the greatest man who ever lived," he says.

The film opens with shots of the sun breaking through clouds, of snow-capped mountains, and of ocean waves, and continues with still photographs of Gandhi's life interspersed with captions like "Told mostly in Gandhi's own words," and visual tricks like moving handwriting. The narration, done by a droning, somnolent voice, lacks the power of Gandhi's unedited utterances. It soon becomes apparent that the photographs and sets are identical to some I encountered in a pavilion in Gandhi Darshan.

SABARMATI ASHRAM, which is in Ahmedabad, in the state of Gujarat, and is where Gandhi lived most of the time from 1917 to 1930, is much like many of the other Gandhian shrines. Combining the brashness of the new with the simplicity of the old, it is part museum, part library, part school, part hostel, part ashram, but mainly a rather chaotic exhibit, in which the occasional genuine relic is lost among endless replicas of replicas. When I arrive, the director, Krishnan Trivedi, a kindly, worried-looking man, is seated behind a Brobdingnagian modern Western desk lecturing about Gandhi to tourists seated on Lilliputian Indian stools. I join them.

"In Bapu's time here, the ashramites bathed and washed their clothes in the Sabarmati River," Trivedi is saying. "On the riverbank nowadays, we have a *son-et-lumière* production about Bapu and the ashram. It is put on by the government during the tourist season and is a great success. So we are now constructing a spectators' gallery for it."

He guides us on a tour of the whole



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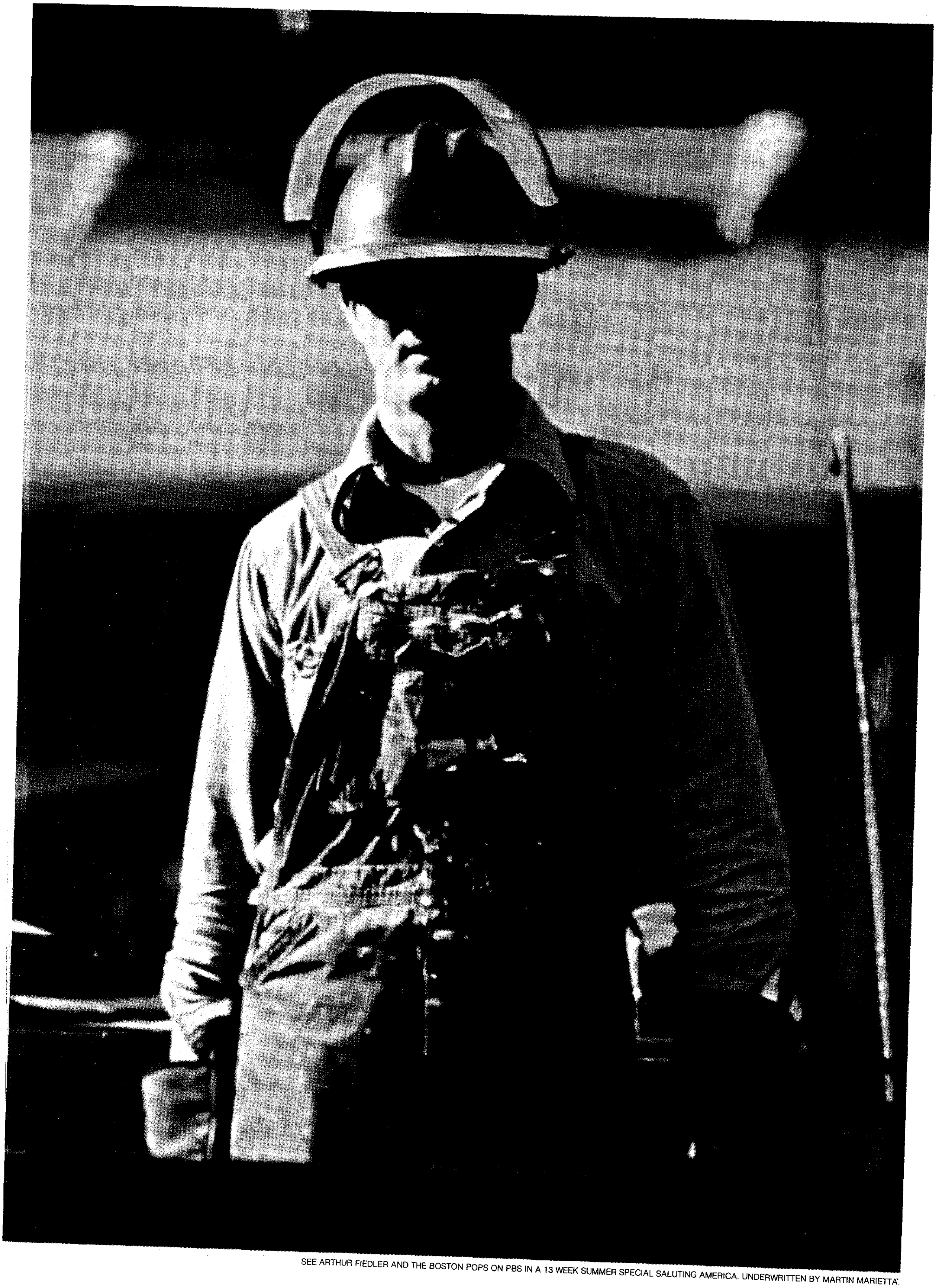

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The more you get to know it, the more beautiful it gets.

complex. Here and there, old people—apparently residents—are reading newspapers or dozing, indifferent to us and to some scrawny, barefoot children who trail after us and also seem to live here. On the veranda of Gandhi's hut, we come upon a remarkable-looking man, with unruly long white hair and a long beard, sitting hunched in a chair. He is thin, and, except for white khadi trunks and brown-rimmed spectacles, he is naked. His skin is pale and is ravaged by patchy-looking sores. He is apparently half blind, one eye being almost completely closed. By his chair is an old radio blasting out simple scales at full volume. "This is Mama Saheb Phadke," Trivedi says. "He came to Bapu in this ashram in 1917, and he's been here ever since. He has his own hut, but he likes to spend his day on the veranda here. He is at least eighty-seven."

Trivedi tries to rouse the old man to say something about Gandhi. After a lot of prompting, the old man shouts out, "Truth and nonviolence are as old as the hills! But nobody listens!"

Editors, Biographers, and Bibliographers

In 1956, the government of India established a special department of the Information and Broadcasting Ministry called The Collected Works of Mahatma Gandhi, with a view to compiling, and publishing both in Hindi and in English, all Gandhi's surviving writings and utterances, from the earliest known, written in 1884. The department has published fifty-nine large-format volumes of the English edition so far, each with an average of five hundred and fifty pages. The completed English edition will run to some eighty volumes. The general preface states, "This series proposes to bring together all that Gandhiji said and wrote, day after day, year after year. . . . Those who knew him in the body as he trod this earth, striving every moment to practice what he believed, owe it to those who cannot have the privilege of learning by his presence and example, that they should hand over to the coming generations the rich heritage of his teachings in its purity and, as far as possible, in its entirety."

The copyright on everything Gandhi wrote and said in the contemporary record is held by the Navajivan Trust, which Gandhi himself established, and which has its own publishing house, in Ahmedabad. "The Collected Works" is printed here—the city, in fact, is the center of the whole industry of books about Gandhi—and most of the editorial work is done here, by the deputy editor of the project, C. N. Patel. Patel has had a hand in drafting prefaces for most of the volumes and probably knows more about the contents of "The Collected Works" than anyone else.

The Navajivan Press is housed in a large gray concrete building in a somewhat neglected garden—the topiary work on the hedges sprouting whiskers, and the flower beds threatened by weeds. In the lobby, several Gandhians, all dressed in khadi, are reading newspapers while the presses thunder in the background. The corridor leading to Patel's office is littered with heaps of wood shavings, scraps of paper, and big burlap bundles. In the office itself, wooden shelves are piled high with papers, and so is Patel's desk. A white Gandhi cap and a small Nehru jacket of gray khadi hang on a hook behind a desk.

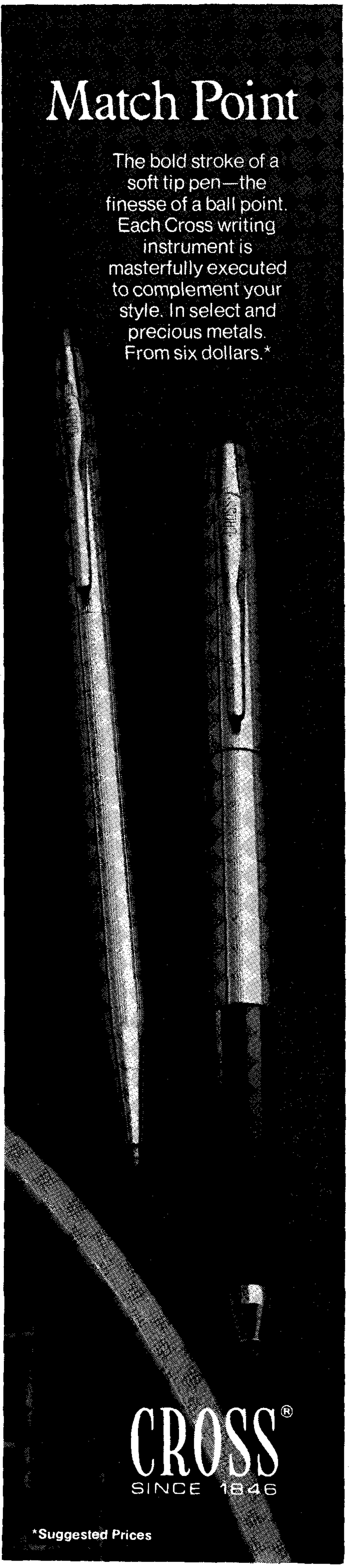
Patel is a tiny, frail, emaciated man with a square head, bulging eyes, a large nose, and pronounced cheekbones. He has thinning black hair parted slightly to the right, a long, fuzzy gray beard, and a full gray mustache. He wears black-rimmed spectacles, a short-sleeved white khadi kurta, white trousers, and leather sandals, and clutches a handkerchief nervously in one hand.

"What do you think is the value of 'The Collected Works'?" I ask.

"The only people who will have any use for it will be researchers," he says. "I remember that someone attacked our second entry in the first volume as gratuitous. It is only one sentence. It appeared in an obscure little newspaper and is a quotation from a speech Gandhiji made to his high-school classmates at Rajkot just before leaving for his studies in England: 'I hope that some of you will follow in my footsteps, and after you return from England you will work wholeheartedly for big reforms in India.' To me it is significant that he should be telling his classmates this at the age of eighteen."

"Is there a danger of not being able to see the forest for the trees?"

"Yes, there is. But I get a very clear impression of Gandhiji's life from 'The Collected Works.' There was a marked discrepancy between Gandhiji the politician and social reformer and Gandhiji the man searching for God. He was drawn into political life by the force of historical circumstances, but his natural bent was that of a holy man. Although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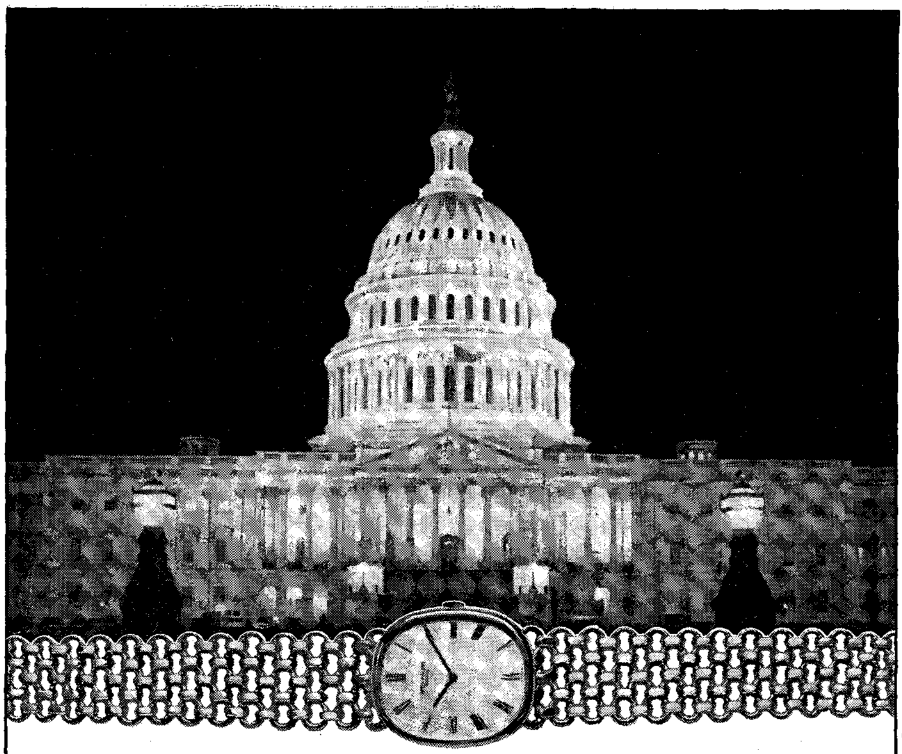

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he imparted to his countrymen, humiliated by their British enslavement, a certain self-confidence and energy, he felt toward the end of his life that he had failed at everything, and, in a sense, he had, whether it was in his struggle for Hindu-Muslim harmony or in his struggle for the uplift of the untouchables or in his efforts to introduce true economic and social democracy. Yet at the same time he went a long way toward attaining knowledge of God."

"Has Gandhi affected your life in any way?"

"I never knew him, but I've learned from him how to discipline my body, how to be patient with it. Like Gandhi and most of our countrymen, I've had quite a lot of trouble with my stomach. Some years ago, I started trying all kinds of drugs, I went on a liquid diet of milk, but nothing helped. My doctor began to suspect a cancer of the stomach, so he did exploratory surgery. His diagnosis was that I didn't have cancer, but he came to the conclusion that by this time, because of the milk diet, my intestines had shrunk and atrophied and I'd lost the ability to digest solid food. Nothing he recommended to restore my digestion worked. So now I'm trying some of Gandhiji's nature-cure techniques. I eat only two pounds of curds and five ounces of raisins a day—though I don't actually eat the raisins, just suck their juice."

THE offices of the department of The Collected Works of Mahatma Gandhi take up about thirty rooms in a large government building on the outskirts of Delhi. Here I call on K. Swaminathan, who became chief editor in 1960 and has been supervising the publication since then. (The first chief editor, Bharatan Kumarappa, died in 1957; the second, Jairamdas Doulatram, resigned in 1959.) He works out of an austerely furnished room—a few pictures of Gandhi, Kasturbai, and Nehru hang on the walls, and a single bookshelf holds a Roget's Thesaurus, a Bhagavad Gita, and a few standard books on Gandhi. Swaminathan is a friendly man in his sixties, with a professorial air. He is lean and dark, has a square face, bushy eyebrows, and long fingers, and is dressed in a white bush shirt with short sleeves, gray-and-white plaid slacks, and sandals.

"How is the project coming along?" I ask.

"We've had problems with cost overruns," he says. "That's because we've had some very unexpected expenses, like providing Pyarelal, the custodian of important Gandhi papers, with an assistant for two years in return for his coöperation. When it comes to his material on Gandhi, he's like Othello guarding Desdemona. There's such a mountain of material. People knew very early that Gandhi was a great man, and everything he said or did was recorded and preserved. Sometimes each person near him would record his conversations with visitors. Gandhiji would then go over their records, choose the one he liked best, correct it, and send it off for publication in one of his magazines—*Indian Opinion*, *Young India*, *Navajivan*, and *Harijan*. One of his little jokes was 'You know how the gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John differ. I want only one gospel of my life.' Our task is not only to bring all the material together but also to translate it into Hindi or into English, or both—Gandhiji spoke and wrote in Gujarati, Hindi, and English—and to arrange it in chronological order whenever possible, with the necessary footnotes, appendices, and indexes. We do our best to authenticate the documents. A letter has to be signed by Gandhiji, a speech must have been reported in the press within a day or two of its delivery. Whenever we are in doubt about an item—say, whether or not a resolution was drafted by him—we include a note giving our reason for thinking that it came from his pen. After we publish a volume, new material often turns up, and this we hope to publish in supplementary volumes."

"What about the letters signed by Gandhi but drafted by his secretaries and assistants?"

"They all have to pass our tests for authenticity."

"Do you ever feel that there's a danger of drowning Gandhi in a sea of documentation?"

"Maybe you mean to say a sea of words," he says. "The Hindi title for 'The Collected Works' is 'Sampurna Gandhi Vangmaya,' which means, more or less, 'The Complete Wordiness of Gandhi.' People can fish out what they like from the wordy sea."

"There must be a lot of repetition," I remark.

"Most certainly. He said the same thing over and over again—but with different emphasis. Gandhi scholars actually use the amount of his repetition as a measure of his faith in a particular concept or course of action. When we first started, we had no idea of the scale of the project, the amount of the extant material. We thought that Gandhi's South African period could

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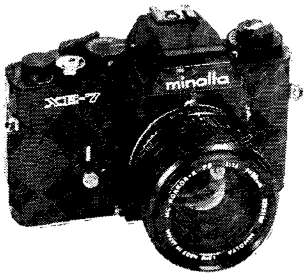

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be covered in one volume. It actually took twelve."

"And yet Gandhi himself never wrote a single full-length book," I remark. Although Gandhi was a prolific writer of articles and filled his magazines with them, he published only two books as such—"Indian Home Rule" and "Satyagraha in South Africa"—and they were actually no more than pamphlets. Even his well-known autobiography, "The Story of My Experiments with Truth," was a collection of magazine articles.

"That's so," Swaminathan says equably.

"What would Gandhi have thought of your project?"

"He wouldn't have liked it at all. He said repeatedly, 'It's not what I say but what I do that matters.' In fact, his main disciple, Vinoba Bhave, told me that we were doing a disservice to Gandhiji by publishing his every word and thus showing up all his inconsistencies and contradictions. But my answer is that Gandhiji didn't mind being inconsistent. He is one of the few men in history who were never ashamed of anything they thought or said, however contradictory it might be."

"What do you regard as Gandhi's most memorable sayings?"

"Many years ago, I used to think that Gandhiji's saying 'There can be no happiness for any of us until happiness has been won for all' was the best. Now I've seen so many of his sayings that I can't choose."

"Do you find that some parts of 'The Collected Works' read better than others?"

"I'm so busy supervising the whole project that I'm not able to read very much that goes into it. I have to look after fifty researchers and editors and thirty clerks just here in Delhi, and there are many others in Ahmedabad working on our great project."

IN 1948, a few months after Gandhi's assassination, a number of prominent Gandhians and national leaders, including Nehru, invited Pyarelal (he no longer uses his surname) to undertake the official biography of Gandhi, which was to be written in English. Pyarelal had served Gandhi since 1920, first as assistant to Mahadev Desai, and then, after Desai's death, in 1942, as Gandhi's chief secretary. He has been at work on Gandhi's biography for the last twenty-eight years—a project subsidized by the Gandhi National Memorial Trust, The Collected Works department, and the Navajivan Trust, among others. Like everything to do with Gandhi, it has assumed monumental proportions. The first installment of the biography, entitled "The Last Phase," appeared in two hefty volumes in 1956 and 1958; it covers only the last four years of Gandhi's life. The next installment, entitled "The Early Phase," appeared in 1965, as another vast tome; it covers Gandhi's first twenty-seven years. Since the material for this early period is very sketchy, the condensation is more apparent than real. And since Pyarelal has now spent eighteen years of his own life recording thirty-one of his subject's, no one, least of all Pyarelal, can be confident that he will live to complete the biography: he is in his seventies, and forty-seven years of his subject's life remain to be chronicled. He often dwells on the overwhelming nature of the enterprise. In the Preface to "The Last Phase," he writes:

> I must confess that I was hardly aware of the colossal nature of the task and the tremendous difficulties, abysses and pitfalls in the way when I launched on this venture.... To interpret the record correctly and fully...to make disjointed bits of information fall in their proper places and yield a clear, coherent meaning, and unravel the tangled skein of the story with the help of clues hunted up from collateral sources of evidence called for Job's patience, a faculty of divination (to which I could lay no claim) and some deft sleuth-work—very interesting but extremely time-consuming. It was only by a reckless expenditure of time coupled with some providential chance contacts and the pointers provided by Gandhiji's letters to me during the period under review and what he had shared with me during the last two months of his earthy sojourn when a merciful Providence again enabled me to be near him that the work could be completed.
>
> Soon I discovered, too, that there was hardly a comment of importance on men and events in this crucial period or a conclusion based thereupon that I could record but provoked a challenge....
>
> In preparing these pages, I have drawn upon, in the first instance...Gandhiji's office records, his own writings in *Young India* and *Harijan*, and statements and interviews to the Press, and his personal correspondence including jottings, instructions and scribblings...on odd bits of paper which I had carefully preserved. ...Knowing my passion for collection and preservation of scraps of paper having a bearing on his life and activities, and knowing that others might be free from *that* addiction, he *sometimes* used to pick out choice morsels and send them to me as "love tokens."...I had, besides, my own notebooks and diaries... notebooks and diaries of some other members of his party and my own firsthand information either from him or from others to go by. Last but not least, I have relied on his own journal [May, 1946, through July, 1947] which he began spe-

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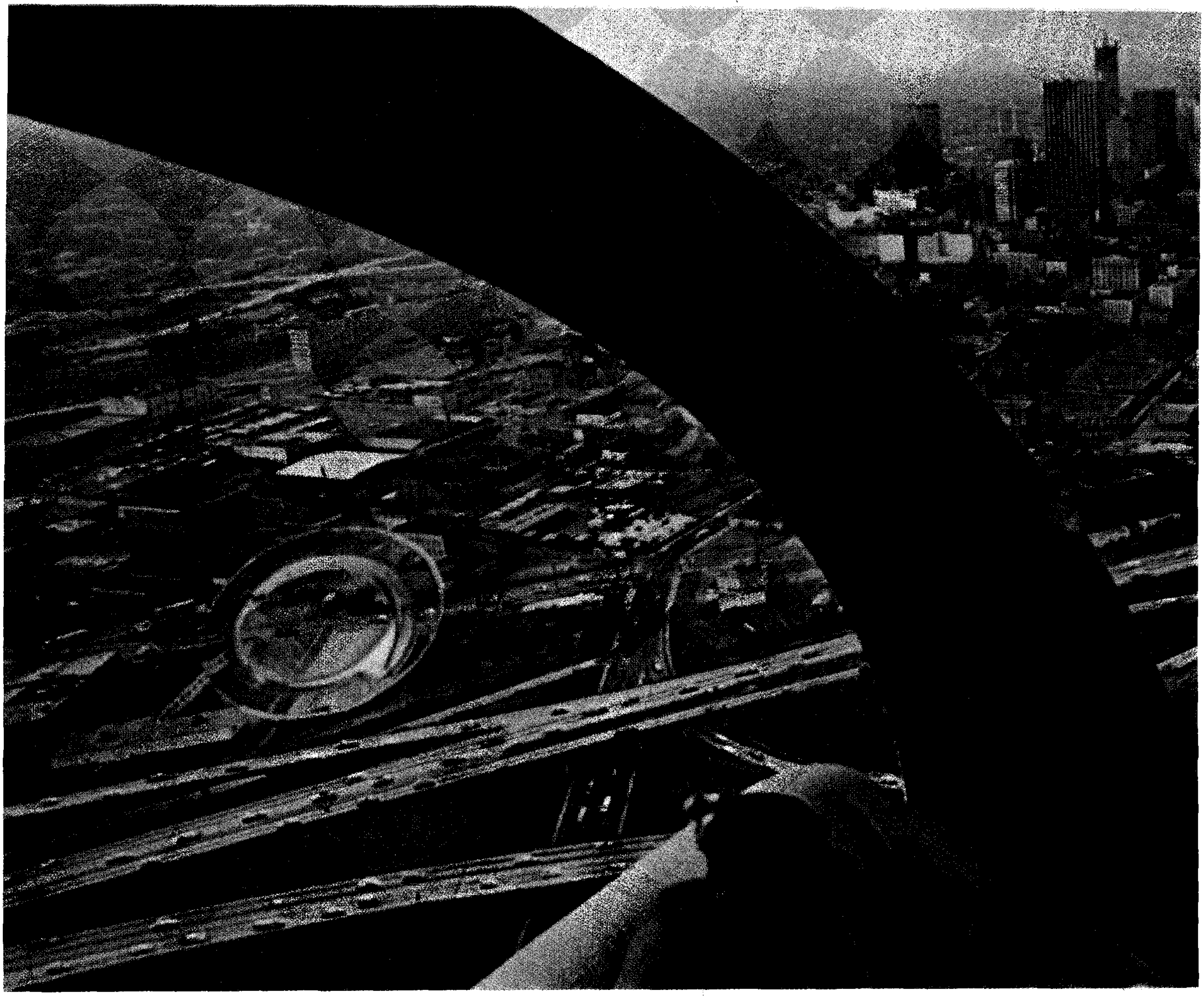

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cially to keep for me to make up for my absence from him.

In the Introduction to "The Early Phase," Pyarelal says that this time his trials were, if anything, even greater:

> Luckily Gandhiji had brought with him from South Africa a boxful of correspondence and other documents relating to his work there.... He had also maintained a systematic and fairly exhaustive record of clippings from contemporary newspapers for the period 1889-1900 in thirteen scrapbooks. He had spoken to me about them....They were pretty often in a bad shape—sometimes mutilated or jumbled into a pie, or obscured by the growth of black fungus. At other times the source and date line were clipped out, or obliterated, or were otherwise missing. The portions, that were mildewed or were covered with gummed strips of butter paper for repairs, became altogether undecipherable in the photostats, though in the original record—which had in the meantime been returned to the owners—the writing could still sometimes with effort be made out. All this resulted in ... no end of agonizing eye-strain in spite of the use of higher-power magnifying glasses and other devices on my part and on the part of my colleagues, in order to decipher them.
>
> I had likewise to get quite a lot of old records, source books, and even reference books from various institutions laminated for safe handling, and as an inducement to the custodians to let me have them photostated for my use. . . .
>
> Absence of reference facilities in India added to the difficulty. To verify the date or source of an important clipping...or for a "Who's Who" of the *dramatis personae* one had to seek the assistance of friends in South Africa, or of the editors of newspapers there, with varying success.

From what Pyarelal has published so far, it is clear that he is not a biographer but, rather, a hagiographer, who celebrates the miraculous deeds of his hero under such chapter headings as "The Sentinel on the Watch-Tower," "Zero Hour," "The Greater the Sinner the Greater the Saint," "Bitter Brew," "Dragon's Teeth," "Turn Poison Into Nectar," "Search for the Panacea," "Crumbling Heavens," "The Titan at Work," and "The Hinge of Fate." Pyarelal is in the tradition of Gandhian hagiology, which is noted for its ornate redundancy, its petrified Victorian Indian-English, its grandiloquent claims, and its reverent lore. He has this to say about the intention of his undertaking:

> This book is not a verdict on men and events—though men and events are discussed in it—but only an attempt to understand and explain certain events and the actions of the men who made those events and in the process were themselves made by those events, in the context of Gandhiji's great experiment to discover the Law of Love and how it could be applied to solve the problems that face the present-day world.
>
> A word to the Indian reader....We invoke the name of the Father of the Nation on all important occasions....It is vital for us to know the road on which he set us and that by which we arrived and where the two bifurcated....Almost the first thing a foreign visitor does on arrival in India is to visit Rajghat [another name for the Cremation Ground]—if he happens to be an official guest or otherwise an important personage, he is escorted there—to pay homage to the Father of the Nation. Before he leaves India, he invariably ends up by asking: Where is Gandhi in India of today?... This book is an attempt to help us turn the searchlight inward and find the answer.

Pyarelal's office is in a decrepit building in Shankar Market, a garish, rather shabby bazaar in the center of New Delhi, known for cheap ready-made clothes and for black marketeering. A flight of dark, dirty stairs leads up to a door with Pyarelal's name on it. The door opens onto a long balcony that is piled high with innumerable steel trunks and boxes, all crammed with papers, and at the far end is a very large room, glaringly lit and, if anything, even more chaotic. Filing cabinets and cupboards of all descriptions—of metal, of wood, of wood with glass doors—and a variety of tables, shelves, desks, and typewriters have somehow been crowded in, leaving little space in which to move about.

A short, plump, sallow man shuffles toward me as best he can through the chaos, and greets me warmly. He has large ears and rather thick lips, and wears bifocals; he is dressed in a white kurta with a collar that seems too tight and sleeves so long that they have to be turned back at the wrists. He is Pyarelal. "Bapu the philosopher, the statesman, the moralist was a very serious-minded man, and the world knows about his grave thoughts, but there was also a humorous side to him," Pyarelal says. "I'll tell you a story that only I know, because I was the only witness. Bapu and I were aboard ship on our way to the Second Round Table Conference in London in 1931. A man appeared in Bapu's cabin. He said, 'Mr. Gandhi, I am a member of the Billy Boats, a club of virile, hard-

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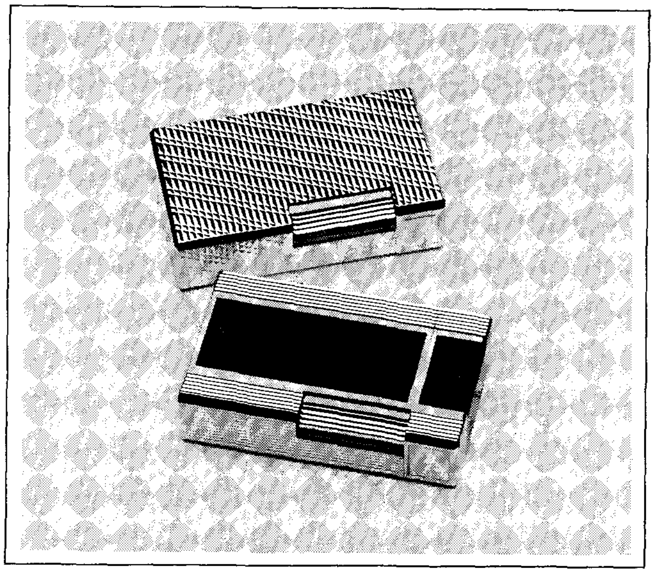

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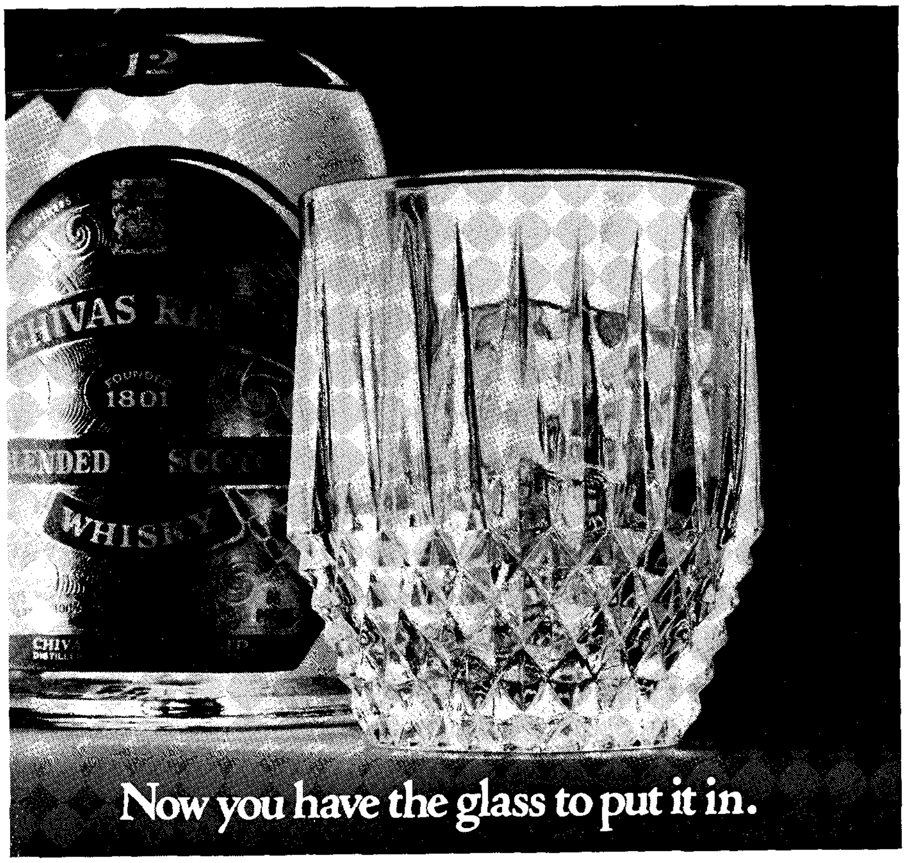

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drinking passengers here on board. I have been asked by my fellow Billy Boats to present you with today's edition of *Scandal Times*. We would be glad to have your opinion of it.' He handed Bapu a couple of sheets held together with a straight pin. Bapu glanced at the sheets, removed the pin, and returned them to the waiting Mr. Billy Boat. 'If you don't mind, I'll keep the pin,' he said. 'That's the most valuable part of your publication.' " Pyarelal laughs heartily, and absentmindedly wanders off in the direction of a desk in the back of the room, followed closely by a tall, burly, fearsome-looking man, who turns out to be his secretary, Dewan Vasudev. Pyarelal brushes past glass-fronted cupboards that contain book after book on Gandhi and look as though they were seldom opened, and pauses before some cabinets displaying massive bound volumes of *Indian Opinion* and *Navajivan.*

"These are the only sets in private hands," he says proudly. "Each volume is so heavy that Vasudev and I between us can hardly lift it."

"The pages are laminated," Vasudev puts in. "We are going to rebind them in smaller volumes to reduce their weight."

"So much of my time is taken up with the problems of laminating and rebinding, preserving and guarding Gandhiana," Pyarelal says.

Farther along are open shelves holding notebooks, scrapbooks, government reports, and pamphlets strung together and labelled "Official Files."

"Everything on these shelves relates to Gandhi," Pyarelal says. "Each piece of this material is being numbered. I'm up to twenty-two thousand one hundred and eighty-three so far, and that takes me only to 1932." He waves a hand toward other shelves, overflowing with yet more files and papers. "That's original source material, which I collected myself when I was with Bapu—my own diaries, drafts of articles with Bapu's handwriting on them, newspaper clippings cut under Bapu's own supervision by his fellow prison inmates . . ." His words trail off.

"Up there are photostat copies of Bapu's original handwritten letters, along with my typed transcripts of them," Vasudev puts in, indicating some brown-paper bundles on the highest shelves.

"What will eventually become of all these papers and books?" I ask Pyarelal.

"I'm still negotiating. Whether they'll be left to the National Archives, the Gandhi Peace Foundation, or a center to be established in my memory is still to be decided," he says, adding portentously, "However, there are some materials I have decided to suppress."

"Such as what?" I ask.

"Gandhi's views on Israel, for a start," he says, with a mysterious air. "I am able to suppress them from history, since by God's grace I am the only one who knows about them. Because of His good will toward me, although I frequently went to prison, my papers miraculously survived."

Pyarelal sits down at his desk, which is strewn with fountain pens and paperweights. Vasudev sits down beside him, and prompts him when he loses the thread of what he is saying, as he often does.

"My father was a petty official in the Punjab," Pyarelal tells me. "He was so clever his British superiors never realized that he didn't read or write English. He used to get telegrams and communiqués in English all the time, and he would get them translated on the sly, and would always look knowledgeable when he talked to his superiors, even when he wasn't following a word they said. After my father died, in 1915, my uncle, who was a man of stern character and strong moral principles, brought us all up. We were two brothers and three sisters."

"Pyarelalji and Sushilaji are the only surviving members of the family," Vasudev puts in.

"How did you happen to meet Gandhi?" I ask.

"I was studying in Lahore and heard Bapu speak at the railway station there," Pyarelal says. "There was something in the flat, level tone of his voice that electrified me. It was like the depth of the ocean—something indescribably simple and vast. After speaking, he nimbly prevented anyone from touching his feet and so paying him the homage due the great and holy. In that way, he put himself on the level of the common man like me. I managed to see him alone on his next visit to Lahore. He had just come out of his bath, and his bare arms and legs glistened with oil. He was wrapped in a white cashmere shawl, and there was a glow on his face. I told him, 'I feel very dissatisfied with the prospects for young people like me in India. I want to give up my studies and become your follower.' He said, 'Don't get involved unless you feel a call, but when you do, see it through.' I took his wise text to heart and returned to my studies. After my gradu-

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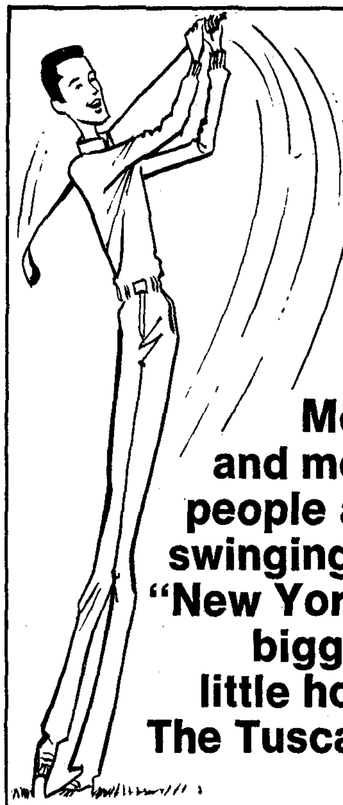

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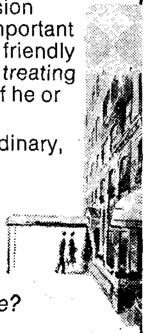

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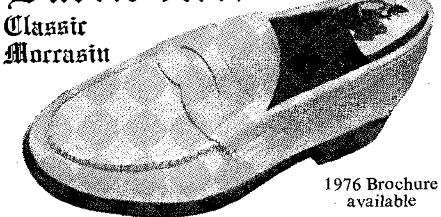

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ation, I felt the call, and in the fall of 1920 I took the train for Ahmedabad. I felt I was Columbus going in search of the New World. I arrived at Sabarmati Ashram with my bedroll on my back and a bundle of clothes on my head. Bapu was away on tour, and when he came back he asked me to write him a little essay on a subject of my choice. I happened to light upon one of Bapu's magazines, which contained his review of Tolstoy's 'The Kingdom of God Is Within You.' I wrote something modelled on his review. Bapu liked it, and he made me an assistant to Mahadev Desai. In time, of course, I succeeded Mahadev as chief secretary."

"I'm Pyarelalji's chief secretary," Vasudev puts in.

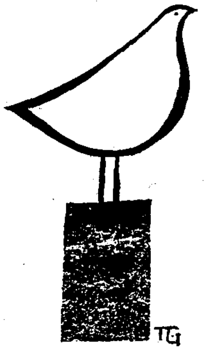
"What did it involve—being Gandhi's chief secretary?" I ask.

"The job of everyone around Bapu was to be a soldier ready for anything," Pyarelal says. "One day you might be asked to take dictation, another day to edit newspaper copy, and the day after that to arrange for a broadcast. You might also be asked to clean the latrines, grind wheat, wash pots, sweep floors, and go on tours with Bapu. When he was unwell, or was fasting for his own purification or for causes dear to his heart, I nursed him. I gave him enemas, and kept a clinical chart, noting down the pallor of his skin, the color of his urine, the appearance of his stool, how much water he drank, whether he complained of nausea. I turned him on his side, brought him a urine bottle or a bedpan, and gave him sponge baths."

"Were you ever reluctant to do any of these tasks?"

"Not at all. No one was. It was all very natural. And as a matter of course we all did such things for one another in the ashram."

I try to draw Pyarelal out on one of the most controversial and central aspects of Gandhi's life—his brahmacharya experiments. "Brahmacharya" literally means "the realization of Brahma," and one of the prerequisites for realizing Brahma is celibacy. Gandhi had been a brahmachari, or celibate, since he was thirty-six, but toward the end of his life he engaged in experiments to test his mastery of celibacy by taking young women to bed with him. In "The Last Phase," Pyarelal tries to justify these experiments on historical, philosophical, and spiritual grounds. Some Gandhians claim that he glorifies the experiments, others that he obfuscates the whole issue. To a non-Gandhian reader, Pyarelal's account of Gandhi's brahmacharya, as of many other things, seems extraordinarily incomplete, despite its length, and, as always, he is uncritically accepting—this despite the fact that Gandhi himself took on his critics in public debates about every aspect of his life, including the brahmacharya experiments.



"Bapu often used to say, 'Truth was inborn in me, nonviolence came to me with great effort, brahmacharya I'm still striving for,'" Pyarelal tells me. "Still, he was a great brahmachari. He had only one seminal emission in his middle and late years—it was in his sleep in 1936, when he was sixty-six, and it dismayed him a lot—but that is a matter of public record. I saw with my own eyes that even when he was asleep his hands were moving as if he were saying his beads—he was so far along in his realization of Brahma."

"But, whatever Gandhi's own spiritual attainments, don't you think that the effect of the brahmacharya experiments on at least some of the women involved might have been psychologically damaging?" I ask.

"How could it be?" he asks rhetorically. "Let me tell you a story to illustrate what I mean. Once, in the ashram, I heard a woman screaming. I rushed into her room and saw that her sari was on fire. I ripped it off. She felt no embarrassment, because she knew I was a brahmachari and so almost like a sister to her."

"But surely any woman would have been relieved to be rescued, whether by a brahmachari or not?"

"Oh, no! If I had not been a brahmachari, her scruples, not to mention my scruples, would have prevented me from doing what was clearly my duty, and she would have burned to death."

THERE are two standard bibliographies of Gandhian literature: "Mahatma Gandhi: A Descriptive Bibliography," by Jagdish Sharma, which was first published in 1955 and was brought out in a second edition in 1968, and "Gandhi Bibliography," by Dharma Vir, which was published in 1967. Both editors try to catalogue all well-known and some not so well-known remarks by or about Gandhi, with the result that both volumes, in addition to being formidable in size,

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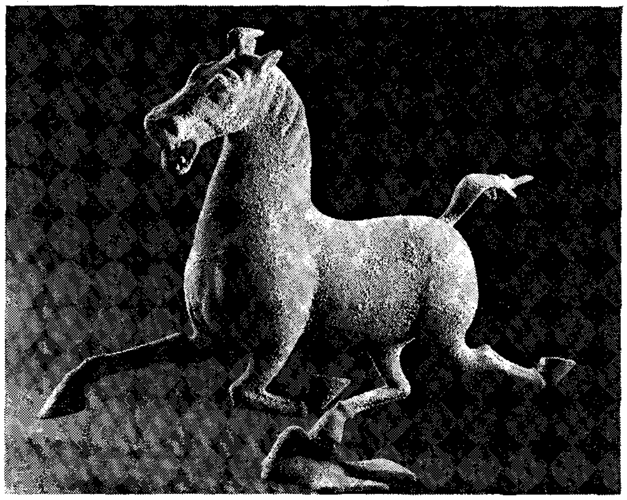

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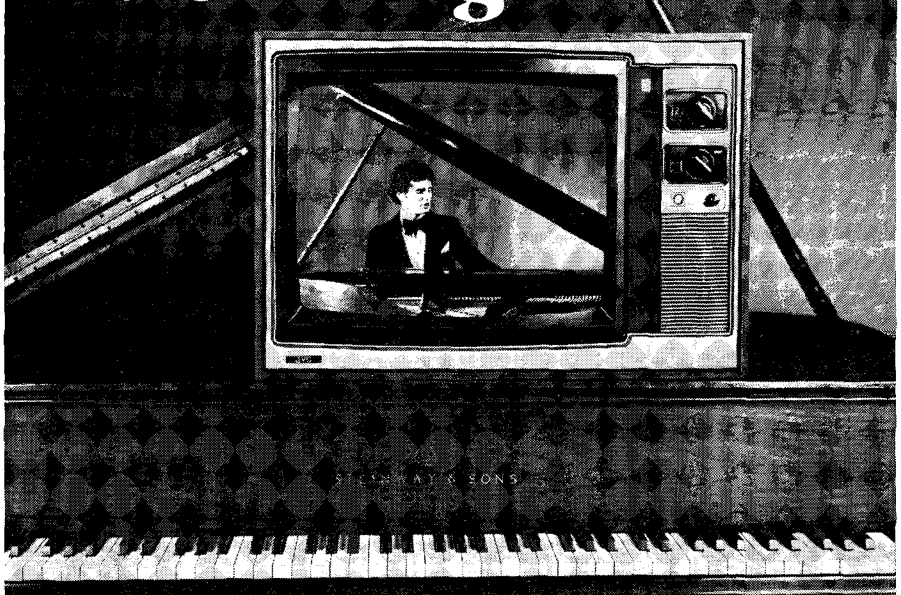

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are rather clumsy specimens of their genre. Vir's bibliography, which serves as a sort of stepping stone to Sharma's monolith, has three thousand four hundred and eighty-five numbered entries either by or about Gandhi. Listed are biographical studies of Gandhi ("Mahatma Gandhi: The Man Who Became One with the Universal Being," "Romantic Gandhi: A Search for Mahatma's Originality"); poems about Gandhi ("Gandhi: An Epic Fragment"); plays about Gandhi ("Gandhiji in South Africa: An Historical Drama in Five Acts," "Gandhi: The Man of Destiny: A Passion Play"); novels about Gandhi ("Waiting for the Mahatma," "Nine Hours to Rama"); collections of essays on Gandhi's influence upon literature ("Impact of Gandhism on Marathi Literature," "Gandhi in Kannada Literature"); albums of paintings, drawings, and photographs of Gandhi ("Mahatma Gandhi: Pictorial History of a Great Life," "A Glimpse Into Gandhiji's Soul"); compilations of Gandhi's thoughts and sayings ("My God," "My Non-Violence," "My Philosophy of Life," "My Picture of Free India," "My Religion," "My Socialism," "My Soul's Agony," "Precious Pearls: Glittering Galaxy of Gandhian Gems, Teachings of Mahatma Gandhi on More Than Five Hundred Topics"); periodicals devoted to Gandhi's ideas; other bibliographies of Gandhian literature; sections on science, technology, agriculture, animal husbandry, medicine, art, philosophy, religion, psychology, education, and economics, each from a Gandhian point of view; and so on. Vir goes to the length of listing in a separate section two hundred and fifty-three books that Gandhi is known definitely to have read ("Constipation and Our Civilization," "How Green Was My Valley," "Trips to the Moon," "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "The Greatest Thing in the World"). For Kasturbai, however, there are only eleven entries, three of them mentions by Western writers. Gandhi's wife was neglected in life and seems to have been all but overlooked after death.

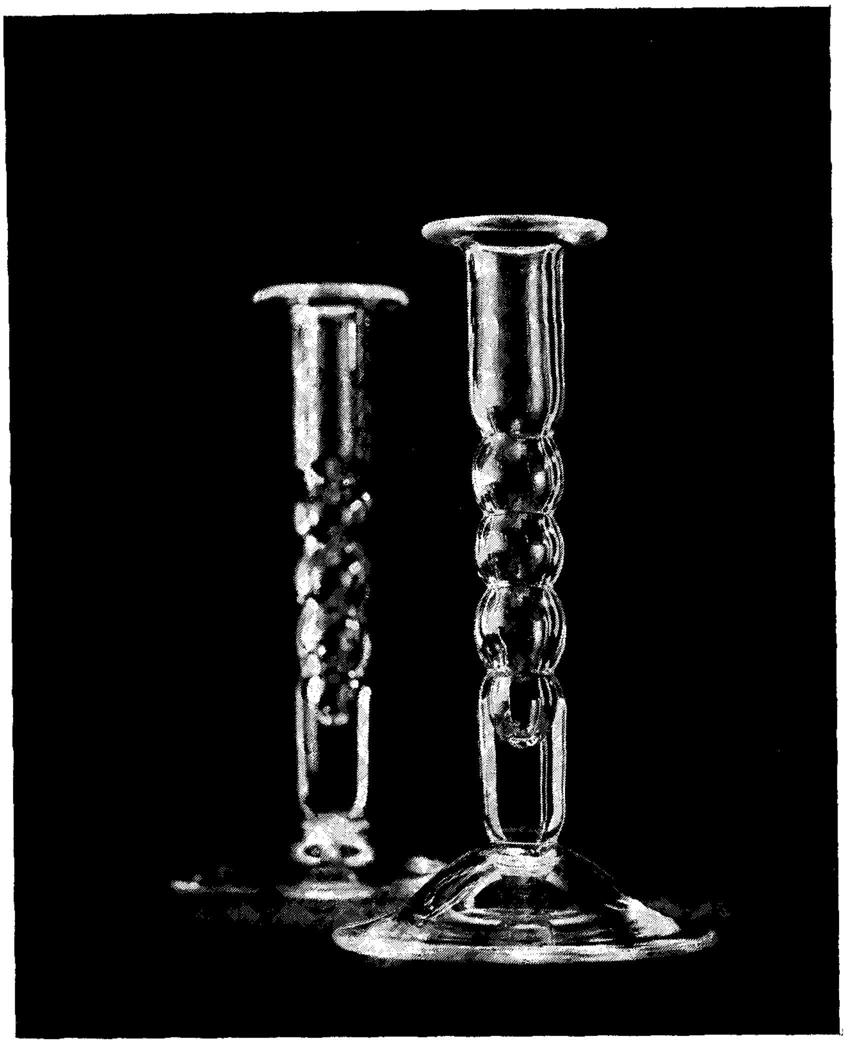
Now and again, a title or an annotation brings Gandhi to life and one can almost hear him inveighing against industrialism, atheism, cities, sex, drink, drugs, or even the use of English in India, or commending handicrafts, godliness, the village and the soil, or self-discipline and abstinence, but most of the time, as one leafs through Vir and Sharma, one's mind boggles at the benumbing crisscrossing of sometimes nearly identical titles and at the vast extent of Gandhiana. One gets the impression that practically everyone who ever spoke to Gandhi and could put pen to paper has written something about him, and that by now his every thought and action has been worked over and preserved by his editors, biographers, and bibliographers.

How strange, I think, that, of all people, Gandhi, who lived in such starkly simple circumstances, should be so encumbered after death. Perhaps part of the explanation lies in the fact that the recording and preserving of data are still something of a novelty for Hindus, who have in the past traditionally neglected history in favor of speculation, and whose written records, in any event, have rarely survived the ravages of conquerors and climate. Albert Einstein once said about Gandhi, "Generations to come, it may be, will scarce believe that such a one as this ever in flesh and blood walked upon this earth." Gandhi's contemporaries could themselves scarcely believe in the man of flesh and blood, so what hope is there of ever rediscovering him behind the myths, the legends, the apotheoses?

Family

GANDHI was exceptional among holy men in being a husband and father and in keeping his wife and children around him, even in the ashrams. All four of his sons are now dead, but many of his relatives, including two daughters-in-law, the father of one of them, and at least forty-seven direct descendants, are alive today. At the last known count, twenty-seven of the descendants live in India, ten in South Africa, six in the United States, three in Italy, and one in Switzerland. The adults among them do everything from selling life insurance to working in space engineering; one is a Moral Re-Armament evangelist.

Many of Gandhi's surviving relatives knew him intimately, and I visit a few of them in India, my first call being on Chakravarti Rajagopalachari, the father-in-law of Gandhi's youngest son, Devadas, who was born in 1900. With Nehru, Rajagopalachari was Gandhi's leading political associate, and from 1948 to 1950 he was Governor-General of independent India. When I visit Rajagopalachari, or Rajaji, in Madras, he is ninety-three years old, and spends most of his time in a bare room that has the antiseptic smell and look of a hospital room: trays of medicine and neat piles of books are lined up next to a high bed, which is almost



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Rajaji sits in a wheelchair near a long bench with a white cloth over it, apparently meant for visitors. He has little hair; small, lively eyes behind brown-rimmed spectacles; no teeth; a cleft chin; and strong, smooth hands. He is wearing a beige khadi shirt and vest, and has a brown robe thrown over his knees. "I have more ailments than I can count," he tells me. "And whenever the medical men come up with a treatment, I turn out to be allergic to it. On top of all that, look at the state the country's in—it's enough to turn me into a mental case."

As the founder and guiding spirit of the conservative Swatantra Party, Rajaji is famous for relentless diatribes against India's more recent rulers, who in his view have been leading the country into perdition. I quickly turn the conversation to Gandhi, and ask him what it was like to be Gandhi's fellow father-in-law.

"It is commonly said that the reason I was against my daughter Lakshmi's marrying Devadas was that we were born top Brahmans and the Gandhis were lower-caste Banyas," Rajaji says. "The truth is that Gandhiji and I both felt that our political association should not be cemented by a marriage alliance. We made the children wait for five years—or however many years it was—and then, since they still wanted to marry, we gave them our blessing. There are so many stories going around about Gandhiji. The tellers all claim them to be firsthand recollections, but they're mostly romanticized versions of reality."

"What do you have in mind?"

"It is now said that he was born so holy that he had a natural bent for fasting. In reality, he was one of the hungriest men I have ever known. That's why he thought of fasting as a penance. Vegetarians eat a greater bulk of food than non-vegetarians, but even for a vegetarian he had a huge appetite. He once told me that when he was a student his landlady in London was astonished by the amount of bread he consumed. Similarly, it is now said that he was born so holy that he had a natural bent for brahmacharya, but actually he was highly sexed. He tried to control his sexual desires, because he was convinced—and rightly so—that sex fritters away human energy, which is best conserved and directed into other channels. Will that do? That will do, I think. Everything he achieved was achieved through extraordinary self-discipline and renunciation. As I'm always saying to my Swatantra Party colleagues, character is the foundation of civilization. And nobody had more character than Gandhi. If we'd paid him enough heed, we would now have a whole new civilization, based on the principle of service."

"Have you ever looked at any of the books about Gandhi?"

"I don't care to. I knew him better than any of the authors, and that includes his so-called secretaries. They waited on him, they nursed him, but they didn't share in his intellectual life, as I did. As I never tire of saying to my Swatantra Party colleagues, everybody likes a successful man. Gandhi was strong and successful, so all kinds of people latched on to him. Nonetheless, he was starved for good conversation. That's one reason he especially appreciated me. I often made him laugh, but I can't remember how anymore. I think he mostly laughed at small things, and we joked a lot about the British. Now I would like to drop the subject. If I go on any longer, I will be writing a book myself."

Although talking seems to be a strain on Rajaji and he is often on the point of putting an end to the conversation, I still get the impression that he is enjoying himself.

"What do you think is Gandhi's future in India?"

"I have to give you a depressing answer, much as I don't like to. The glamour of modern technology, money, and power is so seductive that no one—I mean no one—can resist it. And it may be that because of Gandhi we got our freedom before we were ready, before we had developed our character to match the responsibility. The handful of Gandhians who still believe in his philosophy of a simple life in a simple society are mostly cranks."

OF Gandhi's four daughters-in-law, Nirmala, who was the wife of Ramdas, Gandhi's third son—born in 1897—was closest to him. She continues to live in the Gandhian way, staying in an old hut in the Sevagram Ashram, and I call on her there one morning. She is a short woman in her early sixties, with a generous mouth, large, weak eyes, and gray hair pulled back in a rather untidy long braid. She wears a white khadi sari with a simple hand-stitched purple border, and glasses with brown frames. Her manner is warm, energetic, and matronly. We sit on the veranda, on a small wooden bench with a turquoise khadi cloth over it. The sound of ashram residents praying can be heard in the background.

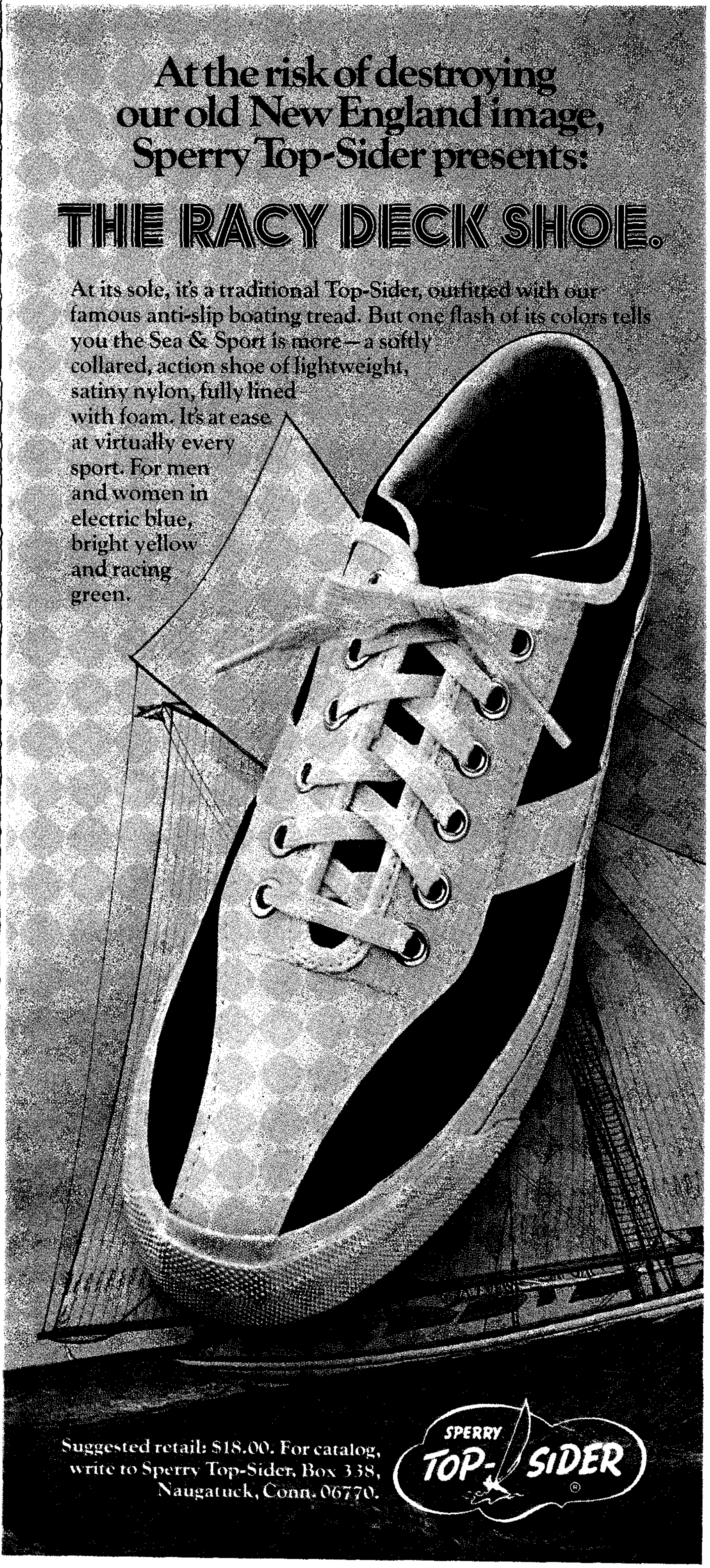
"I try to follow Bapu's example as best I can, though I do permit myself the luxury of electric lights," she tells me. "Bapu used to say that we shouldn't have electricity until every village in the country had it." She goes into the hut and returns with a cup of coffee for me. "Because coffee and tea were against Bapu's dietary rules, I don't drink either, but I serve them to my guests, as Ba did."

"Did you know Gandhi before you married?"

"My father died when I was nine," she says. Many of Gandhi's disciples grew up fatherless or orphaned. "I went to stay with my aunt, who lived in Sabarmati Ashram. I read the Bhagavad Gita every day for hours and secretly decided to become a brahmachari. But I was a favorite of Bapu's, and when I was sixteen he chose me to marry Ramdasji, who insisted on getting married, even though many people didn't in those days, because they didn't want to produce more slaves for the British. Bapu's wishes were law to me. When the details of my marriage were being discussed, my aunt told Bapu that, although I was perfectly healthy in every way, I was somewhat constipated. Bapu said, 'I know how to put that right.' He asked me, 'Will you do as I tell you to?' I said, 'I am a member of your family now, Bapu—I want you to teach me all your ways and look after me.' He put me on a diet of prune and orange juice, and told Ba to give me an enema. I felt very shy about taking an enema from my future mother-in-law, but Ba was gentle and motherly. After a couple of days, I learned to give myself an enema, and after a few days of juice I was also allowed to eat boiled vegetables and *khakhras*."

"Did you get married right away?" I ask.

"No," she replies. "Although Ramdas lived in the ashram, at that time he was in the nearby county of Bardoli. Poor peasants there were in revolt against heavy taxes, and he had told Bapu that he wanted to go just for a visit. But Bapu had said, 'You don't go to a fire just to look at it—you take a pitcher of water and try to put it out.' That's how Ramdasji came to take up his work in Bardoli. He turned out to be a very good organizer. I didn't like being left behind, but Bapu wanted us to wait until I was eighteen before we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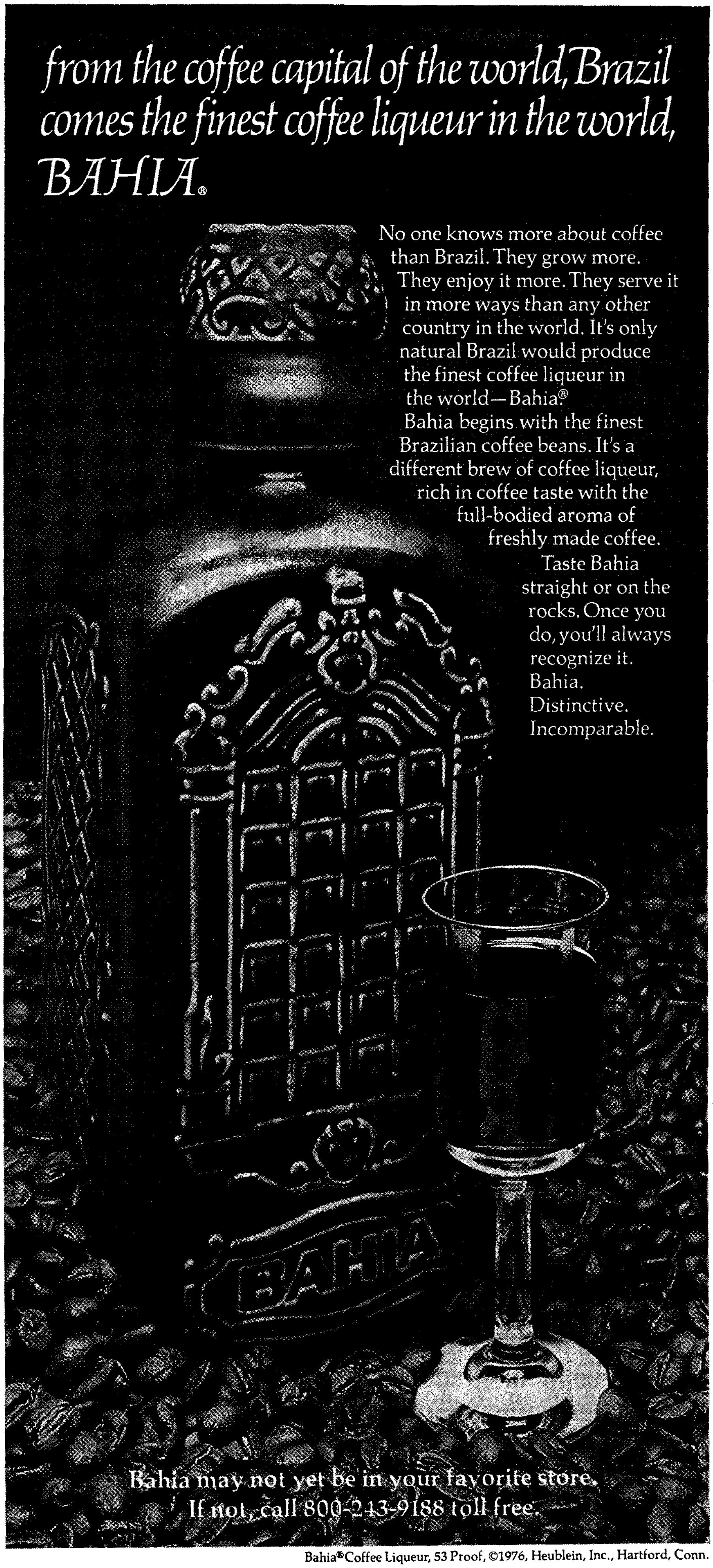

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got married, so that I would be more mature."

"How did you occupy yourself in the ashram?"

"I cut up fruit for Bapu, brought milk for Ba, washed clothes in the river, and fetched water from the well. I was very busy in the kitchen, too. We prepared meals for at least a hundred people every day, and making nice light *khakhras* for everybody took hours. Then, there was spinning and weaving, and teaching hymns and patriotic songs to the ashram children. In January, 1928, Ramdasji and I were married, at the ashram, and we went to live in Bardoli. I discovered that he was slightly constipated. I would make him eat boiled vegetables and *khakhras* for a few days—Bapu's plain diet—but then he would go back to his old eating habits. He liked rich, hot, spicy foods."

"What was it like living in Bardoli?"

"Ramdasji took a large house for us and filled it with expensive English things—spoons, china, clocks—and was always giving me beautiful khadi clothes. He was earning only forty rupees a month as a volunteer worker. I would say, 'We should live within our means. Anyway, what is the point of all this finery and good living? You may be sent to jail at any time.' And he would say, 'This home may be our last home, so let's be jolly, eat well, and be carefree. Let tomorrow take care of itself.' He was happy-go-lucky. He had a generous, extravagant nature. The simple, restrained ways of Bapu were not for him. I fell in step with him and kept our house in great style, giving frequent dinner parties for as many as twenty people. I worshipped Ramdasji and could never do enough for him, but there was no hiding our differences. He liked the cinema; I thought it corrupting. Right after we were married, he found me reading one of Bapu's tracts on celibacy. He said, 'What are you doing, reading that stuff?' One morning, I started vomiting. We were both frightened, not knowing what caused it, but the women neighbors laughed and said, 'You're not sick—you're expecting.' A doctor confirmed that I was. Ramdasji took very good care of me. He would sit with me all day long, rubbing my head and massaging my feet. Imagine, a man ministering to a woman! It made me very shy, especially since he wouldn't stop even when we had visitors. Our daughter Sumitra was born in October, 1929, but our carefree days were short-lived. In April, 1930, Bapu marched to Dandi, on the seacoast, in order to defy the oppressive salt laws, which, among other things, required every Indian to buy salt from the British and pay a tax on it. Bapu made his own salt, and tens of thousands of people, including Ramdasji, followed his example. They were all sent to jail for their civil-disobedience campaign. I, too, would have marched to defy the laws, but Bapu directed some of us women to stay home and take care of the children, the old, and the sick. For the next three years, Ramdasji was in and out of jail, and by the time he was out of jail for good he was a physical wreck—even an orange would upset his stomach. He couldn't find a job, and we had two daughters and a son by then. Poor Ramdasji! He always blamed Bapu for not giving him any formal Western education to speak of—Bapu didn't believe in it. He thought all types of work, big or small, equally worthwhile. In fact, he thought that running a good kitchen was more important than teaching at a university, since the universities supported British rule. Poor, poor Ramdasji! His happy moments were really few and far between. He had been born and brought up in South Africa, with its bracing climate, good food, and domestic comforts. He was seventeen when he came back to India, and was quite Anglicized. He never really adjusted to our hot climate and Bapu's decision to live like a poor man. Moreover, just at that time Bapu was experimenting with diet, and all that anyone in the ashram ate was groundnuts, dates, gur, and *khakhras*. The diet did not agree with Ramdasji at all. Later on, Bapu sent him back to South Africa, where he really belonged. But he died in Bombay, in 1969."

"Did you go to South Africa with him?"

"No, I went back with the children to live with Bapu."

ONE of Gandhi's granddaughters—Sumitra, the eldest daughter of Ramdas and Nirmala Gandhi—is a Member of Parliament. She is married to Gajanand Kulkarni, a college teacher. They have three children and live in a pleasant, modest house in Delhi.

A servant shows me into a dining room furnished in middle-class fashion, with several electrical appliances on display, and a blue batik of Ganesh, the elephant god, on the wall. Mr. Kulkarni is supervising the children at lunch—nine-year-old twin boys and a seven-year-old girl. There is a lot of laughing and talking.

"I'm Shrikrishna Kulkarni," one of

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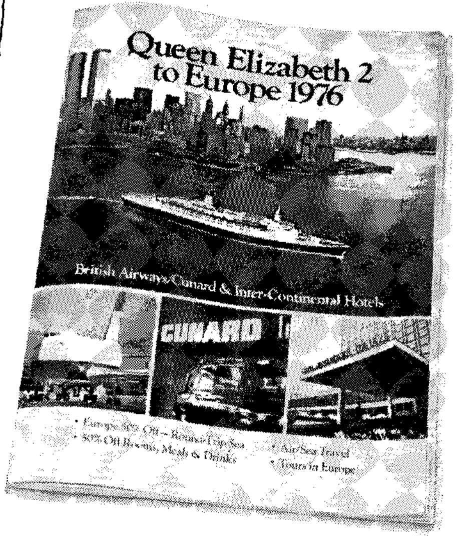
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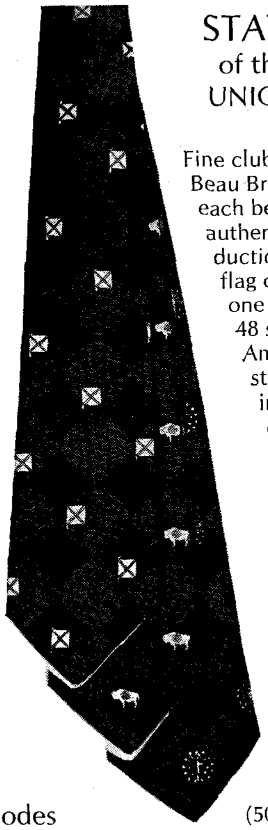

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the boys announces self-importantly. "My brother's name is Ramchandra Kulkarni. My sister's name is Sonali Kulkarni."

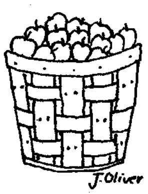
"I'm seven and a half," Sonali says.

"You're eight and a half," the boys say in unison.

The children's lunch is over, and the boys get down on the floor and start drawing rockets and bombers on sheets of paper.

"This is Soni and that's Mumtaz," Sonali says, pointing to a black Pomeranian puppy and a Siamese cat.

"Who named the cat Mumtaz?" I ask, struck by the fact that Gandhi's great-grandchildren should have a cat with the name of the Moghul empress extravagantly immortalized in the Taj Mahal by her bereaved husband, the Emperor Shah Jahan.



"The emperor did," Sonali says, chasing Mumtaz around the room.

"We have a house in Ahmedabad, where I teach at the Indian Institute of Management," Mr. Kulkarni tells me, "but since my wife's election to the Parliament we must also keep a house here. I'm constantly flying back and forth." He is a mild-mannered man with a round face and a broad, flat nose, and is dressed in a beige-and-brown plaid bush shirt, light khaki pants, and leather sandals.

I ask him how his wife happened to go into politics.

"Mrs. Gandhi spotted her at a political rally and offered her the chance to run on the New Congress Party ticket for Gujarat." The reference is to Prime Minister Indira Gandhi, who is not related to Mahatma Gandhi. "Sumitra hesitated, because for seventeen years she'd been an officer in the Indian Administrative Service, with a good salary and life tenure, and she didn't want to give all that up, but eventually she accepted. The election was a hard fight, for even though Gandhiji came from the Gujarat area, people said that she was not really a Gujarati. Still, she won."

Mrs. Kulkarni arrives in a great flurry. Moving with a good deal of energy and speaking rapidly in a somewhat high voice, she greets everybody, including Mumtaz and Soni. She is a short, plump woman in her forties, with black hair pulled back into a large bun at her nape. Like her mother, she has a generous mouth and large, weak eyes. She is dressed in a light-gray sari with green embroidery, and black patent-leather sandals, and wears tortoiseshell glasses, a *bindi* (the beauty mark that a Hindu woman often puts on her forehead), a pair of diamond earrings, a two-strand necklace of black beads, a gold bangle wristwatch, a gold bracelet, and, on her left hand, a large gold ring with a red stone. Her toenails are painted red and her fingernails pink.

"At least have some rice pudding," she says to me. "I had it made specially for you, because we believe that it brings a guest good luck."

After lunch, she and I retire to the living room, which is sparsely and rather haphazardly furnished. A small photograph of Gandhi, smiling, sits on the mantel over the fireplace, and on one wall are pictures of Kasturbai and Ramdas.

The telephone rings, and she says demurely into the mouthpiece, "What news? . . . I'm expecting no news. . . . News about being appointed Minister? . . . No, I don't believe . . ." She gesticulates a lot at the mouthpiece—shakes a finger for emphasis, and spreads out her palm eloquently. Suddenly, her voice becomes excited and eager. "You've heard something? . . . What? . . . Oh, you think the Council of Ministers is meeting this afternoon? . . . The moment you hear something, ring me."

She hangs up, and says to me, "If I have ended up with some power, it's because I'm a very determined woman. You see, I was an ungainly child with an acute squint in my left eye. In fact, I was going blind. Gandhiji, whom we called Grandfather, used to say, 'What will happen to this child with a squint? Who will marry her?' Everyone felt sorry for me. I resented it but bore it silently. My squint was finally corrected—or ninety-eight per cent corrected, anyway—at the Massachusetts General Hospital. I happened to be in the United States doing my postgraduate education. If it hadn't been for the squint, however, I would never have broken out of Grandfather's self-contained little world, worked so hard and with such determination, and got so far. But you probably don't want to hear all this." I say I do, and she continues, "My earliest memories are of Sevagram. It was like Peyton Place." Her whole face wrinkles with laughter. She has a hearty, happy chuckle.

The telephone rings again, and there is more speculation on whether she will or will not be invited to join the Council of Ministers.

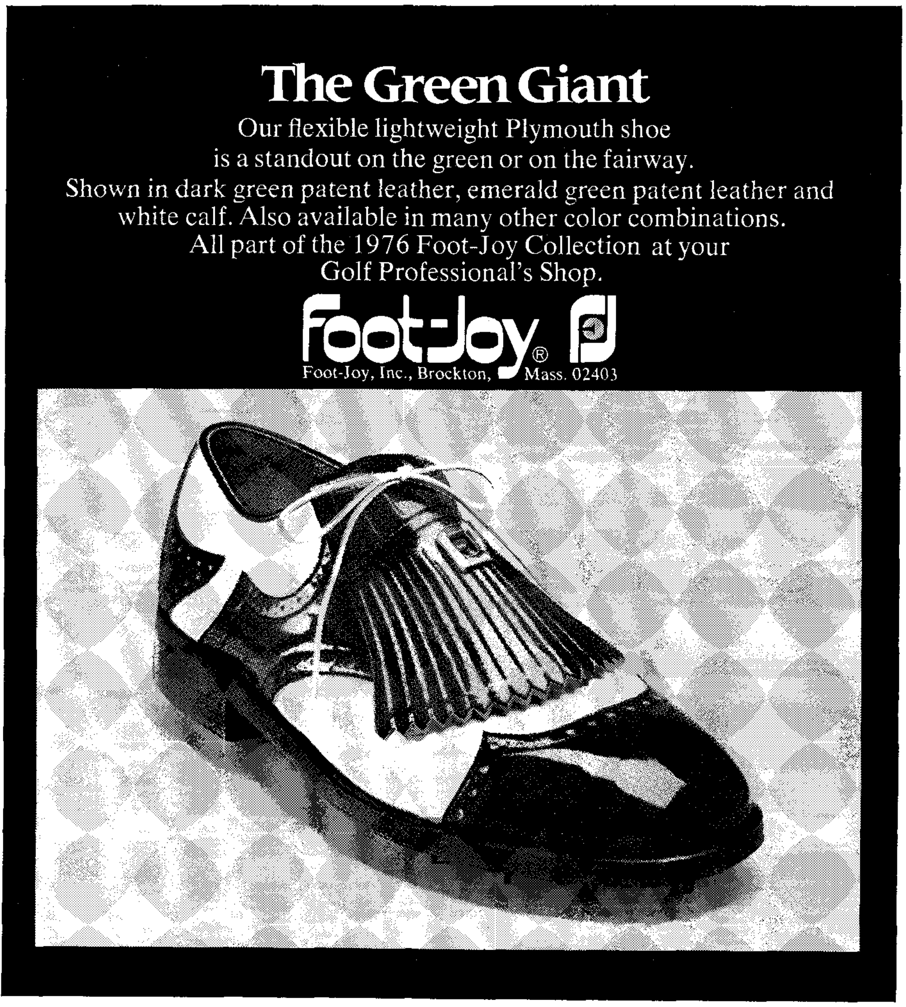
"I didn't like Sevagram," she says afterward, "and insisted on a formal, Western type of education with degrees—something that I knew my father always resented having been denied by Grandfather. It led to a lot of dissension between Grandfather and me. He wanted all his grandchildren to go to his Basic Education School at Sevagram. I refused to have anything to do with it. He was very angry, but when I was ten he let me go to a school that was something between his school and an English-type boarding school. After I graduated, Grandfather said, 'Where is the need for further formal education? Come and be my secretary—I will train you.' I said, 'I don't want to be one of your inferior secretaries, who wash your clothes and utensils, organize your meals, make appointments, usher people in and out, and are filled with self-importance.' The really superior people, like Nehru, were never Grandfather's secretaries. They had been educated in England and were so independent they didn't feel the need to live with him at all. I wanted to be like them."

"What did Gandhi say?"

"He said I was a very obstinate girl. But he let me go to the Hindu University, at Benares. All the time I was there, though, he kept saying, 'Come and work as my secretary. What sense is there in degrees?' I was working for my M.A. when he died." She takes off her sandals, rubs her feet together, and tucks them under her. "Everyone under the sun wanted to be known as a secretary to the Mahatma. The moment he died, they were all suddenly brought face to face with reality—without him they were nothing."

BENEFACTORS

ALTHOUGH Gandhi lived like a poor man, his ashram was the headquarters of a vast social and political movement, reaching into every corner of the country, and it required considerable financial support. Ironically, it was not easy, either, to maintain Gandhi in his exacting, simple style of life, especially when he and his entourage were travelling from village to village or from continent to continent. The poet Sarojini Naidu, who has been described as "the licensed jester of the Mahatma's little court," once quipped, "It costs a great deal of money to keep Gandhiji living in poverty." Most of the money for the support of both Gandhi and his movement was donated by three merchant princes—Ambalal Sarabhai, Jamnalal Bajaj, and Ghanshyam Das Birla—who were among his followers. In fact, practically all the members of the Sa-



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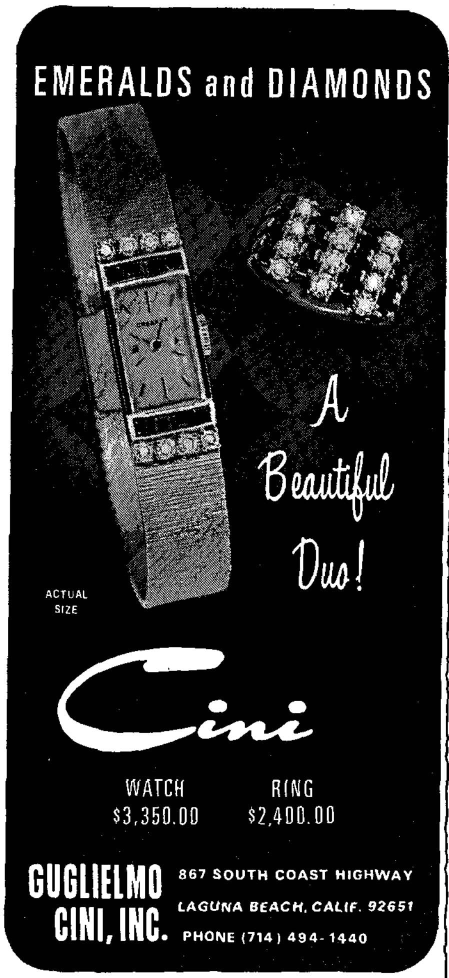
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rabhai and Bajaj families became devotees of Gandhi.

Ambalal Sarabhai, a great calico merchant and patron of the arts, is survived by his wife, Saraladevi, who lives, as she and her husband did for many years, in a huge family compound called the Retreat, in Ahmedabad. A guard at the gate waves my car through, and I am driven along a curving dirt road through junglelike luxuriance, alive with chipmunks and peacocks. Magnificent lily ponds, exquisite old statues, and Moghul-inspired decorative pavilions appear one after another, providing a fairyland setting for a half-dozen large, modern houses, in which various members of the Sarabhai family live. How it contrasts with Gandhi's ashrams, not to mention the hellish stench, clash, and clatter of the Sarabhai Calico Mills, on which the family's fortunes rest! I visited the mills, which are just a few miles away, earlier in the day, and was overwhelmed by the mixture of primitive and modern industrial working conditions: armies of women carrying loaded baskets on their heads, men with skin diseases pushing low carts, and everything and everyone covered in a blizzard of cotton lint flying off sleek, high-powered machines. After losing my way several times in the Retreat, I eventually arrive at Mrs. Sarabhai's house—an elegant two-story beige stucco structure, which was probably built around the time of the First World War—and am received in a drawing room.

Mrs. Sarabhai turns out to be a small, self-contained, aristocratic woman, possibly in her sixties, with graying black hair. She is dressed in a white khadi sari and is carrying a small white cloth bag and a prayer book.

She telephones for a servant to bring us tea—servants, all dressed in white khadi kurtas, pajamas, and Gandhi caps, are constantly passing to and fro—and I try to get her to talk about her husband and Gandhi and their business relationship, but she is not very forthcoming. I gather that for her both men have become such sacred memories that even talking about them would be a profanation. At one point, however, she tells me, "There was something in Bapuji that was irresistible. Because of him, my husband did all he could for his workers and their families—medically, educationally, and in whatever way he could. In his own way, he became imbued with the spirit of Bapuji and became what you might call a benevolent paternalist. He used to say that Gandhiism alone had the power to defeat Communism. I myself started wearing khadi about 1928, not because it was in vogue at the time but because I really believed in its message—decentralization of industry and work. Most of us think in one way and speak in another way and act in yet another way. Not so with Bapuji. He said what he believed and put into practice what he said, so his mind, spirit, and body were in harmony."

JAMNALAL BAJAJ was born into a poor family but at the age of four was adopted by a wealthy man. When he was seventeen, he inherited a fortune from his foster grandfather, and he used it to become one of the leading financiers and cotton merchants in India. He and his wife, Janakidevi, sometimes lived with Gandhi in his ashrams, and, in fact, it was Bajaj who gave Gandhi the land for Sevagram Ashram. When Bajaj died, in 1942, his wife gave away most of their wealth to the particular Gandhian cause in which her husband, an orthodox Hindu, had been most interested: the breeding and tending of cows, which Hindus worship as a symbol of motherhood—in part, no doubt, because they provide milk for nourishment, dung for fuel and fertilizer, and bullocks for plowing the fields and drawing water from the wells.

Mrs. Bajaj is at present staying with her married daughter in Old Delhi, and she and her daughter receive me in a drawing room typical of the modestly well-to-do. It has a semicircular gold couch, a multicolored rug, and numerous ivory, wood, and terra-cotta curios. Mrs. Bajaj is a gray-haired woman with a girlish air. She has a strong, wrinkled face with small features, brown eyes (one slightly larger than the other), and smooth, young-looking hands. She is wearing a white khadi sari, the loose end of which covers her dark-gray hair, and she has a green shawl over her shoulders. She is carrying a green drawstring bag embroidered with white camels. On her left arm are white bracelets, and on her right are wooden holy beads, which she casually fingers, murmuring "*Hare Ram, Hare Ram.*"

"I got married when I was nine, *Hare Ram, Hare Ram,*" she tells me. "My husband was thirteen, and we were both from orthodox Banya families. I had been brought up hearing that our women ancestors in Rajasthan used to commit suttee and afterward were worshipped as goddesses. As soon as I got married, I thought of committing suttee, so that I, too, would be worshipped, *Hare Ram, Hare Ram.* I didn't know you had to be a widow before you could commit suttee. I found out just in time, *Hare Ram, Hare Ram.*" She spits out a bit of something she is chewing.

"How did your husband become Gandhi's benefactor?" I ask.

"My husband had read a lot about Bapuji's activities in South Africa, and he was overwhelmed by the thought that any Indian could be so famous abroad. When Bapuji returned to India, my husband went to see him. The moment my husband—he was twenty-six at the time—set eyes on Bapuji, he recognized a new father in him. He asked Bapuji, 'What are the expenses of your ashram?' Bapuji named a figure, and my husband immediately wrote out a check." She makes a small, delicate gesture with her right hand, without disturbing the holy beads on her arm. "It was fifteen thousand rupees, *Hare Ram, Hare Ram.*"

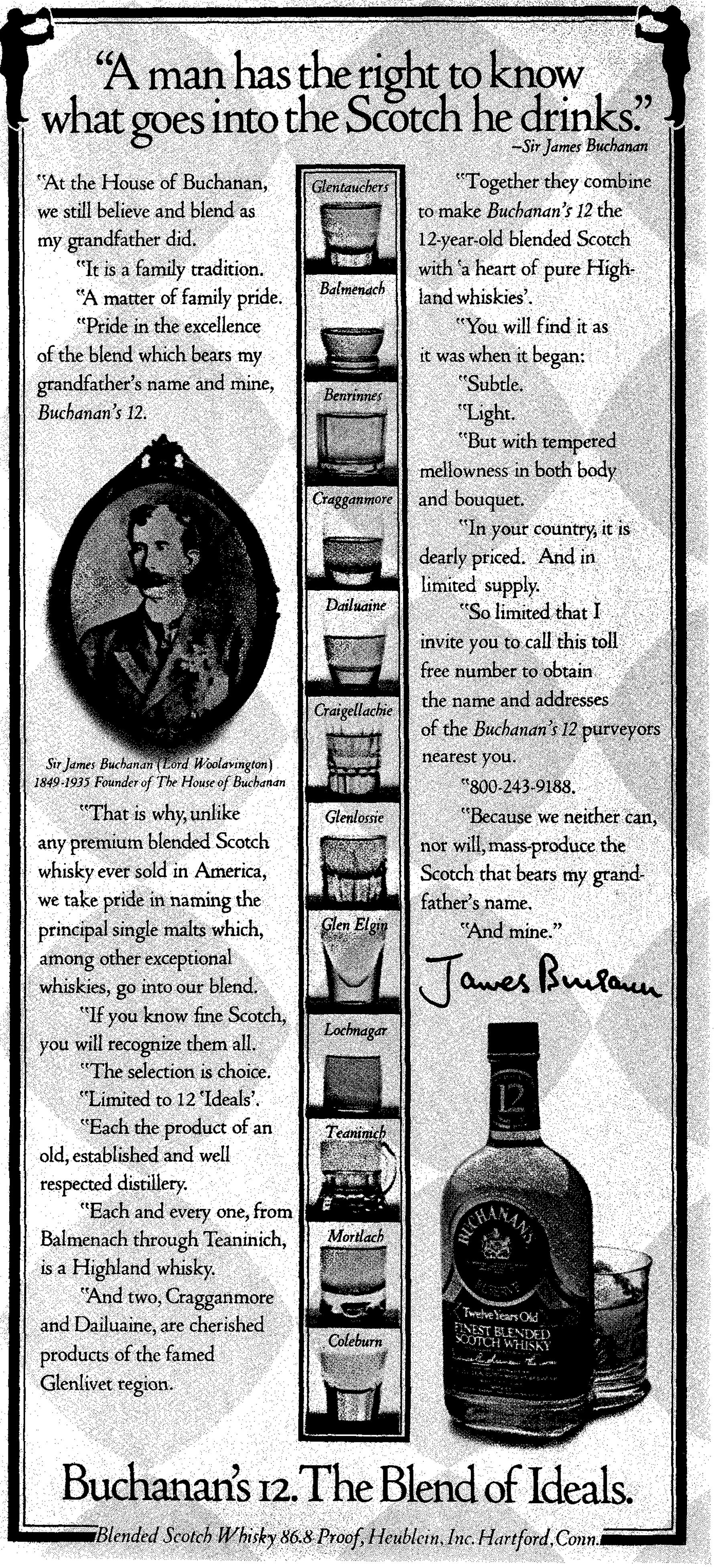
"That would be fifteen hundred thousand rupees at today's value," her daughter says, in a strident voice, giving what is actually an exorbitant figure. She is a prosperous-looking black-haired woman wearing large glasses with black half frames and a white sari printed with small red flowers, and she has clearly been waiting for a chance to break into the conversation.

"They used to say that Bapuji was a storm that blew my husband hither and thither," Mrs. Bajaj continues. "Bapuji said, 'Boycott British goods, they are sinful,' and in 1921 we made a bonfire of everything we had that was British, *Hare Ram, Hare Ram*—the carpets, the upholstered furniture, the silk saris. What we burned was worth three hundred thousand rupees."

"That would be thirty million rupees today," the daughter puts in.

"Didn't Gandhi disapprove of such ostentatious waste?" I ask.

"If he had known of our intention, he would have made us give all those things to an institution," Mrs. Bajaj replies. "But my husband said, 'Since it's sinful for us to enjoy these things, it must be sinful for other people to enjoy them. Why should we pass on our sin?' *Hare Ram, Hare Ram.*" She spits out another bit of whatever it is she's chewing. "After the bonfire, we covered everything—our bodies, our beds, our floors, our



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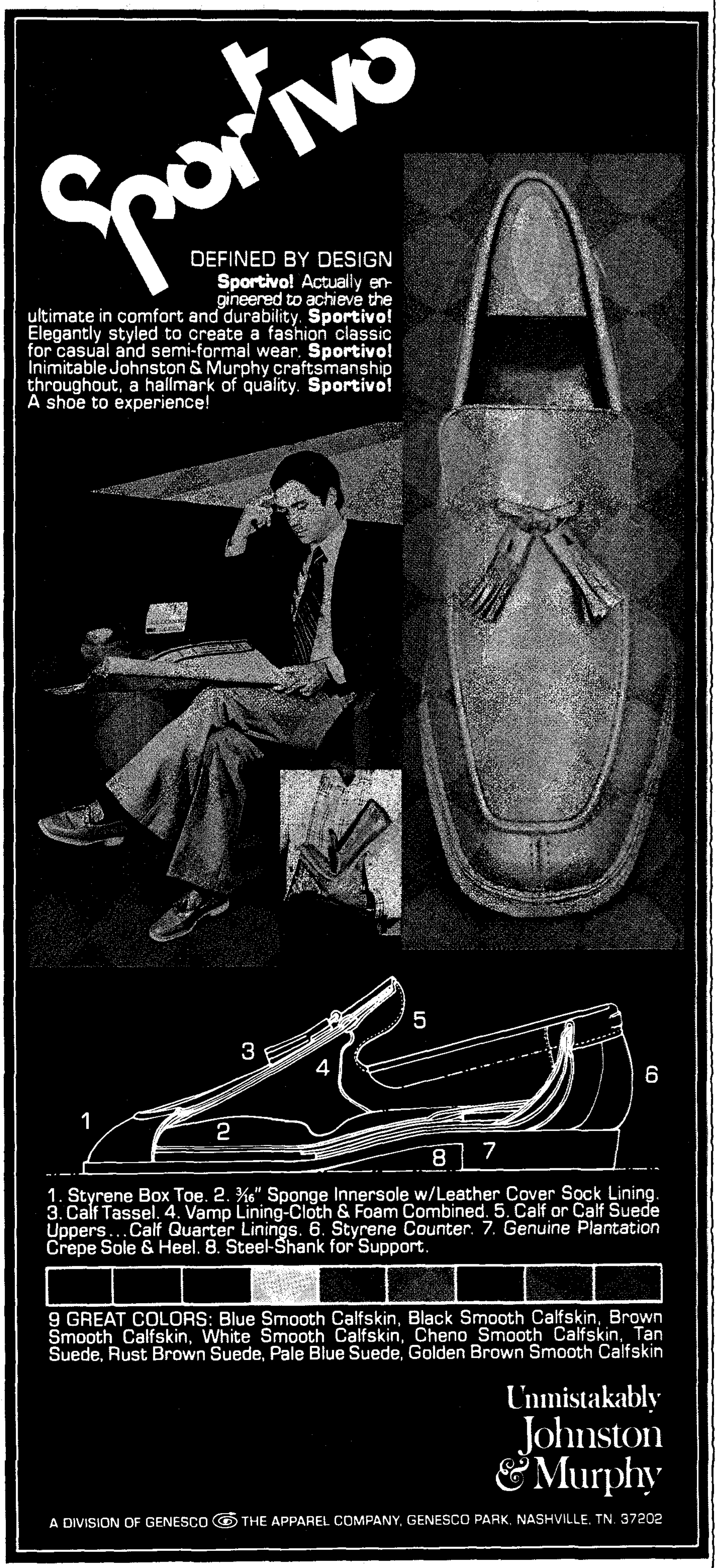

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sofas—with coarse khadi, dyed in turmeric from my own kitchen."

"After Bapuji's death, Mother accepted Vinoba Bhave as her guru," the daughter says.

"I walked with Vinobaji for years," Mrs. Bajaj says. "Ten or fifteen miles a day, begging land for the poor. It was very hard, changing camp every day, because I never eat anything I haven't prepared with my own hands. Everyone knows that Muslims and Harijans have dirty habits." ("Harijans," or "children of God," was Gandhi's term for untouchables.) She spits.

"How did you manage in Gandhi's ashrams, where you had to eat food communally prepared by Muslims, Harijans, and all sorts of other people, whatever their caste or religion?" I ask.

"In the ashrams, everyone was very clean," she replies. "We all ate out of each other's hands. But everyone knew that Muslims and Harijans outside the ashram had dirty habits, *Hare Ram, Hare Ram.*"

GHANSHYAM DAS BIRLA, benefactor and follower of Gandhi for thirty-two years, gave him more money for his causes than anyone else. The Birlas and their rivals the Tatas are business dynasties that have been responsible for most of the major privately owned industry in India, the Birlas having an interest in practically everything—metal, coal, chemicals, plastics, textiles, jute, paper, automobiles, bicycles, foodstuffs, sugar, real estate, banking, insurance, newspapers. In a book that Birla wrote about Gandhi in 1953, entitled "In the Shadow of the Mahatma," he is quite vague about how his family accumulated its wealth, except to say that his grandfather, at the age of eighteen, with scarcely a paisa to his name, set out from his village in Rajasthan to make his fortune in Bombay, and that by the time he himself was born, in 1894, the family was well established. He says that he entered the family business when he was twelve, and eventually became managing director. In the book, he never addresses himself to vague allegations, made by some detractors, that in the years following Gandhi's death he exploited his connection with Gandhi to get favored treatment from the government, enabling him to consolidate and expand his monopolies. He does print an abundance of letters and telegrams that he and Gandhi exchanged, which show that they enjoyed a close relationship. Once, when Birla came down with a cough, Gandhi, ever ready with nature cures and home remedies, sent him the following letter:

SEVAGRAM, 20-3-45

MY DEAR GHANSHYAM DAS,

...What are you taking, how much and when, what vegetables are you taking, and are you taking them raw, or boiled? I hope the water is not thrown away. Bread prepared from bran will not be a better substitute for toast. The flour is not separated from the chaff, I hope. If you are taking milk, then how much? Whatever else you may take, you must take one-half ounce of butter well spread over the toast or bread prepared from bran, together with salad. If you develop indigestion, then you can discontinue other things, but not butter. Take a deep breath; it is very necessary. Close one nostril and breathe deeply with the other—by increasing it gradually you can do it for half an hour at a stretch. Utter the word Ram with every breath you take. When doing breathing exercises, you should have air on all sides; open air is preferable. This has to be done in the morning as a matter of course; and thereafter when the food has been digested. This exercise must be taken at least four times a day. After taking a deep breath, it should be discharged. This practice should be observed from the beginning. This moves the bowels and induces sleep. If you will do this exercise wisely you will get rid of the cough soon enough.

With Bapu's blessings.

Though Birla is in his eighties now, he continues to play an active part in his business empire, flying from city to city, often in his private plane, and staying at one or another of numerous houses he or his businesses own. He is probably the most inaccessible public figure in India, but I eventually track him down at Vihar House, on a large estate thirteen miles outside Bangalore, in South India.

A long, winding drive bordered by beds of flowers of all kinds leads up to a rather substantial suburban-looking house, which stands next to a gleaming, white-domed temple. The living room is large and airy. Its floor, of stone, is mostly covered by a plain beige carpet, and on the carpet are two opulent Oriental rugs. There are a couch and armchairs upholstered in rich orange brocade. One wall is lined with books—mostly Western best-sellers, and volume upon volume of the *Reader's Digest* Condensed Books. French windows framed by lavender-pink draperies look out onto a terrace, and at the far end of the room, partly concealed by a carved wooden screen, is a long, polished dining table, near which a servant hovers. The clink of china and rattle of silver come from somewhere nearby.

A tall, slightly potbellied elderly

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man enters and sits down in an armchair next to a bright-red modern telephone. He is handsome and well preserved, with straight white hair neatly trimmed at the back of his head. There are vertical wrinkles in his forehead between small, watchful eyes, and he has a large, straight nose and thin lips. His mouth is slightly askew with age, but he seems to have all his teeth. He wears a gold polo shirt made of a crinkly material, light-beige linen trousers, sporty brown suède shoes, avocado-green socks, and a gold wristwatch. He is Birla.

I compliment him on his garden.

"I'm not responsible for it," he says offhandedly. "It's the beautiful Bangalore climate that does it."

It is said that, unlike J. R. D. Tata, the head of the Tata empire, who is a modern, Westernized business executive, Birla is a moneylender and merchant of the old school, an Indian-style tycoon, secretive about his wealth and power. I ask him about the two methods now.

"The difference is that I am religious and Tata is not," he says. "He's therefore frustrated, and I am content. I don't know about his business methods, but my business runs on auto-pilot—I'm only called in to make the big, momentous decisions."

"Mr. Birla has no equal in business," says a man who has come in and is standing like a bearer behind Birla's chair. He is in his forties and has thick, wavy black hair and a square, heavy face—slightly pitted—and he wears a green-and-white striped shirt and gray trousers.

Birla introduces him perfunctorily as the director of the Mysore Cements, Limited, of which he himself is the chairman, and goes on, "I can't speak for Tata, but I am a simple man, with simple habits. I live simply and eat simple food. I was left a widower when I was thirty-two, and I have never remarried. I have always gone it alone."

"What did you think of Gandhi's business acumen?" I ask.

"He was certainly a Banya," Birla says. "He sent me detailed accounts of everything that he spent or that was spent for him, down to the last paisa, even though I told him he could spend the money I gave him in any way he liked. But he had no business sense in the real meaning of the term. His greatness lay in other fields."

Birla, who seems to have a slight catarrh, clears his throat frequently. At every cough, the director starts, as though expecting a command. Receiving none, he continues to listen with devout attention from behind Birla's chair.

"How much money would you say you contributed to Gandhi's causes over the years?"

Birla bites his lip and picks at the arm of his chair. "I could refuse him nothing—I financed all his spiritual activities in the Sevagram period—but I never kept account of what I sent him. I could probably come up with a rough estimate, but I'd just as soon not."

"Did your connection with Gandhi ever prove useful to you in a business way?"

"Gandhiji was certainly not of any use to me in a business way. He did, however, influence my character. No one could be close to him without being transformed. He knew he had this effect on people. He told me once, as a joke, 'I would not mind living even with Satan, but I don't think Satan would live with me for long.' "

"Did you ever live with him?"

He continues to bite his lip and pick at the arm of his chair. "I once lived in Sevagram Ashram for a whole month. It was an awkward business. Gandhiji had instructed his secretary Mahadev Desai to clean my commode. When I found out, I told Gandhiji that my servant would clean my commode in the ashram, just as he did at home. Gandhiji said he wouldn't countenance this, and I said, 'In that case, I won't stay in your ashram. I certainly won't allow Mahadev Desai to do something I wouldn't do myself, and it would be hypocritical for me to do something in the ashram that I would never do at home.' Ultimately, I won out. The servant did it."

"I get the impression from your book that Gandhi was practically your family doctor."

"He was a great doctor of the nature cure. I used to get lots of colds, and, as with most of our countrymen, my digestion has always been poor. He helped me by supervising my diet, and doing other things like that. But he helped everybody. When Sir Stafford Cripps was in Delhi, he developed some stomach trouble, and Gandhiji even helped him. He used to send Cripps a pot of curds every day."

"Did he ever encourage you to give away any part of your wealth?"

"Gandhiji had no particular animosity toward businessmen. He never tried to persuade them to renounce their wealth, because he believed that businessmen held their wealth in trust for the benefit of all. As the Bhagavad Gita says, every man must do his duty—which means that if you're a wealthy man you must do your duty by your wealth. A businessman's karma is to amass wealth, and his dharma is to provide for the general welfare—always cultivating detachment from his wealth, however."

"But Gandhi did not approve of big industries for India. Your own big, assembly-line factories surely run counter to his ideas of village handicrafts."

"I never agreed with his notions on economics, and he never tried to urge them on me. Gandhiji believed in a medieval economic system. He would say, 'My inner voice tells me such-and-such'—about economics or whatever—but he was hallucinating."

"Do you really think Indians are better off working in your factories than in village industries?"

"I think housing and education are better in the cities, but the factory workers become victims of other evils—alcoholism and worse—yet that's their own fault. People aren't satisfied living in the villages anymore. The simple life might have done for the Middle Ages, but it simply won't do for modern times. People want more and more."

"Are you implying that you are more modern in your outlook than Gandhi was?"

"No, he was more modern than I. When he was a student in England, he learned ballroom dancing and was a regular dandy. He knew the ways of the modern world. But he made a conscious decision to go back to the Middle Ages."

"You wouldn't deny that you and Gandhi are very different in your approaches to the poor. He tried to identify with them."

"His way of identifying with the poor was to wear khadi. And to please him even I sometimes used to put on khadi."

"It wasn't just khadi, was it? I thought he tried to set an example of how one could live simply, do everything with one's own hands. Anyway, how does it feel to be such a rich man in such a poor country?"

"Why should I feel guilty? I live for the poor people. When I ride through the Bombay streets in my car, I see a little vacant lot and I say to myself, 'This is a good site for a school for the poor,' and I am able to build it."

"So what you mean by living for the poor is that you espouse good causes."

"Yes. But, as it happens, I've also

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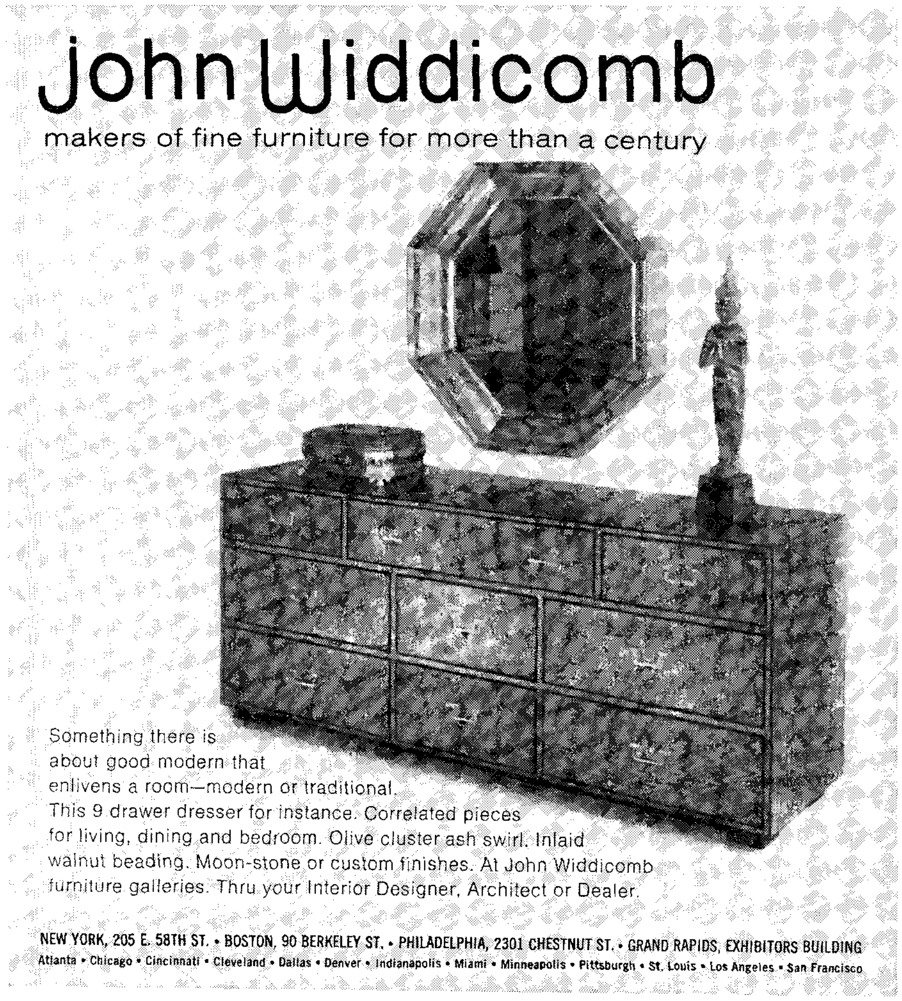

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renounced all my wealth. For instance, I'm only a guest in this big house; it doesn't belong to me—it belongs to the Mysore Cements, Limited. Whatever wealth I had I've passed on to my sons or to other people. As I told the BBC the other day, I'm *not a rich* man—I don't even qualify for the supertax."

"Paying taxes is hardly a test of wealth. Plenty of the rich don't. Anyway, you are the managing director of the Birla group of industries."

"I don't know what you mean by the Birla group," he says. "I'm aware of no such animal."

"Do you mean you are denying the existence of the Birla group?"

"It's all shareholders' money, public money. We only manage it for them."

"Would you describe yourself as a capitalist?"

"No. 'Capitalist' to me means someone who keeps a certain amount of capital for himself. I don't do that."

"But 'capitalist' *usually* means something quite different. It's usually applied to big industrialists who make money from other people's labor."

"All I'm prepared to say is that I am for importing the American capitalist system into India and Indianizing it."

"I remember reading a letter from Gandhi in your book counselling you to go around on foot, so that you could get to know the common people. And yet you are the most inaccessible person in India."

"The difficulty with Gandhiji's counsel is that you can't define who the common people are."

"It's hard to imagine two people more different than you and Gandhi. What drew you to him?"

"I went to him when I was in my twenties. He gave me lots of his time, and afterward, when I wrote to him, he replied immediately. Both of these things were very unusual things for a great man to do, and they made me his devotee for life."

"Do you have any other heroes besides Gandhi?"

"Yes—one. General Dwight D. Eisenhower." —VED MEHTA

(*This is the first of a series of three articles.*)

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THE THEATRE

ECHT BRECHT

Joseph Papp has brought to the stage of the Vivian Beaumont a sensationally attractive production of "The Threepenny Opera," by Bertolt Brecht and Kurt Weill. In the course of the evening, Jonathan Peachum, the infamous leader of a ring of London beggars, has a good deal to say about the wisdom of acquiring money and the still greater wisdom of never surrendering a farthing of it; flying in the face of Mr. Peachum, I am tempted to offer a refund to anyone who fails to enjoy himself at this bawdy, comical, misanthropic, and continuously melodious show. That irrepressible fusillade of compliments aside, perhaps the next thing I should say about the production is that it appears to be much more nearly the "Dreigroschenoper" that Brecht and Weill put on in Berlin in 1928 than is Marc Blitzstein's charming, intentionally free adaptation of the work, which opened here in 1954 at the Theatre de Lys, and ran for six years. The translation being used at the Vivian Beaumont is a new one, made by the scholars Ralph Manheim and John Willett, who are currently engaged in translating all of Brecht into English.

Mr. Papp may have feared that the Blitzstein version of the show would be so familiar to us, either from our having seen the original production or from our having heard the many subsequent recordings (among them Louis Armstrong's once inescapable "Mack the Knife"), that we would tend to look with disfavor on the Manheim-Willett version. No such thing—the present show is every bit as delightful as its predecessor and has gained greatly in artistry by its accurate reflection of Brecht's farouche style. He was a political activist whose didactic purpose was best served by the use of a bullying harshness of language and by a calculated suppression of intelligence; the Brechtian sallies against capitalism are both eloquent and simpleminded. (The murderous thief Captain Macheath on the gallows: "We lower-middle-class artisans who work with humble jimmies on small shopkeepers' cash registers are being swallowed up by big corporations backed by the banks. What's a jimmy compared with a share certificate? What's breaking into a bank compared with founding a bank? What's murdering a man compared with hiring a man?")

What we respond to with ever-increasing pleasure in "The Threepenny Opera" is the tension induced by the oddity of the marriage between Brecht's savagery and Weill's sweet tunefulness; words and music unexpectedly become one by dint of being adversaries. In the "Ballad of Immoral Earnings," Macheath sings:

There was a time, now very far away,
When we set up together, I and she.
I had the brains, and she supplied the
  breast.
I did her right, and she supported me . . .
That time's long past, but what would
  I not give
To see that whorehouse where we used
  to live?

Then Jenny sings:

That was the time, now very far away,
He was so sweet and bashed me where
  it hurt.
And when the cash ran out the feathers
  really flew.
He'd up and say: I'm going to pawn
  your skirt . . .
That time's long past, but what would
  I not give
To see that whorehouse where we used
  to live?

And it is a genuine love song, for Weill's is the convincing hand here, not Brecht's.

The cast of "The Threepenny Opera" is exemplary. Raul Julia plays Captain Macheath with suave menace and, at the moment of threatened execution, with touching panic: murderers don't readily consent to die because they happen to be murderers. Jonathan Peachum is played by C. K. Alexander, Mrs. Peachum by Elizabeth Wilson, and Polly Peachum by Caroline Kava; all are splendid, though Miss Wilson struck me as being a trifle too well-bred for her supposed station in life. David Sabin makes something impressive of his role as Tiger Brown of Scotland Yard; his passionate attachment to Macheath withstands every assault upon it except that of losing his money. Ellen Greene is superb as Jenny (the role created by Lotte Lenya in the Berlin production and repeated by her at the Theatre de Lys), and I also greatly admired Tony Azito as Peachum's exiguous, clockworklike assistant and Roy Brocksmith as the Ballad Singer.

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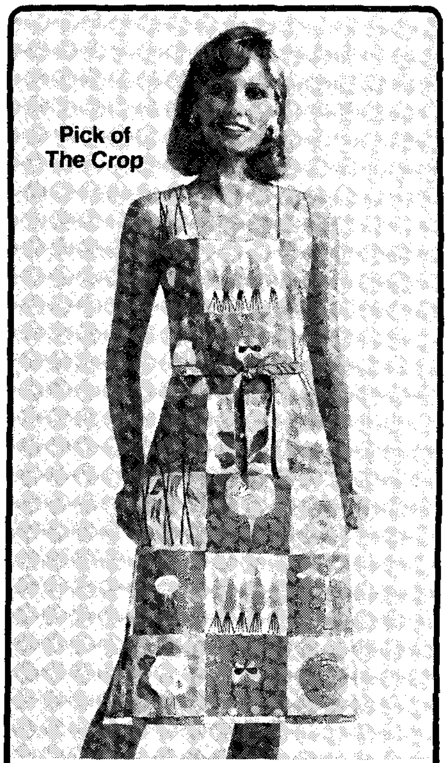
The director of the show is Richard Foreman, and his strong, cranky presence is welcomely everywhere. What Charles Addams is to the macabre in humorous drawings Foreman is to the macabre in theatre; one assumes that his mind teems with hobgoblins and that he is on not unfriendly terms with them. The amusingly complex setting is by Douglas Schmidt, who has plainly shared some of Mr. Foreman's preferences, and the gorgeously ragged and soiled costumes are by the nonpareil Theoni V. Aldredge. The lighting is by Pat Collins, and the musical direction is by Stanley Silverman, who wrote the music for Mr. Foreman's spooky "Hotel for Criminals." Mr. Foreman is deplorably of the opinion that electronically amplified voices are superior to the real thing; the leading members of the cast of "The Threepenny Opera" all wear lavaliere mikes and sound totally synthetic. From start to finish, I kept thinking how much I would have liked to hear the voices that God gave them instead of the voices that Mr. Foreman and Mr. Silverman gave them.

"The Belle of Amherst," at the Longacre, is a one-woman show starring Julie Harris. It is described in the program as "a new play based on the life of Emily Dickinson," but, bless my soul, it isn't a play at all. Miss Harris, as Emily, invites us into her house, tells us how it feels to live as a recluse, occasionally segues into a recitation of one of her verses (we can tell what is going on because Miss Harris slightly increases the emphasis she puts on the words and because the words themselves are so perennially startling in their appositions), and then turns to talk to her sister Vinnie, or to her preceptor, Thomas Wentworth



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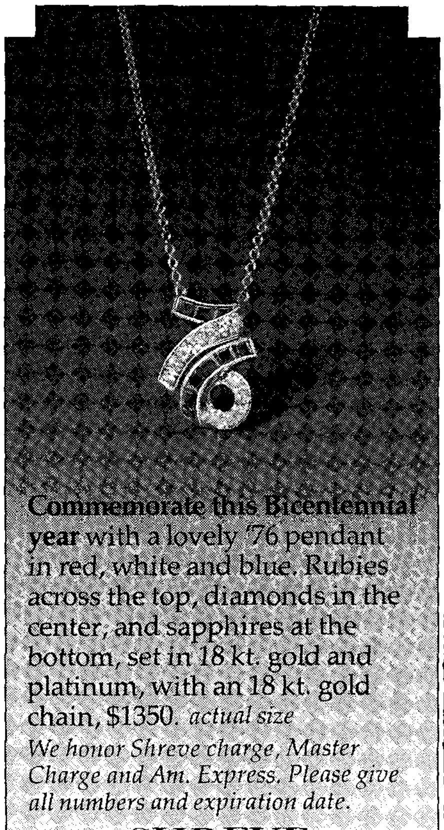

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Higginson, or to some other character whose arrival upon the scene we cannot possibly be made to believe in. Miss Harris makes a plausible nineteenth-century Amherst spinster, but Emily Dickinson is as wary and unnettable a creature as Ophelia, and I would have favored a simple reading of her poems over an impersonation of her. Still, I have to admire Miss Harris for the professional valor she displayed the night I saw her performance. It was raining cats and dogs (as they say in Amherst), and throughout the first quarter of the show a steady drumfire of taxi horns entered the theatre from the traffic jams on Forty-eighth Street and beyond; then the roof of the fly loft of the Longacre began to leak. It can't have been easy for Miss Harris to find herself being upstaged by raindrops, but she gave not the least sign of dismay.

The author of the "play" is William Luce, the designer of the scenery and lighting is H. R. Poindexter, the costumes are again by Miss Aldredge, and the director is Charles Nelson Reilly, who has a lively touch.

"SO LONG, 174TH STREET," at the Harkness, is a sorry little musical, as maladroit as its title. It's based on a comedy, "Enter Laughing," by Joseph Stein, which in turn was based on a novel of the same name by Carl Reiner. Now, "Enter Laughing" is a practically perfect title for a musical, and since Mr. Stein wrote the book of "So Long, 174th Street" (the music and lyrics are by Stan Daniels), it's too bad that—possibly for some obscure legal reason—the better title couldn't have been taken advantage of. The fact is, though, that nothing could have caused the musical itself to succeed. It is about a Jewish boy in the Bronx whose father wishes him to become a pharmacist; the boy wishes to become an actor, and you know—or, rather, you *think* you know, up to the last couple of minutes—that he will have his way. The show stars that engaging actor Robert Morse, whose long suit has always been his boyish winsomeness of manner and appearance. It is time for Mr. Morse to develop other strengths. His colleague in the musical, George S. Irving, has no problems in this respect; I doubt if he was ever boyish, much less winsome, and he can go on being a very funny man indeed until he hits the century mark.

The scenery is by James Riley, the costumes are by Stanley Simmons, the lighting is by Richard Nelson, the choreography is by Alan Johnson, and the direction is by Burt Shevelove.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

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ED BULLINS' beautiful "In the Wine Time" is the first play in his Twentieth Century Cycle. (Among the others are "In New England Winter," "The Corner," and "The Fabulous Miss Marie.") It was first done at the New Lafayette, in Harlem, in 1968, under Robert Macbeth's direction, and it is now playing, until May 16th, at the Manhattan Theatre Club, again directed by Mr. Macbeth, and with Robert Christian giving an extraordinary performance in the leading role of Cliff Dawson. The action takes place in a black slum of "a large, northern American industrial city, in the early 1950's." (There is one white family, but it is simply an offstage nuisance.) The principal characters are Cliff Dawson, a Navy veteran and now a student; his wife, Lou, who works in a laundry; and Lou's nephew, Ray, a boy on the brink of sixteen, whose mother has died of drink and who is quite a drinker himself. Much of the surface action of the play is the drinking and squabbling and cussing, in the black street poetry that Mr. Bullins has made his own, of the Dawsons and their neighbors and cronies, and much of it is very funny, but, as is true in all Mr. Bullins' plays, the undercurrent is strong. There is love and stability and responsibility here, and a firm plot: Lou wants to keep the boy with them, to protect him; Cliff is determined to help him join the Navy, to set him free and prevent him from becoming one of the local layabouts. The high point of the play is Cliff's description of what service in the Navy could mean—the places to see, the sexual opportunities in Italy and on the beaches of the French Riviera. Then, carried away by the force of memory, he moves into a passage of the purest lyricism about the quiet of a night watch alone aboard ship, seeing the moon come up. "Give a year of your life just for that," he says. This conversation is indeed the high point of the play, but it is not the climax. All the young people gather on the stoop of the Dawsons' house, the drinking continues, squabbles turn into fights, and there is one terrible, serious fight, in which Ray, in a crazy drunken rage, becomes involved. At the end, Cliff, the responsible family man, the hero, the incorrigible, is handcuffed to a policeman, having sacrificed his own liberty for his nephew's. "It's your world, son" are his last words to the boy.

Mr. Macbeth has directed the play in the inimitable New Lafayette style—everything casual, nothing pushed or emphasized for the audience. One is barely aware that any story at all is being told, until the end, when a single episode brings all the underlying emotion of the Dawsons to the surface, and one knows that their lives have been changed forever. Mr. Christian is, as I said, wonderful as Cliff, revealing every aspect of this tough-talking, intelligent, humorous, deeply affectionate man. Loretta Greene, too, is very good as his wife, snapping at him, and teasing him as he snaps back, yet as sure of his love for her as she is of hers for him, and young Alvin Alexis couldn't be better as their impressionable, understanding nephew. All the acting, for that matter, is completely believable, and I particularly admired Richard Gant, Marilyn Randall, Martha Short-Goldsen, Flo Wiley, and Jenny Gooch in supporting roles. "In the Wine Time" has been available in print for some time. As here performed, it has been cut and compressed—to its advantage, I think. It is a dramatic poem, a tragedy filled with comedy and spirit, a world brought to life. Settings by Steven Rubin, costumes by Grace Williams, and lighting by Spencer Mosse.

THE only reason for mentioning "Tickles by Tucholsky," at Theatre Four, is that it at least serves to introduce to us, in a way, Kurt Tucholsky, a German Jewish writer of cabaret sketches and song lyrics (to the music of Hanns Eisler, among others) during the twenties and early thirties. According to the program notes, he was exiled to Sweden, where he committed suicide in 1935. Mr. Tucholsky's lyrics are sardonic, cynical, and political, and they sound all right in translation. The five singers, under the direction of Moni Yakim, sing quite well, too. But the whole evening, though obviously a labor of love, is patently cardboard; this lovely theatre is far too big and too formal for cabaret, and Germany between the World Wars is a million light-years away.

—EDITH OLIVER

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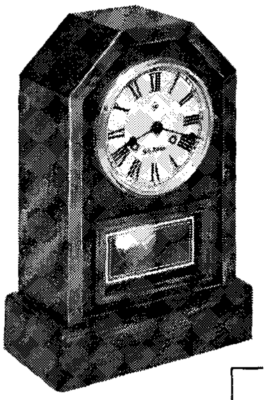

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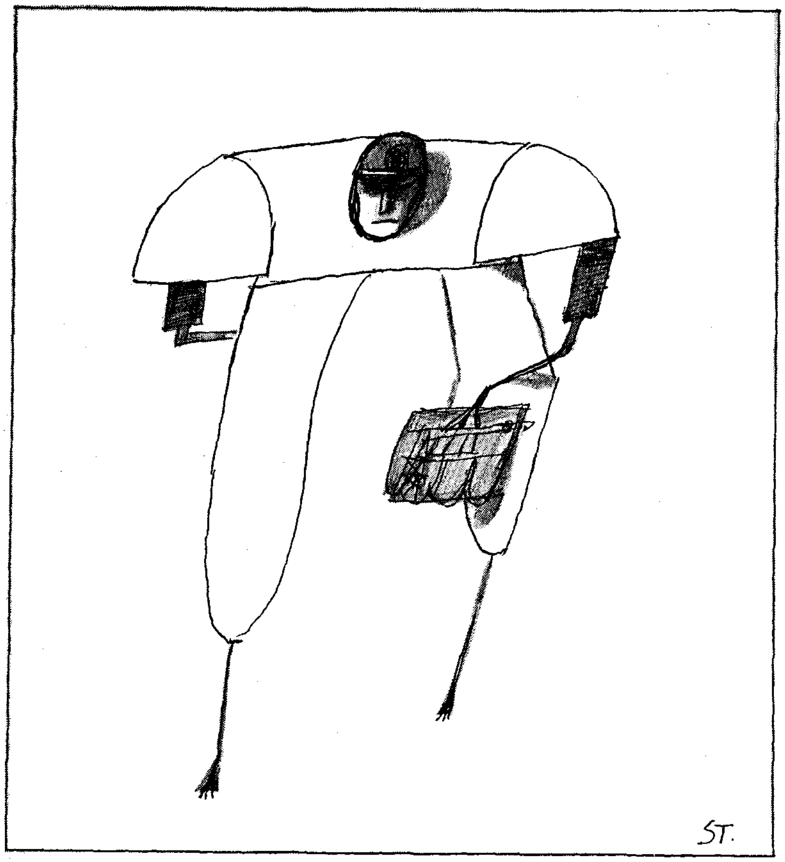

SPRING afternoons are warming, daylight lingers, and the news of baseball flowers about us once again. The news, that is, of games and scores and standings, of late rallies and shutout pitching, of rejuvenated veterans and startling young rookies—the good old summertime news, and not the news of the other side of the sport, the economics of baseball, which so confused and wearied us during the off-season. The same chilling blight has recently overtaken most major professional team sports; this year's eruption of labor troubles and money squabbles represented only the newest stage in a long national struggle between athletes and entrepreneurs for the upper hand (or perhaps only an equal hand) in the regulation of their sports and the apportionment of profits. In baseball, however, the collisions of this past winter and early spring were notable for their bitterness and naked hostility, which suggests that a time of decision in these matters may be close at hand. The players' strike of 1972, which erased the first few days of that season, was an unpleasant but relatively insignificant affair, caused by the owners' refusal to arbitrate a minor pension issue—which was in fact eventually negotiated and quickly resolved. This year's difficulties were altogether serious—something close to open warfare. The pre-season camps in Florida, Arizona, and California were shut down for seventeen days—almost half the normal spring term—by a lockout called and enforced by the club owners. This year, the disagreement reached such a level of acrimony that for a time the regular season itself seemed threatened: baseball might stop altogether.

The center of it all was a decision handed down last December by a three-man arbitration panel, which ruled that two players, Andy Messersmith and Dave McNally, were released from affiliation with their clubs (Messersmith from the Dodgers, McNally from the Montreal Expos) as a result of their having played out their existing contracts plus an additional year, and were now free agents, entitled to sign up with whatever club they wished, at any pay they could command. This affirmation of a seemingly minimal right was in fact a ruling of revolutionary significance—an athletes' Miranda decision—for it marked the long-expected end of the ancient "reserve clause," which had bound every player irrevocably to the club holding his contract, thus fixing his place of employment and insuring that his salary was always ultimately determined by the pleasure of the owner. The decision in the Messersmith case (Dave McNally, a pitcher, had actually retired from baseball, because of a sore arm, by the time the case was settled) may have appeared historically inevitable, but it unleashed a storm of passions and legal complexities. Through the cold-weather months, the baseball hot-stove news mostly concerned the owners' trips to court to have the arbitrators' decisions overturned (the pleas were denied); ill-tempered, staccato haggling over the free-agent issue; onerously complex proposals and counter-offers put forward by rival professional negotiators speaking for the owners' Player Relations Committee and for the Executive Board of the Players Association; lengthy statements of position that only confirmed the deepening division and stalemate; and, finally, the lockout. A fan searching the back pages for some word of Nolan Ryan's elbow or Billy Martin's pitching rotation could be forgiven if he sometimes threw down his newspaper in despair.

When the spring camps did at last suddenly open, on order of Commissioner Bowie Kuhn, the still unresolved dispute over the new Basic Agreement—the agreement on which every individual contract is founded, covering everything from meal money to transportation, trading procedures, schedules, and spring-training pay—receded a bit in urgency, only to be replaced by a succession of highly publicized, pugnacious salary negotiations and holdouts involving some of the topmost stars of the game (Messersmith, Tom Seaver, Reggie Jackson, and others), whose money demands soared and swooped in rumored multiples of millions of dollars. These flights, accelerated by the collapse of the reserve system, were watched with avidity by the players and with horrified anxiety by the owners—and with various emotions, as yet imperfectly understood, by the fans. At the same time, there were further commercial surprises, which, taken with the rest, caused the once elegant estate of baseball more and more to resemble a littered, slovenly Oz. The franchise of the San Francisco Giants was lost, then reprieved, then saved, then lost again, and then, at the last possible instant, won back for good. Bill Veeck, the cheerful showman, formed a partnership that purchased the Chicago White Sox, and instantly infuriated his fellow-owners (just as they *knew* he would) with the pronouncement that his players would wear shorts on hot summer afternoons on the South Side.

The American League announced its expansion to fourteen clubs in 1977; the National League announced its firm resolve to continue at the present twelve-club level, and refused also to consider the scandalous adventure, suggested by the A.L., of interleague play. The two presidents, Lee MacPhail, of the American League, and Chub Feeney, of the National League, emerging from meetings at the Plaza Hotel, in New York, each separately declared his intention to woo the winsome, eager, well-dowried (Labatt Breweries) franchise of Toronto. MacPhail swiftly won the bride, and Feeney, heart-stricken, implored the Commissioner to forbid the banns. Mr. Kuhn, in turn, pointed a trembling finger at the pitiful figure of Washington, D.C.—a frumpy, long-abandoned baseball housewife—and said that justice (or, at the least, alimony, in the form of a few games played there by some American League clubs) must be done the lady before the Toronto ménage could be legalized.

I am a baseball fan in good standing, and my first reaction on regarding the enormous and unsavory dog's breakfast that was plunked down before me on the morning of this new season was simply to push back from the table and walk away. A lot of fans, I suspect, may be on the point of leaving the game. Even more of them will try to ignore the whole mess—the lockout, the free-agent issue, the gigantic new salaries, the franchise squabbles—and follow the sport as if it were unchanged, follow it as they did when they were children. This is tempting, I must admit, for it is the game itself—the game inside the lines, as the phrase now has it—that has always most absorbed me. Part of me, much of the fan in me, is attracted to baseball games exactly because they connect me on a long straight line to my own boyhood, and because they so often seem to be the perfect release from the daily world of money, strikes, strife, and complexity. And yet . . . Somehow, I sense that this can't work for long—that games considered as pure escape can't continue to hold us entirely, because we must keep our first and best connections with the world of today. Professional sports now form a noisy and substantial, if irrelevant and distracting, part of that world, and it seems as if baseball games taken entire—off the field as well as on it, in the courts and in the front offices as well as down on the diamonds—may now tell us more about ourselves than they ever did before. Perhaps we should

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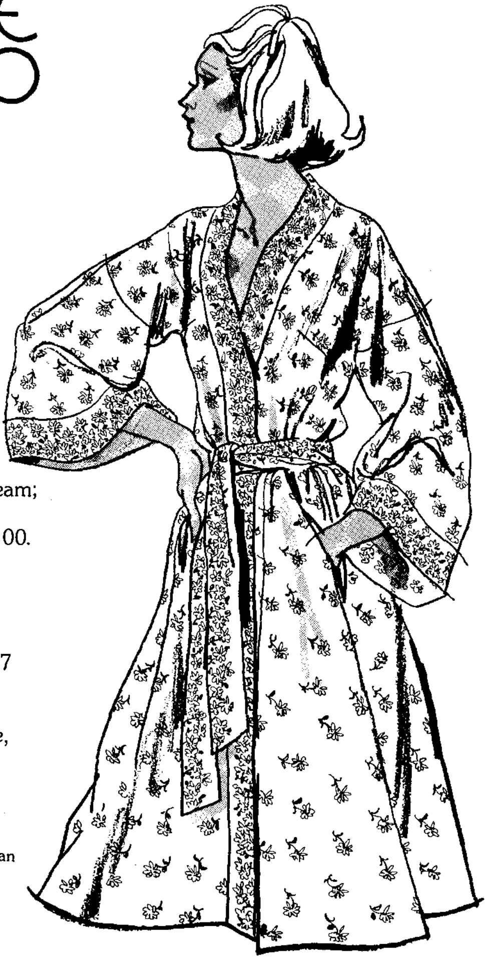

stay here in the gloomy counting house a little longer, then, before we grab our shades and head for the park.

THE most radical alteration in the relations between baseball players and baseball owners may in the long run prove to have come not with the Messersmith decision but at the moment when Catfish Hunter signed a multi-year contract to pitch for the Yankees for a total (including various long-term retirement and insurance benefits) of three and a half million dollars. Hunter had been declared a free agent by Peter M. Seitz, the same arbitrator who later cast the deciding vote in the Messersmith case, but Hunter's liberation had nothing to do with the reserve clause; Seitz ruled that Catfish was his own man because his former club, the Oakland A's, had failed to make payments on an insurance policy that was an integral part of his contract. Hunter is one of the two or three best pitchers in baseball today, and the extended, scrambling, knockdown auction in late 1974 among several well-heeled clubs to sign him for almost any sum he cared to mention startled everyone, probably including Catfish himself. Suddenly there seemed to be no limit to the money that a baseball superstar could command—a realization that probably had much to do with the nastiness and anxiety of the negotiations over free-agency between owners and players this year.

Tom Seaver, the Mets' shining paladin, this spring demanded something in the neighborhood of two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars per year over a span of three years—a neighborhood that caused M. Donald Grant, the chairman of the Mets' board, to open immediate discussions with the Dodgers about the possibility of a Seaver trade. This move is believed to have been made either in sudden pure anger or as a considered corporate warning to Seaver and other high-priced stars. After a short, tense holdout, Seaver settled for a base of two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars a year (he had been getting a hundred and seventy thousand), which could come to another thirty or forty thousand dollars, because of various bonus stipulations, if he sustains his normal high level of performance. Andy Messersmith, after nearly coming to terms with the Yankees, the Padres, and the Angels (he received other offers, too, but many of these were halfhearted publicity gestures), signed with the Atlanta Braves for a three-year, no-cut contract worth about a million dollars. Reggie Jackson, suddenly traded to the Orioles last month by Oakland (with whom he had not yet signed for the current year), has not reported to his new club; he will play in Baltimore, he is reported as saying, only for an extended contract of considerable proportions—say, five years for something like three million dollars. Dick Allen, who in 1973 became the first player to earn a quarter of a million dollars for a single season, has not come to any agreement with his current club, the Phillies. And so on. A decade ago, there were fewer than half a dozen players in the majors who earned over a hundred thousand dollars per year. Last year, there were three stars (Catfish Hunter, Dick Allen, and Hank Aaron) who earned two hundred thousand dollars or more per year, and forty-five who earned between a hundred and two hundred thousand dollars; both groups, of course, have grown larger this year. The world-champion Cincinnati Reds now have two stars, Johnny Bench and Joe Morgan, in the two-hundred-thousand-dollar class, and two others, Pete Rose and Tony Perez, who earn well over one hundred thousand. (Pete Rose, whom many consider to be the team's main man, has always seemed to be somewhat slighted by the Reds at contract time.) On the other hand, the *average* pay for a major-league baseball player last year was forty-six thousand dollars. (Salaries for other professional team sports in 1975, according to a survey made by the Washington *Post*, averaged forty-two thousand for players in the National Football League, seventy-five thousand for players in the National Hockey League, ninety-five thousand for players in the American Basketball Association, and, up on top, one hundred and ten thousand for players in the National Basketball Association.)

The size of the money game has changed, and a lot of other baseball values are changing as a result. The most interesting alteration may be among the fans. I know of no reliable or continuing system of fan-polling, and much of what I can conclude here is intuitive or based on conversations with and letters from friends who care about sports. There seems to be absolutely no doubt that large numbers of fans are disturbed about the level of some player salaries, and that they are angry about the curtailment of spring training this year. (Many of them referred to the lockout as a strike—a startling one-hundred-and-

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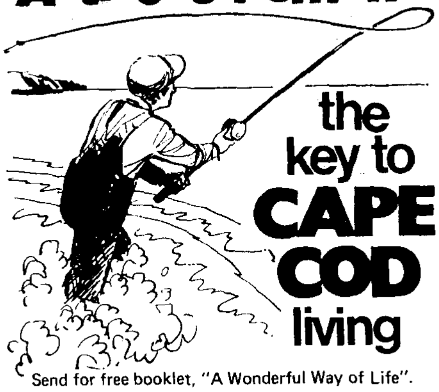

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eighty-degree error that was also repeatedly made by some sportswriters.) The reader mail received by the *Sporting News*, the ancient, extremely conservative weekly sports paper published in St. Louis, ran very heavily against the players; one typical letter—typical except for the mildness of its tone—said, "Professional athletes are overestimating their value. Unless they begin to realize this, they are going to continue the already downhill relationship with the fans and ultimately destroy spectator sports." Fan-in-the-street interviews in many big-league-city newspapers turned up similar expressions of this view. (The anti-money, anti-player feeling does not seem to carry over to the box office, however; early-season attendance this year has been unusually healthy.)

It is significant, I think, that there was no major outcry from fans last year when Catfish Hunter signed for his epochal three and a half million. Nor do I recall many shouts of rage when Muhammad Ali and Joe Frazier each cleared more than two million dollars for their heavyweight-title fight in Manila last autumn, or when Jimmy Connors took down a quarter of a million for a one-sided three-set victory in a televised tennis match a couple of months ago. On almost any weekend, some golfer or other can be seen on our television sets in the act of winning thirty or forty thousand dollars, and one of them, Hubert Green, recently hit a hot streak and ran up winnings of a hundred and eighteen thousand dollars in three weeks. Money won on television, to be sure, has always seemed a trifle unreal, more like Monopoly dollars than the real thing, but what I think we can begin to understand is that there is an enormous difference between our attitude toward the individual great athlete—the superstar, the hero-entrepreneur, the nonpareil—and what we feel about the team player. We seem to derive excitement and deep pleasure from the accomplishments of a single performer. ("This putt—*sh-h-h*—may be worth *twenty-two-thousand* dollars. . . .") The multimillion-dollar heavyweight-title fight involves not just the biggest, toughest men anywhere but an almost unimaginable prize for the winner, and the two elements are somehow the same. When I was growing up, the fact that Babe Ruth was paid a salary of eighty thousand dollars was almost as awesome to me as his feat of hitting sixty home runs in a single season; I memorized both figures. But large payments to athletes are not enjoyed or approved

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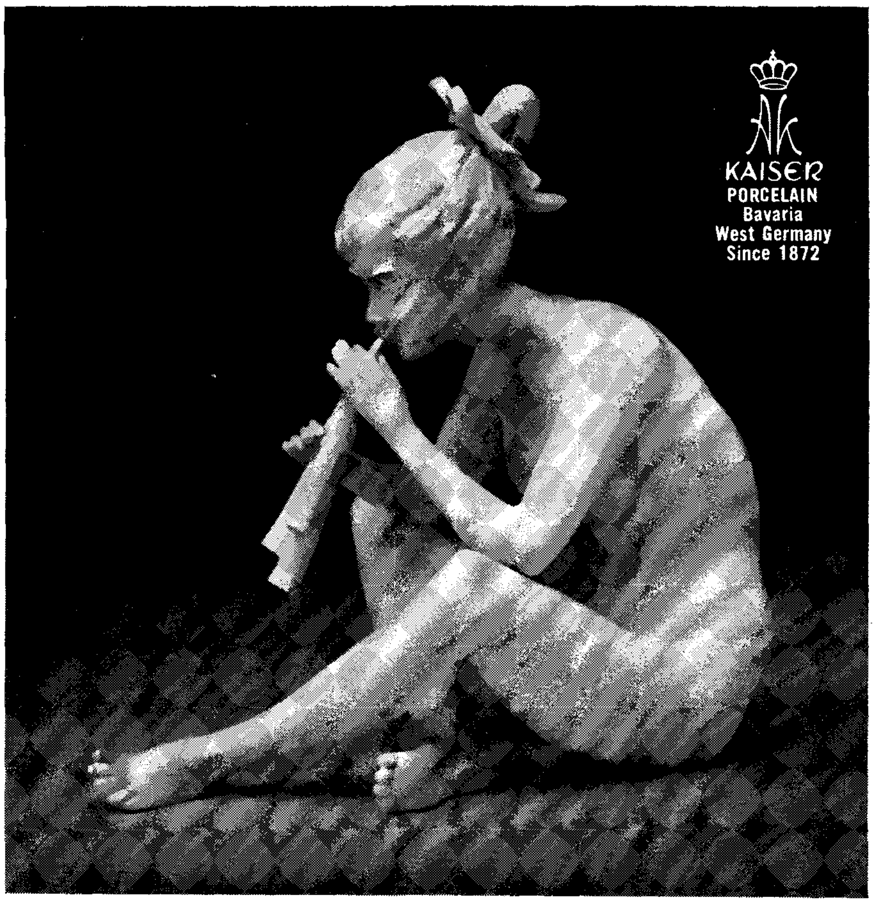
of by us, the fans, if the payment is made broadly, to all the athletes engaged in a particular trade at the big-league level—all basketball players, all hockey players, and so on. "The players have gotten too greedy," "They're all paid too much"—these are current grandstand convictions, which I also hear from many other people, in and out of the sports world. As I pick up this complaint, however, it seems to apply more to a well-paid journeyman than to the superstar—more to Rusty Staub or Roy White, say, than to Johnny Bench or Jim Palmer. It would be extremely interesting to measure this, if we could. What it means, I think, is that high pay for athletes is resented if they are seen as *employees.* And when these employees behave like contemporary workmen, trying to extract the most money and the most favorable working conditions and retirement benefits from a typically reluctant and unsympathetic employer, and forming a union to press their demands—which is what the baseball and football and basketball players have all done in recent years—then they are resented even more deeply, almost to the point of hatred. This is an extraordinary turn of events in a labor-conscious, success-oriented society like ours.

I think that the view of the athlete as an employee and a card-carrying union man violates our fan vision of the athlete as a mythic figure, a lone hero. The athlete should live and perform by himself, in a place far removed from our own mundane concerns for good working hours and fair pay. What he does should be impossible, or nearly so, and it is quite acceptable that his reward for this great deed should be unbelievable, beyond our measuring. If, on the other hand, we see the athlete as a mere clock-puncher and then compare his pay scale with ours, we feel envy and rage. Our indignation is deepened when we realize that he is being paid all that bread for something that is probably much more pleasurable than whatever it is we do. Come to think of it, by God, he is being paid for having *fun!* This gnawing ill humor is at its worst, surely, when the athlete on view is a ballplayer, for baseball looks like the easiest of all professional sports—almost easy enough for us to have been hired to play it ourselves, except that . . . if only . . . The fact that the game is in reality extraordinarily difficult results in the very same rancor, for everybody, including the best-paid star, is bound to fall on his face if we only wait long enough. There—look at that! And we pay him two hundred grand for *that!* This is the way the old sour-mouthed Yankee fans used to sound, back when the Yankees won every year. All of us have become that sort of fan now, I think, and the kind of understanding affection we once had for the hopeless, losing Mets, who so resembled ourselves, has been lost, probably for good.

I should add, of course, that there are many people who despise high pay for athletes on principle—because such gigantic funds and such exorbitant passions are expended for such trivial ends, in a time when so many areas of our country and our social fabric are deteriorating or dying for lack of money and attention. For myself, I can say only that I think of this irony almost every day but that it no longer seems to have the capacity to shock me, or even surprise me. These polarities do not seem reversible—there is no way to siphon the purse for the Indianapolis 500 into Bedford-Stuyvesant—and it may even be that they are inevitable, locked into our society. Professional sports are an escape—probably our prime national escape just now. During the Depression, we happily paid the largest salaries in the country to Clark Gable and Mickey Rooney and Jean Harlow; today, we pay them to Joe Namath and Richard Petty and Catfish Hunter. I see no difference.

THE Messersmith case was the latest in a long series of tests challenging the courts' habitual protection of baseball's monopoly status. In 1972, Supreme Court Justice Harry Blackmun, delivering the 5–3 majority opinion that upheld the owners in a suit brought by Cardinal outfielder Curt Flood, wrote, "Professional baseball is a business and it is engaged in interstate commerce"—and thus normally subject to federal business law. But it is "in a very distinct sense an exception and an anomaly," and he added, "The aberration is an established one." This curious logic soon impelled other players to challenge the reserve clause by appealing to the arbitration panel—a body set up in the Basic Agreement of 1970 and reluctantly accepted by the owners. Separate tests were undertaken by Ted Simmons, Sparky Lyle, and Bobby Tolan, but dropped when each of the players ultimately signed a new contract. The Messersmith-McNally grievance, when it arrived last year, had accumulated a considerable momentum. The issue in the case was straightforward—whether the standard player contract should be taken literally (as Messersmith and McNally claimed) in its provisions that seemed to say a player completing the full term of his contract and then playing one additional season under the same terms was thus freed of all obligation to his club, or whether (as the owners claimed) the obligation and the contract were infinitely extensible under the precedents of the reserve clause. Suddenly aware of a very dark shadow on the road ahead, the owners hurried to court to request that the entire arbitration process be enjoined. The action was denied, but Peter Seitz, the neutral third arbitrator (along with the owners' labor adviser, John Gaherin, and Marvin Miller, the executive director of the Players Association), seized the occasion to urge all parties to take the immense issue out of his hands by negotiating their differences. Not a bit of it, the owners responded; mind your own business and press on to a decision. Seitz obliged, and, on December 23rd, cast the deciding vote that sustained Messersmith and McNally in their grievance. The reserve clause was dead. The owners reacted at once, firing Seitz from his job—an action within their rights under the rules of the arbitration panel. The bad news had come, and the messenger was put to the sword.

The group behavior of the owners—by turns stiff-necked, contradictory, apprehensive, and vengeful, and always accompanied by loud offstage trumpetings of defiance and rage from their small Tarquin minority—sometimes invites irreverence, but the truth remains that the Messersmith ruling violently disrupted their once somnolent nineteenth-century industry. Their worst ancient fear, the family nightmare, had come to pass, and other frights now seemed sure to follow. From the beginning, they had defended the reserve clause—in the courts and in the newspapers and at congressional hearings—by claiming that its removal would invite hundreds of ballplayers, including most of the great stars, to sell themselves each year to the highest bidder, thus assuring an automatic championship to the franchise holder who had the largest bankroll, and also making it certain that no club could hope to maintain the year-to-year personnel and identifying character that preserve fan loyalty. Although there is new evidence every day to suggest that this is not happening, and not about to happen, in either league, the fear of it is still very much alive among the owners, and does much to explain their recent behavior. Their second difficulty is much more concrete. Baseball, they point out, is such a demanding game



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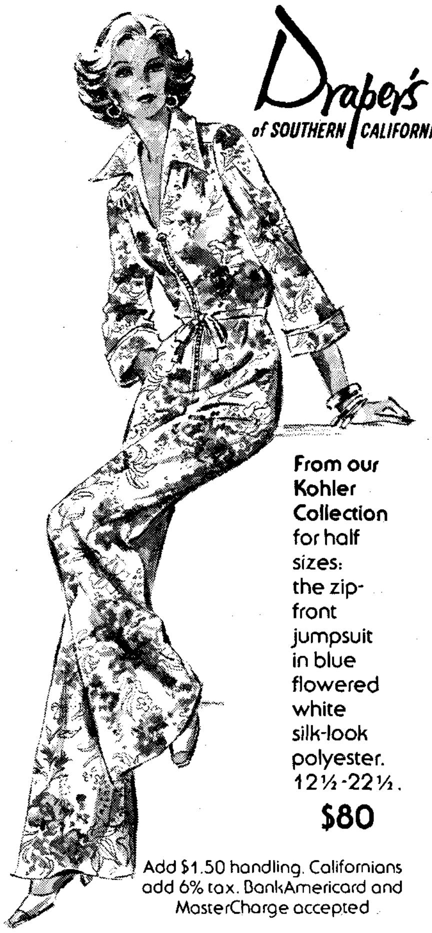

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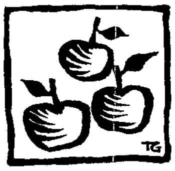
that the average player must spend four years (far more than in any other sport) at the minor-league and rookie levels before he attains major-league competence and begins to pay off his owner's considerable investment in him. It would be unconscionable to allow the player to walk away at that moment and sell his services to a rival club.

The owners, having applied unsuccessfully to the United States District Court in Kansas City to have the Messersmith ruling overturned, and having also failed in the same plea in the Circuit Court of Appeals, now slowly tried to come to grips with the horrid new reality. Their Player Relations Committee had been negotiating with a committee of the Players Association in a foot-dragging sort of way since the previous August, and not until last February 11th did the owners come up with their first version of a new reserve clause—free-agent status for a player after nine years' service in the major leagues (where the average player's tenure is just over four and a half years). The players, who, of course, had no legal obligation to accept *any* modification of the basic contract-plus-one-year formula, nonetheless agreed in principle that some form of player continuity seemed essential, and suggested a six-year term, with a year's advance notice if a player then intended to cut loose from his club.



The distance separating the two sides was canyonlike, with an entirely different economic view of things from each rim, and now there came into the discussions a legal dispute of true complexity—the so-called liability issue. Marvin Miller, having asserted the Players Association's willingness to settle on a minimum tour of duty with a particular ball club, asked what he was expected to do about any player or players who would not agree to such a compromise—who, in fact, would be prepared to sue for damages if their basic contract-plus-one-year rights, achieved in the Messersmith decision, were bargained away. (One player, the notoriously prickly Mike Marshall, of the Dodgers, had already said that he was prepared to fight it out on just those lines.) Not our concern, replied John Gaherin for the owners. All these issues are of concern to *both* groups and have to be faced, said Miller. Then, even as the two sides seemed to be inching closer together, the owners announced the lockout, on the eve of spring training. The stated motive—to forestall another players' strike—was an empty one, since the Players Association had offered a four-year no-strike pledge while any new form of reserve clause was being tested. It must thus be assumed that the owners' purpose was simply to submit the negotiations to severe pressure, in hopes that public opinion would turn against the players—as it did, in fact—and that the players, for their part, would become anxious about the impasse and the onrushing season and press their union for a quick compromise. A public-relations firm, T. J. Ross & Associates, was engaged by the owners, and players and reporters were subjected to frequent news releases depicting management's plight and sweet reasonableness.

From the beginning, spokesmen for the owners, as well as Commissioner Kuhn, had frequently mentioned the rising cost of all baseball operations, the shrinking farm systems, the chronically invalid franchises like San Francisco, Minnesota, Atlanta, and Baltimore, and the unfortunate effects of any large jump in ticket prices. These are problems of some urgency, of course, but the owners' habitual cries of poverty have always been slightly disingenuous. For one thing, player salaries and pensions still form a very modest portion—less than twenty per cent—of the clubs' annual outlays. Attendance is excellent, totalling 29,790,000 last year, or a hair under the all-time mark of 30,109,000 set two seasons ago, and baseball has just renegotiated its basic television agreements with the networks for a record sum, amounting to ninety-three million dollars payable over the next four years. The clubs' total radio and TV income now amounts to one and a half times the total paid out for player salaries and retirement benefits. Some franchises lose money, but it is hard to say how many and how much, because most baseball clubs now represent only a special corner of a much larger commercial entity, and because tax write-offs and benefits can assist, or even turn around, an apparently weak performance in any given year. It is not generally known, for instance, that ballplayers can be depreciated, like oil wells or factory buildings, on the corporate ledgers. In any case, the owners have never formally pleaded inability to pay in the course of their negotiations with the Players Association—a plea that is perfectly within their rights but would require them, under the law, to open their books. Neither have the owners hesitated to pluck another favorite old, sweet chord—team loyalty. How will the fans continue to care about our teams, they ask, if players are free to deal for themselves and then heartlessly move along to any club that makes them a good offer? A strange refrain, surely, from the dealers who traded off more than a hundred players between the 1975 and 1976 seasons, who have moved or invented eighteen franchises since the Second World War, and who propose to draft away fifty players from existing clubs to stock the two utterly superfluous new franchises that they now envision.

THE lockout, an enormous predicament, lasted for more than two weeks, and its most startling moment—surely a scene like no other in the history of the game—came on March 11th, when fifty-odd players stood or sat down behind a long table in a conference room of the Host International Hotel, in Tampa, and debated the structure of baseball with the owners' Player Relations Committee. The meeting had overtones that stretched far beyond the day and the place, for the owners' unspoken conviction had always been that six hundred ballplayers, taken as a group, would prove to be scattered, undisciplined, poorly informed, and probably insufficiently educated, and thus unable to stand together during a long, tough bargaining period. The players' group included not only members of their Executive Board (team representatives like Lou Brock, Tom Seaver, Rick Monday, Merv Rettenmund, and Carl Morton) but a sizable contingent of newly aroused participants—Johnny Bench, Ted Simmons, Rusty Staub, Willie Stargell, Jim Wynn, and others—who had recently assembled informally and made requests that an end be found to the impasse. The newcomers sat in on the next policy session of the Executive Board (any player may attend meetings) and, on hearing the logic and bargaining history behind the Players Association positions, were apparently convinced of their justice. Any secret hope the owners may have entertained that the new faces on the scene represented an unravelling of the Players Association ended abruptly when Johnny Bench, who had previously said in public that some simple solution to these issues must be easily discoverable, stood up at the hotel meeting and delivered an extended discourse on the players' stake in the liability issue. The champion Cincinnati Reds, taken from top to bottom, are the most conservative, old-line club in baseball, and players who were at the meeting that after-

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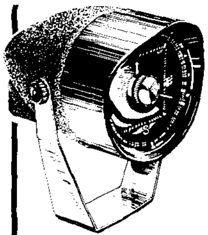

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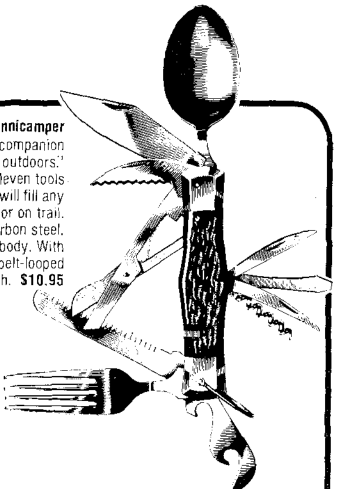

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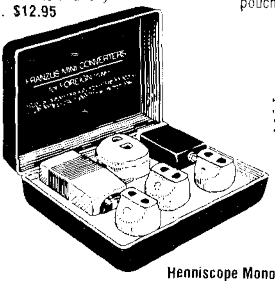

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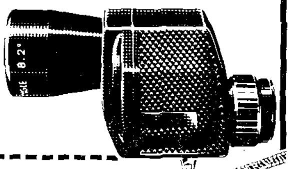

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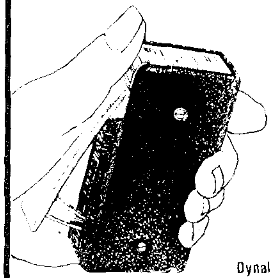

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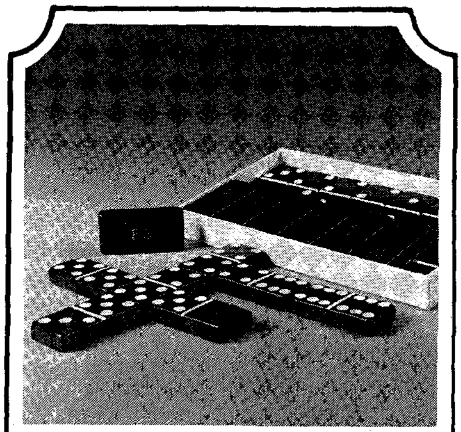

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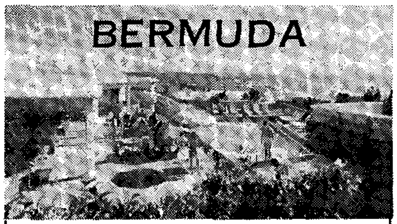

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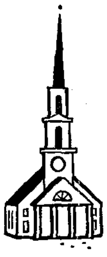
noon have told me that the expression on the face of Bob Howsam, the Reds' president, as he listened to this address by his famous star was a *picture*. (Since that day, it has been observed that Howsam, who had been one of the loudest opponents of any major concessions to the players, has been notably more reasonable in attitude. Change is sometimes possible, even in baseball.)

A few days later, in St. Petersburg, the owners delivered their "best and final" offer—a lengthy document that, among other things, conceded free-agent status for players who play out their options under current contracts (conceded the Messersmith decision, that is) but proposed various future restrictions that would limit the number of clubs that a free agent could dicker with and the number of free agents that any one club could sign. This new offer was deemed perfect and unalterable by the Player Relations Committee, whose members instantly left town to prove the point, but was quickly rejected by Marvin Miller, who observed that it listed fourteen unresolved and largely undiscussed issues and concluded with a clause that could throw the entire Basic Agreement into a fresh round of negotiations in 1978. The next day, however, the players' Executive Board debated for five hours and then, by a vote of seventeen to five, passed a resolution calling the owners' offer incomplete but admitting that it represented considerable progress. Some liability for obdurate players might be accepted by the Players Association, they said, and further negotiations should proceed at once. These joint whispers of concession were enough for Commissioner Kuhn, who ordered the spring camps to open forthwith. Baseball was back in business, to everybody's relief—with the exception, to be sure, of Gussie Busch, the president of the Cardinals, who said, "It would be insane to open the camps," a dissenting opinion supposedly endorsed by six other clubs. Change is sometimes impossible, especially in baseball.

THE two sides have continued to meet since the season got under way, but progress on the new Basic Agreement has been minimal: many divisive issues, including the limitation of free agents' rights and the size of the clubs' rosters after more expansion, remain entirely unresolved. No one knows if the agreement can be signed this summer, or what new crisis will arise if it is not. The owners remain very apprehensive about the number of players who have not signed contracts for the current year and will thus become free agents in October. At last count, that number was about sixty (there are six hundred players in the majors), and not all of them were regulars. The total is diminishing slowly as players come to terms, but the roster of the still unsigned includes not only stars like Reggie Jackson and Dick Allen but Carlton Fisk, Fred Lynn, Bert Blyleven, Ted Simmons, Don Gullett, and Willie McCovey. There is, moreover, a knot of celebrated Oakland players—Sal Bando, Joe Rudi, Gene Tenace, Rollie Fingers, Vida Blue, and Bert Campaneris: the Oakland team, in effect—who have not signed, because of their dissatisfaction with the contracts offered them by their boss, Charles O. Finley. He has responded by paying them for the current season at the minimum permissible level, which is twenty per cent below their last contracts. What will happen to all these players—what offers will be made to them, how many of them will in fact sign up—will determine the condition of baseball for the next few years, and should be watched with at least the same attentiveness that we will be giving to the pennant races.



I am not optimistic. Bargaining with employees in an open market requires frankness and some perception of variations in human character and motivation. The owners, as a group, do not qualify on either count. (It is perhaps unfair, by the way, to apply this pejorative tag, "the owners," to the strange agglomeration of old baseball lords, highly trained, tennis-playing young business executives, sudden millionaires, careful industrialists, and second- or third-generation baseball families who, in one form or another, control the twenty-four clubs, but the fact remains that the most vivid continuous characteristic they display is a rigid and violently cautious group mentality, which seems to bear little resemblance to the energy and imagination and business courage that most of them must have possessed at some time or another in order to amass their present fortunes. This is a unique phenomenon in American business, and it suggests to me that many team owners may have chosen to enter the sports world not for its surface attractions—excitement, publicity, camaraderie, front-row seats, and so forth—but because its fixed, ancient corporate privileges looked like such a safe harbor after their turbulent fiscal voyages. They found a home.) In group negotiations, as we have seen, the first attitude taken by the owners is the posture invariably struck by their most reactionary, intransigent members—the Finley-Busch-Howsam statuary group. In employee relationships, the owners' basic attitude is paternalistic, sentimental, and insensitive. In spite of the grinding struggles between the owners and the Players Association in recent years, most ball clubs pride themselves deeply on the good relationship between their front office and their players, and for some—the Pirates, the Dodgers, the Orioles, and perhaps the Red Sox—the claim seems valid. On almost every club, however, family feeling has not always prevented the sudden throwaway trade of a fading long-term star, the subtle browbeating of a rookie at contract time, or the winter deal that disposes of a clubhouse freethinker, an irreverent joker, a particularly vigorous player representative, or other "agitators." Last year, the Mets' M. Donald Grant forced a veteran outfielder, Cleon Jones, to abase himself by making a public apology, at a large press conference, for a minor sexual peccadillo. Many clubs, including the Yankees and the Reds, enforce smaller humiliations on their players in the form of dress codes—short haircuts, low stocking stirrups, ties and jackets on the road—in the name of "team pride." These leftovers from baseball's baronial past may be slowly drifting out of the game, but their persistence suggests that the owners do not trust their players or understand their motives. A general manager of the old days much preferred the ritual of calling a player into his office to talk contract terms rather than having to make an appointment with the tieless, mod-dressed lawyer or agent who now probably represents the same young pitcher or slugger in his money dealings. (One lawyer-agent, Jerry Kapstein, is employed by many of the notable current holdouts, including Lynn, Fisk, Holtzman, and Rudi.) Suspicions are deepening, and the owners, like the fans, are watching their players with ill-concealed misgivings. (Owners *are* fans, of course; they are the ultimate in fandom.) What's *happening*, they wonder. Doesn't anybody care about team loyalty anymore? All these kids are paid too damned much. All they think about now is money. . . .

I doubt it. The players' new privileges will surely produce a few high-priced freebooters, who will be perfectly eager to play for any team as long as the money is right (Andy Messersmith may have been the first of these), but most players of established worth on

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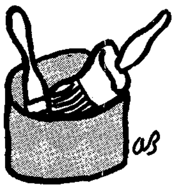
the field have also established themselves considerably in the city (or one of its suburbs, more likely) where their team plays. They are apt to be men around thirty years old, with children in school, good-sized houses (with good-sized mortgages), and long-term local business and social connections. All these, I suspect, are more significant and more stabilizing forces than "team loyalty." Thurman Munson, before eventually signing a four-year contract with the Yankees this spring (for a salary that will exceed a hundred and fifty thousand dollars in its final year), said that he wanted to play only in New York or in Cleveland, which is near his home town. Ken Holtzman, before Finley traded him off to the Baltimore Orioles, said to a *Times* reporter, "All he would have to do is negotiate with me in good faith, in a civil tone of voice, and I probably would sign. I like the Oakland area, I like the guys on the ball club. I don't want to leave." His former teammate Joe Rudi, who is also unsigned, said to me in Arizona last month, "I want to stay in Oakland. I have my home and my business and my friends there. Most of us want to stay, but we don't feel Charlie will pay us what we need." In Arizona, I also talked with Rick Monday, the splendid Cub outfielder, who had just signed a one-year contract. He said, "The owners have this terrible fear of the players' playing out their contracts en masse and jumping to other clubs, and I think it's wildly exaggerated. They don't seem to know what matters to a player, and how many factors there are that work to keep him where he is, as long as he's treated fairly."



But this is perhaps *too* comforting. The true measure of the change that has come to the game may be seen in the case of Reggie Jackson, who was traded with Holtzman to the Orioles during spring training but who has so far, as this is written, failed to sign or report. Jackson now says he may not play at all this year. He can achieve free-agent status this fall simply by staying home and looking after his extensive business interests in California and Arizona, which include an athletic-management concern, a Pontiac dealership, and real-estate holdings. On the other hand, this threat may be only a tactic in his maneuverings with the Baltimore front office in pursuit of that enormous five-year, three-million-dollar contract. Either way, he stands to make a lot of money. Suddenly I realize that I very much want him to sign and to play this year—not just for the pleasure of seeing him but for some other, less definable reason. I am a fan, too, and I think Reggie Jackson makes me nervous. He may not be a free agent yet, but he is a free man.

WHEN the lockout was unlocked, I scurried South and then West, anxious to rid myself of my pale, winter fan's face—a complexion brought on by the tedious diet of court cases and labor law. Never was spring training more delicious, and never were its rituals more reassuring. In Pompano Beach, on my first day, the visiting Orioles trotted out a very tall right-handed pitcher named Sam Stewart in the fourth inning of a game against the Texas Rangers. Stewart, a raw rookie, pitched for the Bluefield, West Virginia, Orioles in the Appalachian League last year, but he had "thrown like hell" in batting practice a few days earlier, thus earning this shot. Now he retired a batter, threw two very wide balls to the Rangers' Tom Grieve, and then hit him on the hip with a fastball. "Yahrr!" Grieve bellowed. Stewart then gave up a walk, a single, then another single, got an infield out, then surrendered a two-run double off the fence by Roy Howell, then a single, and then fanned Toby Harrah: four hits, five runs, one left on, one broken heart.

At Winter Haven, the Red Sox trotted out Ferguson Jenkins, the splendid veteran righty (one hundred and ninety-one lifetime wins) they picked up in a trade last winter. Throwing like running water, Jenkins zipped through three innings against the White Sox in about nine minutes, and came off the field in a lather of sweat and pleasure. All the Bosox looked remarkably cheerful, perhaps because they were just beginning to understand the extent of the celebrity that has come to them as a result of their performance against the Reds in last year's peerless World Series. Their bijou park, hard by the shores of Lake Lulu, was packed with grateful followers, and the warm afternoon air was alive with herons, gnats, and cries of optimism. The day before my visit, the Red Sox had played the Phillies in Clearwater, where the elderly resident fans tottered to their feet to greet the Boston starter, Luis Tiant, with chants of "Lu-is! Lu-is!" In the press box at Winter Haven, I was told that Jim Willoughby still had the ball that second baseman Denny Doyle had thrown wildly into the Red Sox dugout in an attempt at a double play during

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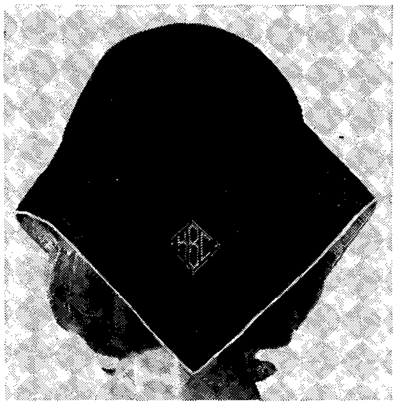

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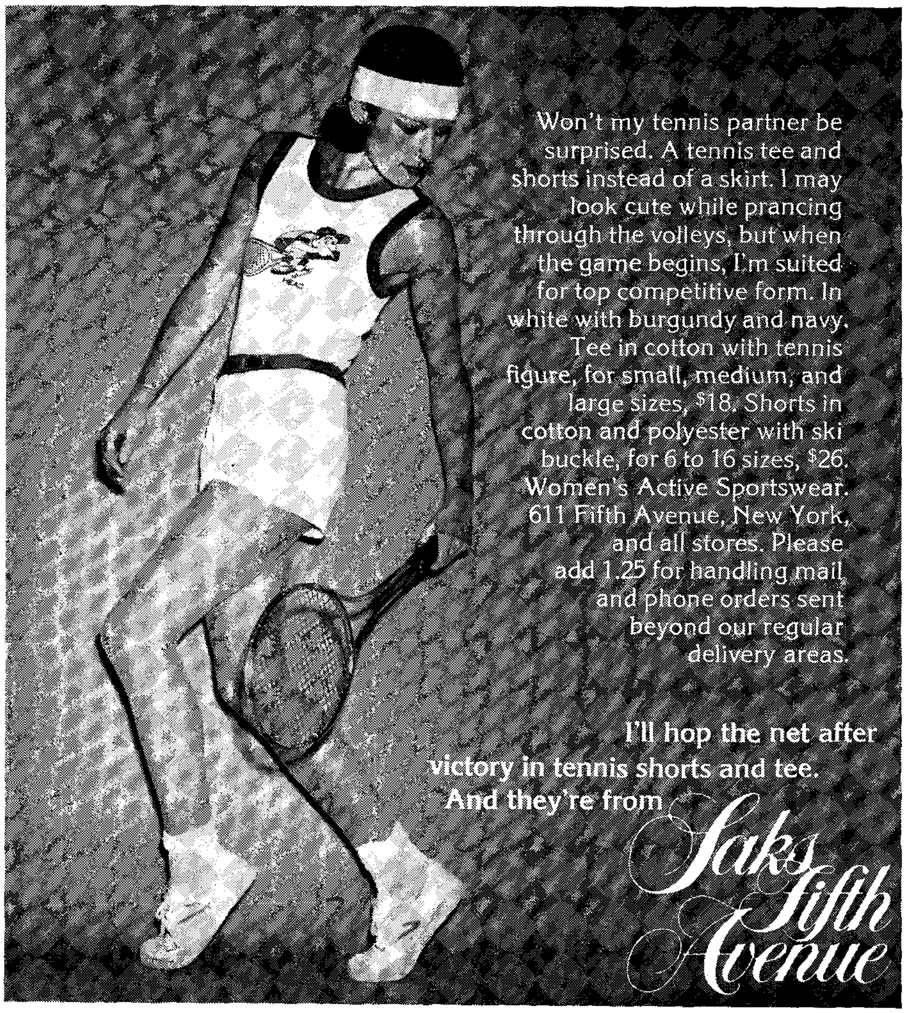
the final Series game—a crucial mistake that allowed the Reds to begin their comeback toward victory. That ball, however, was damaged: its cover had been badly torn by Johnny Bench's swing—an accident that must have affected Doyle's peg. Doyle has refused to confirm this or to answer questions about it. "I should have made the play," he says. Class.

In Bradenton, I approached Pirate manager Danny Murtaugh and asked him a useful, well-thought-out, mid-March-type scribe-query: "How many innings will your starting pitchers be able to go by opening day, Danny? Because of—you know—the late start this year?"

Murtaugh got rid of a little tobacco juice and murmured, "I've had pitchers who couldn't go more than one inning in July."

At Payne Park, in Sarasota, I spotted Bill Veeck sitting in the open grandstand behind first base, and climbed up to say hello. He was stripped to the waist, with his Ahab-like peg leg propped on the row in front of him. He was a light, dusty tan all over, and somehow suggested a garrulous holy man. Laughing, squinting in the sunlight, hunching against the warm wind to light innumerable cigarettes, he talked exuberantly about baseball—Veeck baseball. "We've just finished taking up the artificial surface on the infield at Comiskey Park and replacing it with grass," he said. "This is an outdoor game—people are trying to get away from steel and plastic. We got the turf down in five hours. Now it looks like a ballpark. How important the old parks are! We all saw that in the World Series last fall. In Boston, you had beautiful Fenway Park and thirty-five thousand participants. Then, over in Cincinnati, you had fifty-five thousand spectators. I think the thirty-five thousand almost won the Series. It had a tremendous effect on the play—nobody who saw those games can doubt that.

"I opposed the lockout, I guess to nobody's surprise. I don't think you should fool around with the fans that way. And who loses in the end if the fans become disenchanted? Management, nobody else. How can you hope to bargain away the verdict in a lawsuit? And did you see about the two presidents' each announcing that his league was going to expand to Toronto? Nobody in charge, as usual! Nothing changes much in baseball, but *we're* trying to change. You heard about our new road uniforms? The lettering on the shirts is from the 1903 Sox, and the blue color we took



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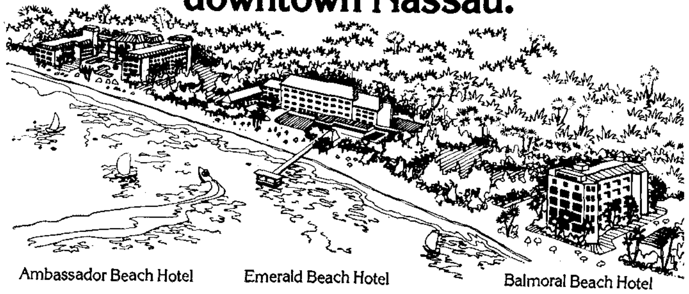

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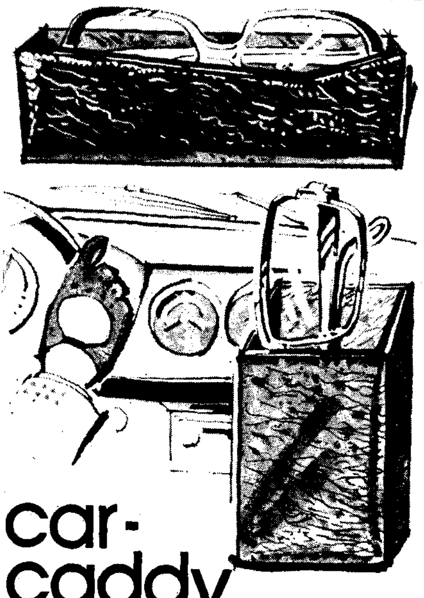
He laughed delightedly and lit another cigarette, and then autographed a program for a waiting white-haired gentleman, who was wearing a visor. "I've been a Chicago fan since 1916," the man said, shaking Veeck's hand. "Now we're going someplace again."

The game that afternoon was a windy, sleepy, languorous affair against a visiting half squad of Red Sox. Cleon Jones, who had been dropped by the Mets last year, rapped out four solid hits for the White Sox (he later made the club), but neither team was able to move its base runners along. Several of those young Chicago pitchers came on and proved in turn why they were not yet ready for the majors, but the score remained stuck at 1–1 for many innings. Up in the sunstruck, cratelike press box, the writers yawned and stretched and made jokes, and then began to bait Harry Caray, who was broadcasting the game back to Station WMAQ, in Chicago, from the adjoining booth. "Oh, *Har-ry!*" one shouted over in a loud falsetto. "Yoo-hoo, Harry *Ca-ray!*" Another tried cat noises. "*Mee-ow!*" he called. "*Meee-iouww*, Harry! *Arf-arf!*" The writers doubled over laughing. In time—at last, *weeks* later—the two teams ran out of pitchers, and the thing was called at 1–1, after fifteen innings. The only flicker of excitement had come when one of Caray's broadcasting assistants burst into the press box and threw himself head first over the front row of typewriters—an apparent suicide. "Grab my legs!" he called back at the last instant, and we did. Finally he reappeared, smiling and red-faced, holding two pieces of paper he had retrieved from the foul screen below us. "Commercials," he explained.

On another day, the Mets and the visiting Yankees had at each other at Campbell Park, in St. Petersburg's black ghetto—a stylish little green bandbox that served the Mets and the Cardinals this year while their regular park, Al Lang Field, was being totally rebuilt. Tom Seaver, who had gone



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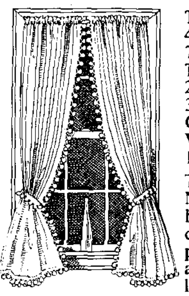

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through a long but fruitless contract-bargaining session with Met general manager Joe McDonald that morning, was slightly cuffed about by the Yanks, but it was plain that he was not yet cutting loose with his fastball. In the fourth, though, with the Yankees' new, extremely quick center fielder, Mickey Rivers, on third base, Seaver speared a comeback grounder hit to the mound by Roy White, and whirled and ran directly at Rivers, who had stopped twenty feet down the line and now looked like a rabbit lost on a freeway. Tom made the tag and then spun and threw out White at second base—threw him out a mile. Tom Seaver *executes*. Later in the afternoon, Dave Kingman hit a two-run homer to tie up the game in the ninth, and then totally missed an attempted sliding catch in right field, in the tenth, to help untie it—a perfect preview, perhaps, of coming events at Shea Stadium this summer.

I was up very early the next morning to catch a plane to Phoenix, and as I left the cashier's counter at the St. Petersburg Hilton I spotted Jesus Alou standing alone on the other side of the lobby, with a suitcase beside him. Eddie Yost, a Mets coach, stepped out of the elevator, saw Alou, and came over and shook his hand. "What do you think you'll do?" Yost said.

"Go home," Alou said. "Then I'll see."

He had been released the day before—the end of the Alou brothers in big-league ball. He looked in terrific shape.

I DIDN'T entirely forget about the other side of baseball during spring training—the lockout and the rest of it. It would have been impossible, in any case, because the players themselves, both in Florida and in the Arizona camps, seemed so anxious to talk about it. Listening to them, I became aware of a common theme—a word that they mentioned with equal frequency when they talked about their performance on the field and their relationship with their parent club and with the owners in general. Pride is the spur.

Joe Morgan, second baseman, Cincinnati Reds; National League's Most Valuable Player for 1975: "I don't think ballplayers are paid too much. The price of everything has gone up. The presidents of big corporations make more money than we do—we're just getting the going rate. If the highest-paid players got only thirty thousand, that would be O.K. with me. I played ball a long time for free and enjoyed it—maybe I enjoyed it even more then than now. Money puts more pressure on you. I'll play for free again in a few years and enjoy that. I'll go back to the sandlots and have a lot of fun. Nobody on our team plays just for the money—they play because they like it, and to *win*. That's the thing. I'd be just as happy to play in the World Series for no money at all, just for the chance to be the champions. The pride of being the champions—that's what matters. In time, the money for the Series will be gone, but I will be a world champion forever. Maybe it's gone already, but that don't matter. Years from now, people will read the *Baseball Encyclopedia* and see us in there—'Champions of the World, 1975'—and nobody will care how much money I made."

Chris Speier, shortstop, San Francisco Giants: "I don't like contract negotiations. I'm always glad when they're over. Personally—for me—the money issue comes down to pride in the end. We all feel 'I'm this kind of player, and I deserve this kind of money.' We don't have many illusions about what we're worth. I mean, we're pretty accurate about our own value, and that's all we want to get. Once the season starts, the money doesn't matter. From then on, it's all individual pride. I'd play for twenty or thirty thousand less if I had to."

Dave Giusti, relief pitcher, Pittsburgh Pirates: "Money is always a motivating factor for a pro. I've heard players say they never think about money once their contract is signed, but I think about next year all the time. But pride comes first, of course. You don't want to embarrass yourself out there. Most players want to hold to a level, I think—play up to their own best. That's what it's all about."

Rick Monday, center fielder, Chicago Cubs: "I'm tickled to death to have signed my contract. They're back in business, I'm back in business. I don't enjoy haggling with a general manager—it makes me feel like a prize heifer. No player likes that part of it, because it almost seems to demean him. Once I put on my uniform, the last thing I think about is money. This game is hard enough as it is—trying to hit that little ball that's coming in on you faster every year. Every time I look up, there's some kid out there about five inches taller and throwing that thing at me, so I'm not out there thinking about *money*. It's the day-in-day-out challenge that keeps you out

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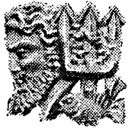

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there. If you've played forty straight games—played with an injury half the time—you've got to have something in the well to keep you going. Money doesn't help at all."

Maury Wills, retired shortstop, six-time National League base-stealing leader, now baserunning coach for the Cubs, the Padres, and other teams; forty-three years old: "I never dreamed we'd see the end of the reserve clause. It was always being discussed back when I was playing. That was the biggie on the list, and bit by bit we chipped away at it. At contract time, I only wanted to be rewarded for my hard work, but once it was signed I forgot about it. I think I was always underpaid a little, but it didn't bother me. Now you can get the figures and find out if you're being properly taken care of.

"Nowadays, you keep hearing that playing should be fun. Enjoy yourself and all that. A lot of young players have that wrong—they think it should be fun, ha-ha, as if it's some kind of joke. My satisfaction all came from *succeeding*. I wasn't out there on the field being sociable. I never talked to anybody on the other team—the pitcher who was about to deck me, the catcher who was about to rack me up for making him look bad. The only man I ever talked to was Joe Torre. Once, he was playing first for the Cardinals and guarding the bag against me—trying to hold me off. I slid back in and cut him up, about eight stitches' worth. He never complained, never said a word, because he knew I was only taking what was mine by rights. He was a professional, and I respected him. I talked to him after that, but not the others.

"I don't know why the owners have been doing all this complaining. Football has had the one-year play-out-your-option thing for a long time, and you don't see the big-city clubs grabbing off everybody. I think management should be grateful to have the money issues handled by negotiators and by the players' business agents. It doesn't help to have the G.M. butting heads with a player every year. It's distracting, and it leaves bitterness. I've always thought baseball was the victim of custom and tradition. Any change and they think the world is coming to an end. I remember when a new kind of spikes were being tried out, and there was a *panic* about it."

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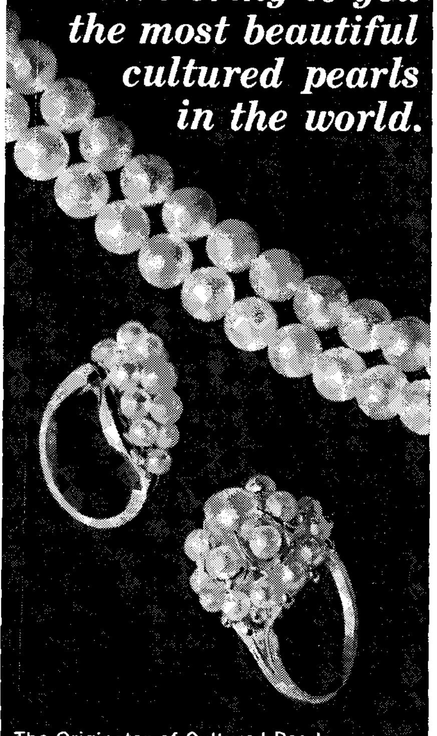

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Scottsdale Stadium, where the Cubs train. The dark-green outfield wall there is so rickety you can see daylight between the planks. The wood of the fence is aged to a pitch of low C, and Reggie Jackson, leading off for the visiting A's in the sixth inning of a game there, whacked a double off the wall that made it resound like a plucked cello. Like so many hard-hit balls I have seen Jackson smash over the years, this one struck the distant fence almost before I could pick it up in its flight. It *leaped* to the wall. It was the last line drive I was to see Jackson hit for the Oakland A's, and I remembered it a couple of days later, when I read in the papers about his trade. Then I tried to think if I had ever seen him do anything dull on the field—or, come to think of it, *off* the field. The day before the game in Scottsdale, Reggie had let it drop to an Oakland reporter that he had just signed with Finley—a five-year contract for a million and a quarter. The writer sprinted for his typewriter, wrote the story, and then, for no particular reason, checked back with Reggie just before filing his copy. Jackson laughed, and said well, no, it wasn't entirely true. It wasn't *exactly* the truth. In fact, none of it was. Most of all, perhaps, Reggie Jackson is an actor.

The trade that sent Jackson and Holtzman to the Orioles in return for Don Baylor, Mike Torrez, and an extremely promising young pitcher named Paul Mitchell is generally regarded as an act of retribution by Charlie Finley. Holtzman was deeply involved in the Players Association negotiations this year, and Jackson has always belonged only to himself. As usual, no one claims to understand what Charlie Finley is up to this year. The latest addition to the Oakland roster is a team astrologer.

BASEBALL-WATCHERS need spring training, too. During an insignificant game between the have-not Cubs and Padres at Scottsdale, I sat in the sun-drenched open grandstand behind first base and allowed my interior clock to begin slowing itself to the pace of summer, to baseball time. As I watched the movements and patterns on the field, my interest in the game merged imperceptibly with my pleasure in the place and the weather. The sunlight was dazing, almost a weight on my head and arms, and my shadow, thrown on the empty bench to my right, had edge and substance. After an infield play, I wrote "4–3"

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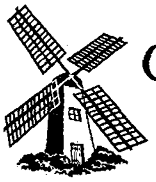

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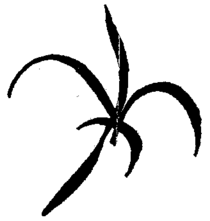
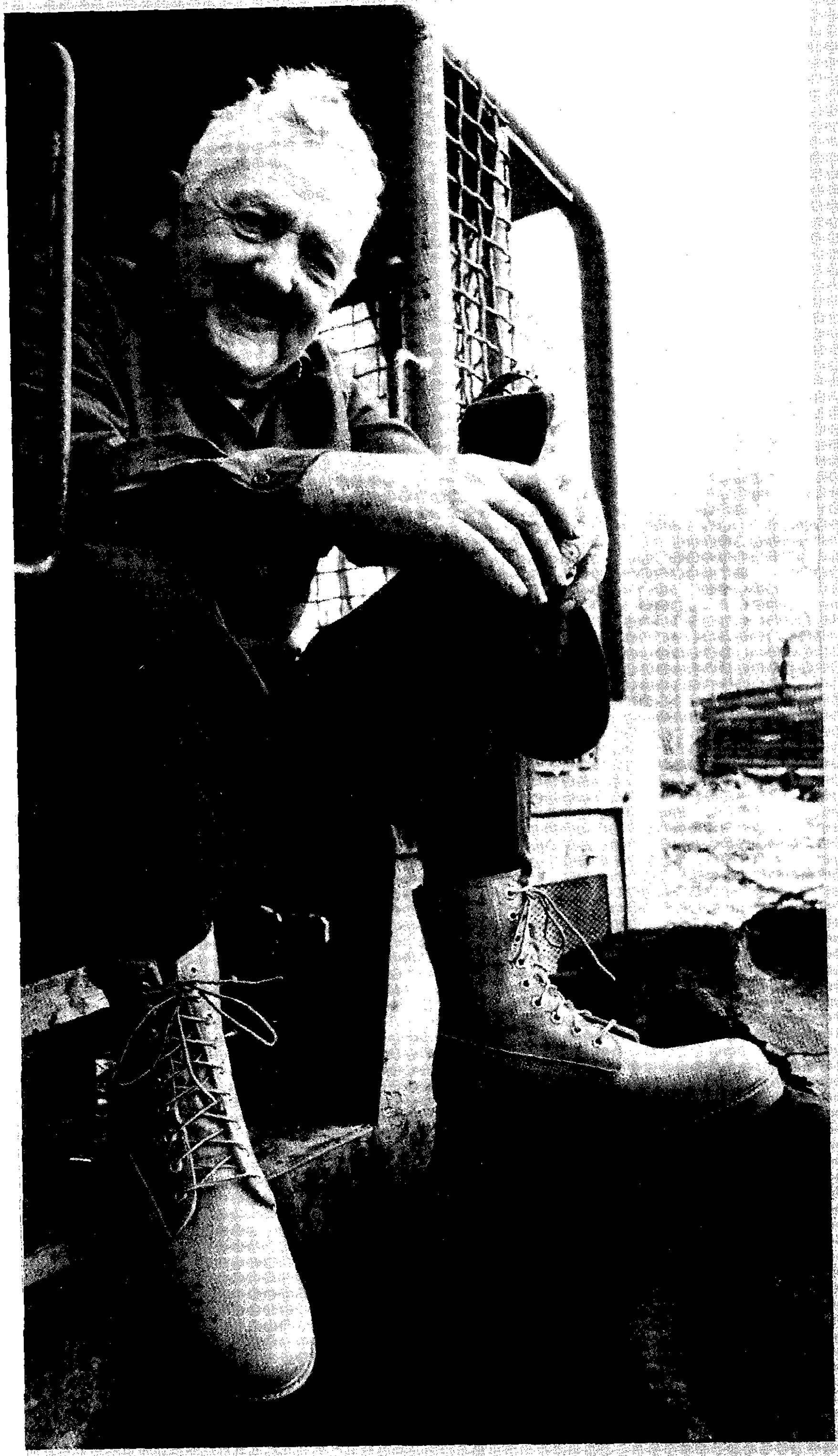
with my pencil in a box on the scorecard on my lap, and a drop of sweat fell from my wrist and made its own blurry entry on the same page. The Cub coaches sat together on a row of folding chairs outside the home-plate end of their dugout, leaning back against the foul screen with their arms folded and their caps tipped low over their foreheads, and the Padre brain trust, over on the first-base side, made an identical frieze. We were a scattered, inattentive, private crowd, at times nearly silent, and between pitches we stared off at the jagged, blue-tan silhouettes of low desert peaks set about the distant rim of our gaze.

I half-closed my eyes and became aware at once that the afternoon silence was not quite perfect but contained a running pattern of innocuous baseball sounds. I could hear the murmurous play-by-play of some radio announcer up in the press box—the words undistinguishable but their groups and phrases making a kind of sense just the same—and this was accompanied by the unending sea-sound of the crowd itself, which sometimes rose to shouts or broke apart into separate words and cries. "Hey, O.K.!" . . . *Clap, clap, clap, clap* . . . "Hot dogs here" . . . "Hey, peanuts and hot dogs!" . . . *Clap, clap, clap* . . . *Whoo-wheet!* (a whistle from some player in the infield). *Whoo-wheet!* . . . *Clap-clap, clap-clap, clap-clap* . . . "The next batter, Number One, is . . . HO-SAY *CARR*-DENAL, right field!" (The p.a. announcer was giving it his best—the big, Vegas-style introduction—and the crowd tried to respond.) "O.K., *Ho*-say!" . . . "Hey-hey!" . . . "Let's *go*, Ho-say!" . . . *Clapclapclapclap* . . . *Wheet!* There was a sudden short flat noise: *WHOCCK!*—the same sound you would hear if you let go of one end of a long one-by-eight plank, allowing it to fall back on top of a loose stack of boards. I leaned forward and watched Cardenal sprinting for first. He slowed as he took his turn and then speeded up again as he saw the ball still free in the outfield, pulling into second base with a stand-up double. Real cheering now, as the next batter stood in (". . . Number Eighteen, BILL *MAD*-LOCK, thirrd base!"), but soon the game wound down again and the afternoon sounds resumed. *Clap, clap, clap* . . . "Hey, Cokes! *Get* yer ice-cold Cokes here!" . . . *Clap, clap, clap, clap* . . . A telephone rang and rang in the press box—*pring-pring, pring-pring, pring-pring:* a faraway, next-door-cottage sort of noise. *Clap, clap, clap* . . . "Hey, Tim! Hey, Tim!" (a girl's voice). "Hey, Tim, over *here!*" . . . *Clap, clap* . . . "STREEOUGH!" . . . "Aw, come *on*, Ump!" . . . *Clap, clap, clapclapclap* . . . "Get yer Cokes! Ice-cold Cokes here!" . . . *Whoo-wheet!* . . . *Clapclap* . . . "*Ice*-cold." Then there was another noise, a regular, smothered slapping sound, with intervals in between: *Whug!* . . . *Whup!* . . . *Whug!* . . . *Whup!*—a baseball thrown back and forth by two Padre infielders warming up in short-right-field foul territory, getting ready to come into the game. The sounds flowed over me—nothing really worth remembering, but impossible entirely to forget. They were the sounds I had missed all winter, without ever knowing it.



THE most exciting last-minute rally in baseball this season came on March 2nd, in San Francisco, when Robert A. Lurie, a local real-estate nabob, put through a telephone call to Arizona and talked to Arthur (Bud) Herseth, a Phoenix meat-packer, whose name he had first heard just a few minutes before. Lurie asked Herseth if by any chance he would like to put up four million dollars and become half owner of the San Francisco Giants. Herseth asked a few questions and then said sure, why not? The deal was made, in something like that fashion, less than three hours before the expiration of a National League deadline that would have sent the Giants to Toronto. Bob Lurie had been waiting to buy the Giants for several years, and when the longtime owner of the Giants, Horace C. Stoneham, finally put the club on the market last year, Lurie, who had four million dollars of his own to invest in the team, undertook an intensive search for a partner who could deliver the other half of the necessary capital. He tried to come to terms with a group of Japanese financiers, and then almost closed with the owners of the Pizza Hut fast-food chain. Nothing worked, and only a last-minute injunction obtained by the San Francisco mayor, George Moscone, in February, kept the team from being whisked away by the Toronto carpetbaggers. Lurie then formed a partnership with Bob Short, the erstwhile owner of the Texas Rangers (*né* Washington Senators), but this quickly fell through, because of a dispute over team control. All seemed lost, until, lo,



It was two of those fellers from the city come up the road in a big green car, asked me if I wanted some new boots. I didn't. Already had boots, had 'em for seven years. But they talked and we drank some, and then we looked at the boots some, and I tried 'em on. Now, I have to say, they did seem to have my size. So I walked 'em about for maybe a week, and once I went over and stood in Orville Wade's creek, just to see if they were waterproof, which they were. When those boys came back from the city, this is what I said. One, I said thank you for the fine boots, which are warm and dry as a hen's bottom. Two, I'd like a pair of 13-wides for Cousin Luther, double-wide on the left foot where the tractor run it over."

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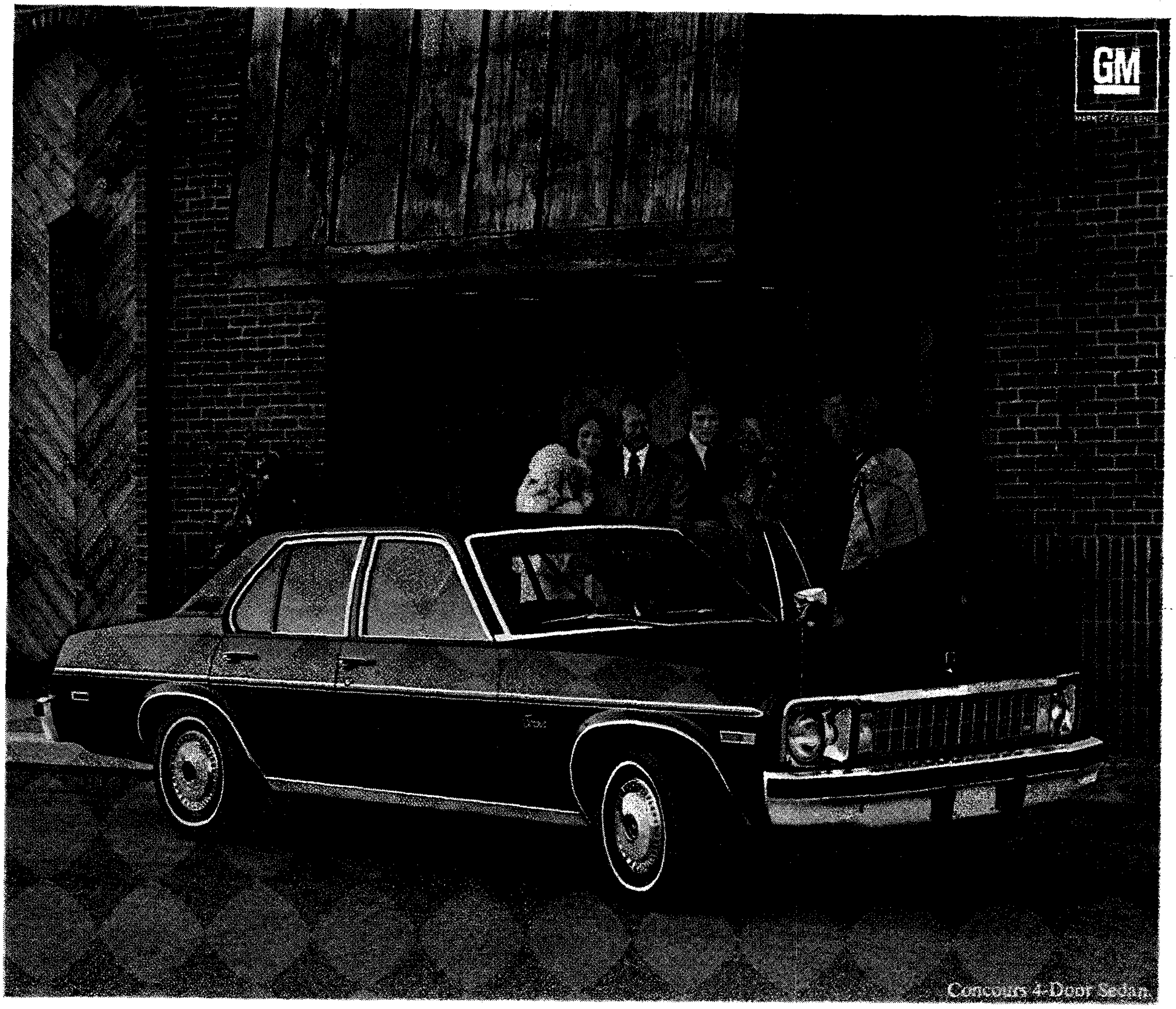

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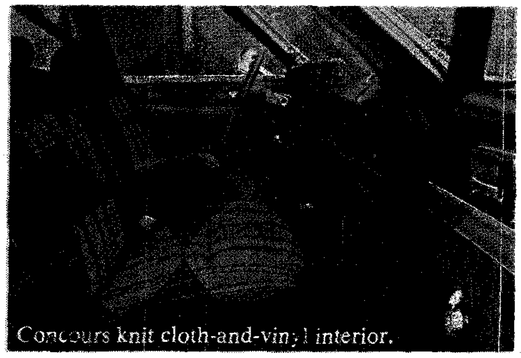

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a Herseth arose from out of the desert.

During a Giants-Indians game at Municipal Stadium in Phoenix, I slipped into a seat beside Bud Herseth in a box right behind the Giants' dugout. Herseth had been conversing in a loud and friendly way with most of the fans in the section where he was sitting, so it seemed all right to join him. He was wearing black shoes, black trousers, horn-rimmed spectacles, a Giants cap, and an eye-bending Hawaiian shirt. If I had had any remaining doubts about his identity, I could have consulted his wide, tooled-leather belt, which was cut out in back so that it spelled "BUD HERSETH, PHOENIX, ARIZ." above his hip pockets. Although Herseth's understanding with his new partner is that the day-to-day baseball operations of the Giants will be Lurie's exclusive concern, I had heard that Herseth had awakened the new Giant manager, Bill Rigney, that day with a telephone call just before six o'clock in the morning to ask whom he was planning to pitch. ("Who *is* this?" Rigney cried, in disbelief.) I asked Herseth if he often made calls at that time of day.

"Six in the morning isn't a bit early for me," he said rapidly. "I'm down at my feedlot way before five every day, seven days a week, about fifty weeks in the year. Sundays and every other day. We kill two hundred and fifty head a day, and there's a lot to do—get out the sick cattle, turn on the lights, get the cooler going, clean out the irrigation ditches. I fill in if anybody gets drunk and don't show up. I'll do anything. Hell, I been doing this all my life, I'm fifty-five years old, and I figure it's time I had a little fun. That's why I bought me this team—half a team. Six o'clock—why, hell, I bought me a little Vega before *five* in the morning the other day. Needed it for a friend of mine. Paid seven hundred and fifty in cash. It runs real good."

He kept his eyes on the game while he talked, and I noticed that he was keeping score. I asked him how long he had been interested in baseball.

"All my life," he said. "I can remember coming down with my dad from Aberdeen—Aberdeen, South Dakota—in '32 and going to Chicago, where we saw the Series game where Charlie Root pitched against Babe Ruth, and the Babe pointed to the stands before he hit that home run. You've heard of that? I was there. I've been a Giants fan from a long time back. Even back when they had those pitchers like Grove and Earnshaw and Parmelee and—Schumacher, wasn't it?"

He looked at his program and clapped vigorously for the Giant hitter just coming up to bat. "This is Bobby Murcer," he said. "He's the highest-priced player we have." He frowned momentarily and then corrected himself. "It wasn't Grove and Earnshaw on those Giants," he said. "It was Hubbell and Fat Freddie Fitzsimmons. Carl Hubbell. I knew that all along, but I got it wrong the first time."

He had been consulting from time to time with an associate over the terms of a contract with some radio station that would form part of the network carrying the Giants games this year, and now the man came back down the aisle and told him that the deal seemed to be off.

"I damn well don't understand that!" Herseth said loudly. "We make a deal, and now they go and change their mind. I'm glad I don't buy cattle that way. I buy three, four thousand head at a time, and nobody has to worry if I'm going to pay off. My word is my bond—just ask anybody. I pay off like a slot machine. I know what these radio people are. I won't say it, though, because there are ladies present. I'll just write it down here on my program." He wrote something and showed me his program. He had written "S.O.B."

There was action on the field, and Herseth cried, "Hit-and-run! Hit-and-run! Right through the hole! You know, these kids may not hit homers, but they sure look like they hit steady. I'd like to get back that big guy we had who hits all those home runs—that Dave Kingman. *He'd* help this club."

I said that Kingman also struck out a lot.

"Is that so?" Herseth said. "I didn't know that." He shook his head again. "I just can't understand those radio people," he said. "I don't go for that kind of stuff."

I asked him if he had ever played much baseball.

"Sure I did," he said. "I grew up in Houghton, South Dakota—my dad had five quarters there, about eight hundred acres—but I went to high school in Hecla, South Dakota, which was on down the line. I batted cleanup on the team there for two years. I hit .400-and-something my junior year, and .666 all year when I was a senior. I played in a regional tournament then, and I remember a fellow called Al Face struck me out four times

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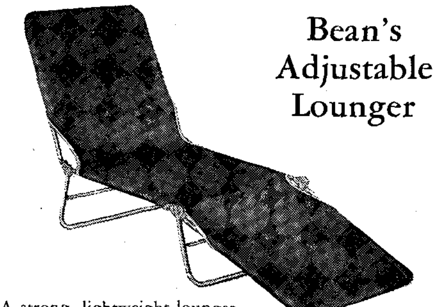

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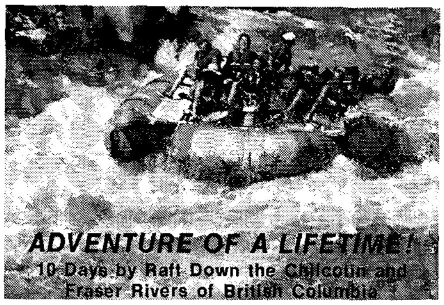
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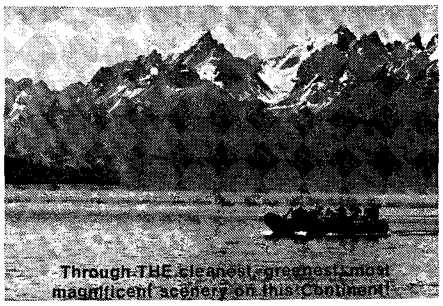
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in one game. Then I knew I wasn't a real ballplayer. I still hear from Al Face. Once a year, he sells me a calf. He sent me a picture that somebody took of us back then, and I was wearing stripèd overalls. You know, by the time I was ten years old I could guess the weight of a steer right within a few pounds."

He stood up and called out to Bobby Winkles, the Giants' third-base coach, "Hey, Bobby, how come you're chewin' and spittin' out there? What kind of example is that for my young players, hey?" He laughed uproariously, and Winkles waved and smiled.

I was about to ask Bud Herseth what he thought about the reserve clause and player salaries and the lockout and Marvin Miller, but then I decided not to. He was having too much fun. Instead, I asked him how many of the Giants games he hoped to see at Candlestick Park this year.

"The good Lord willing and the creek don't rise," he said, "all of them."

TWO weeks later, with the season under way, I took a subway up to the Bronx for the Yankees' home opener. It was a big day, because it marked the reopening of Yankee Stadium—a homecoming for the famous team to the famous old park, which had been rebuilt by the City of New York over the past two years. The new place looked fine. The overhanging roof around the top deck was gone, and the old thick supporting columns and girders had disappeared, giving us a new, clean triple sweep of bright-blue seats from right field all the way around to left. The whole place was blue and white, and it sparkled. There were three new banks of escalators, and a new, tree-lined promenade outside the first-base side of the Stadium, where a street used to be. The playing field had been lowered and its outlines altered a little, but most of that enormous green pasture in left was there, so you knew it was still the Stadium, all right. There were some big new scoreboards out behind the bleachers, with a white scrim on top in the shape of the lacy coppery-green top-deck façade of the old park. The wall of scoreboards cut off our view of the elevated-station platform and the nearby apartment-house roofs, where in the old days you could always spot a few neighborhood fans watching from a great distance. The new Stadium is cut off from the city around it, and nobody can watch baseball casually there anymore.

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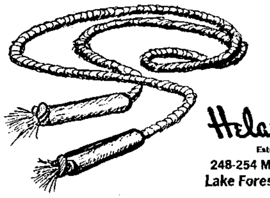

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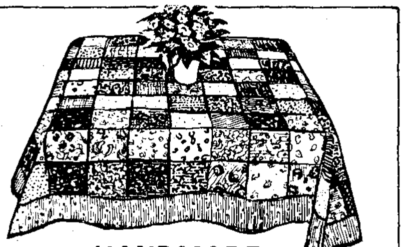

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There were 54,010 of us there for the opener. Three bands played, and the sun shone, and a lot of celebrities—Joe Louis, Joe DiMaggio, Mickey Mantle, and Mrs. Lou Gehrig and Mrs. Babe Ruth, and some others—were introduced, and then the Yankees played the Twins and beat them, 11–4, coming back from a four-run deficit. The Yankees have a sprightly, quick-running team this year, with a marvellous-looking new young second baseman named Willie Randolph, and they may be in the thick of things all summer long in their tough division. There was a lot of hopeful noise at the Stadium that first afternoon—a terrific amount of cheering—but the truth is I didn't have much fun. I don't know what to make of the new Yankee Stadium. It cost the city a hundred million dollars to rebuild and finance, and the city can't pay its bills, can't pay for new schools or hospitals, can't pay its teachers, can't keep its streets or its neighborhoods up; the South Bronx, where Yankee Stadium stands, is a disaster area. These are the bad realities and insolubles that we all know so well, and maybe they are the things that make us give so much attention to sports in the first place—why we need these long diversions at the ballpark. I don't think we should use sports as a hiding place, but I have always been willing to try to carry the two conflicting realities in my head at the same time—poor cities and rich sports, a lot of unnoticed kids playing in burnt-out playgrounds, and a few men playing before great crowds in a new sports palace. As the paradox deepens, however, it begins to seem as if we are trying to make the irony disappear—that we are hoping to rub out one side of the equation by vastly increasing the other. By spending more and more millions of dollars on sports, we may be trying to tell ourselves that sports matter almost more than anything else simply because we do spend so much money on them. The name for this is addiction. I'll probably get used to the Stadium in time, but on the first afternoon all I could think of was the quiet, slow afternoons I had just spent in Bradenton and Winter Haven and Scottsdale and Phoenix, and the games I had seen there. Those games seemed like elegies now. It was strange to be sitting in Yankee Stadium, where I had grown up watching baseball, and no longer feel at home there. I don't know what to think, because it may be that the money and the size of sport have grown too big for me after all.

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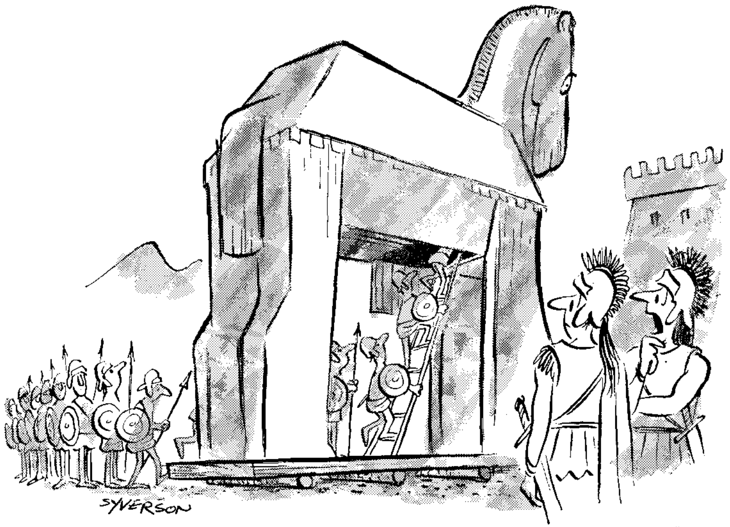

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Earthbound

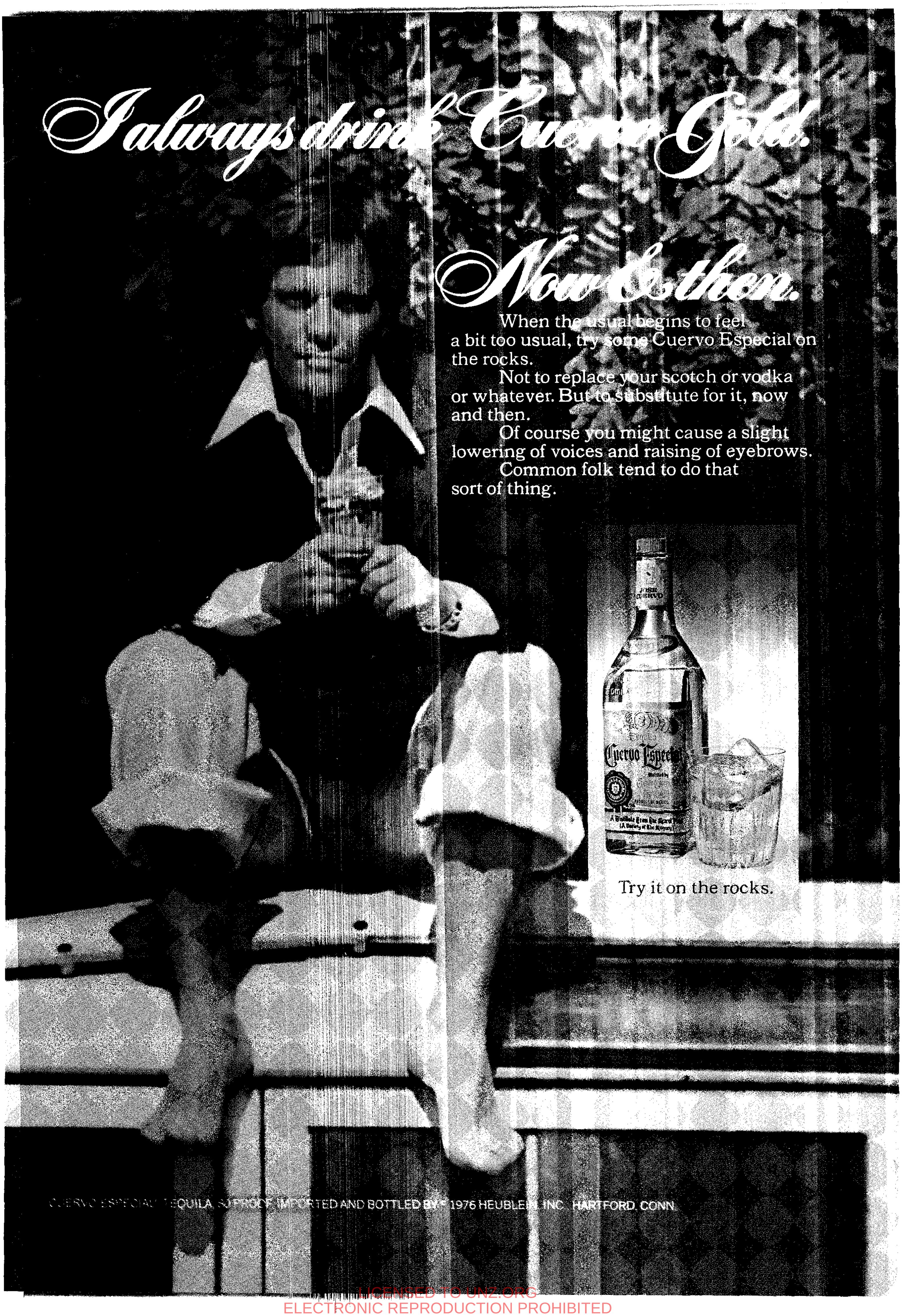
SPRING has brought a crop of American operas. Among those already reviewed in these pages are Roger Sessions' "Montezuma," Robert Selig's "Chocorua," and Paul Earls's "The Death of King Phillip," in Boston; Carlisle Floyd's "Bilby's Doll," in Houston; and Thomas Pasatieri's "Ines de Castro," in Baltimore. There have since been revivals of Douglas Moore's "The Ballad of Baby Doe" and Jack Beeson's "Lizzie Borden," at the City Opera, and, most recently, the first performance of Hugo Weisgall's "The Hundred Nights," put on by the Juilliard American Opera Center. And there are more pieces to come—Dominick Argento's "The Voyage of Edgar Allan Poe," in St. Paul; Gian Carlo Menotti's "The Hero," in Philadelphia; and Alva Henderson's "The Last of the Mohicans," in Wilmington, are three—so any general reflections about the State of Contemporary American Opera should wait. In particular, "The Voyage of Edgar Allan Poe," commissioned for the Minnesota Opera Company, which has given the first performances of two other Argento pieces, will test a thesis that the most rewarding new work is likely to be done within a community where composer, company, and audience have regular and mutually dependent roles to play.

Works that I should like to see the City Opera revive are Marc Blitzstein's "The Cradle Will Rock" (Mercury Theatre, with the composer at the piano, 1937; Broadway, 1947; City Opera, 1960) and "Regina" (Broadway, 1949; City Opera, 1953), and Kurt Weill's "Street Scene" (Broadway, 1947; City Opera, 1959). "Street Scene" was put on earlier this year at the Manhattan School of Music—not well, but well enough to show that in the hands of an able and committed composer "Broadway opera" (Weill's term for the genre of that piece) has more savor and zest in it than romantic late fruits from Puccinesque or Straussian stock. Moreover, since operatic communities cannot flourish on revivals alone, I should like to see William Bolcom, and perhaps Stanley Silverman, writing pieces to be played on Lincoln Plaza. They are two composers who can use popular idioms to serve more than commercial ends—as Weill and Blitzstein did, and, before them, the Mozart of "The Magic Flute."

"Baby Doe," first performed in Central City, Colorado, in 1956, and two years later taken into the City Opera repertory, is a popular opera in that its score is largely a sequence of square dances, waltzes, polkas, and shamelessly sentimental ballads in blamelessly diatonic idiom. No essential harm in that; what makes "Baby Doe" a bore now is the blandness of its melodies—cliché tunes accompanying, not bringing vividness and particularity to, a play that is itself a series of dramatic clichés. The tunes should at the least be catchy; after two hearings (one in decent WQXR sound, accompanying Channel 13's live transmission of the show), the only tune that caught and stayed with me was Baby's final "Always through the changing of sun and shadow, time and space"—a cunningly crafted melody in B major whose vocal line avoids any straightforward tonic close but hovers again and again on silvery F-sharps, differently harmonized. I can well believe that in the title role Beverly Sills, the Baby of the first City Opera performances, must have been captivating; and that, in general, subtle, potent performers might lend their own distinction and richness to the kitschy tale of a mining magnate and his tender, loving mistress, wife, then widow. But in the revival these two, played by Richard Fredricks and Ruth Welting, were two-dimensional figures in a pasteboard setting.

LIZZIE BORDEN, on the assumption that she really did take that axe to her stepmother and her father, provides sensational dramatic material—a kind of Electra-cum-Hamlet who really lived, in New England, not so long ago. In their musical treatment, first played at the City Opera in 1965, Beeson and his librettist, Kenward Elmslie, make that assumption and then add further touches—perhaps too many—to the tale. Their Lizzie is the elder, not the younger, Borden daughter, and, in addition to hating her stepmother, Abigail, and being harshly treated by her father, she is secretly jealous of her sister, Margret, and longs for the embraces of Margret's suitor, Captain Jason MacFarlane. The first Mrs. Borden, Evangeline (who, in history, died when Lizzie was only two), remains a vivid presence in her daughters' minds, and her portrait plays an important part in the action. One almost expects it to start singing. Step by step, across two busy days, the thwarted virgin's progress toward parricidal fury is traced. The opera, like "Werther," begins and ends with voices of children. When the curtain rises, Lizzie is teaching them a hymn. Then events pile up. Mr. Borden refuses to buy Lizzie the new dress she needs; promises to buy Abigail a new piano; deposes Evangeline's portrait; taunts Lizzie by telling Jason that if he will only take not Margret but Lizzie off his hands he'll reward him with the price of a ship. Margret and Jason elope. Lizzie, wearing her mother's bridal dress, which she has brought down from the attic, imagines herself in Jason's arms. Abigail eavesdrops on the fevered fantasy, and jeers at the girl. Lizzie broods, snatches up a handy weapon, and makes for Abigail's room, whence a scream is soon heard. Aegisthus-like, Mr. Borden returns, to be greeted by Lizzie and escorted upstairs. In a coda, we see her, after the trial and acquittal, as mistress of the lonely house; outside, children are singing the familiar jingle.

There is one episode where the music strikes beneath the surface of the action. Father and daughter go through a kind of ritual: "What am I forbidden now?" "To see the preacher." "Must not come here." "Must not come here ever again." "—ever again. What am I forbidden?" "The children's choir." "Must not see them . . . ever again. What else am I forbidden?" "The Captain!" "I must never see him again." It is like a children's game that over the years has become a master-and-slave ceremony necessary to them both. He draws strength from her submission; but she, cringing before him like a whipped bitch, has initiated the exchange. The music is a dark chorale, tensely harmonized; the vocal lines are crooned phrases, evidently familiar to both of them but always capable of being invested with new, wounding turns. The scene has some psychological complexity, and the score defines emotions of which the characters themselves are hardly conscious. Opera, using musical shapes and timbres, here communicates through channels denied to the spoken theatre. But elsewhere the music is mainly humdrum. It may have been Beeson's intention to show that the stuff of tragedy can as readily be found in Fall River, Mass., as in the lofty air of Elsinore or Mycenae. What he achieves is not musical tragedy, or even effective musical melodrama, but a kind of drab musical prose that stirs few feelings of excitement, under-



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standing, or compassion. Things go their way, and we watch and listen unmoved. The composer does show great skill in setting both colloquial speech ("Provided it's a sensible investment, I'll buy the grand piano") and the short lines of "free verse" in which most of the libretto is written ("When I hear your voice/the years disappear/and I forget my cares") at speeds that sing naturally; the vocal gait is more efficiently paced than in, say, "Bilby's Doll" or "The Hundred Nights." Eileen Schauler was strong, dramatic, and—insofar as the score permits—subtle and various in the title role. This Lizzie, and last year's Governess in Britten's "The Turn of the Screw," revealed a singer who should be an inspiration to future City Opera composers. Edward Pierson lacked the presence to be convincing as her father.

"BABY DOE" is musical comedy claimed for the opera house. "Lizzie Borden" might be described as an Ibsenesque play set to music. "The Hundred Nights" is an opera of another kind, observing Busoni's precept that enchantment and irreality are the only fit matter for the lyric theatre. The base material is Kwanami's Nō drama "Sotoba Komachi," a very beautiful play. Komachi, once so lovely, once so proud, is now an old woman tormented by the spirit of her lover, Shōshō, whom she bade attend her for a hundred nights before she would yield to him—and who died after the ninety-ninth. In the course of the play, her troubled soul finds peace. There are just three characters: two travelling priests and Komachi, who for a while takes on the form of the faithful Shōshō. Yukio Mishima adapted this as one of his "Five Modern Nō Plays." In his version, Komachi is a filthy old hag gathering cigarette butts in a Tokyo park. There is a new character, a poet. As the old woman tells him her story, the scene changes to a ballroom eighty years before, when she was at the height of her beauty, and the poet enacts the role of her gallant. Although her own appearance does not change, he now sees her as fair, fresh, and lovely. She warns him that if ever he should *say* she is, he will die. He does say so, and dies. The scene changes back to the park. I am not sure what the point of Mishima's play is—that illusions, once formulated, prove fatal?—and am even more puzzled by the adaptation of it that John Hollander has made to serve as Weisgall's libretto. Mishima recommended that productions of his modern Nō plays should

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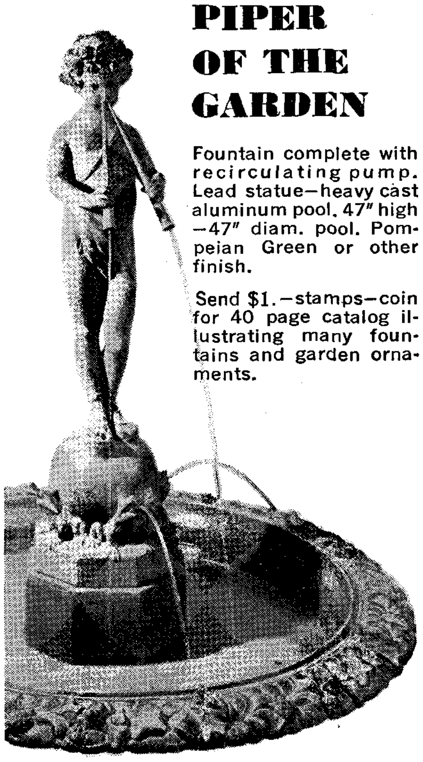

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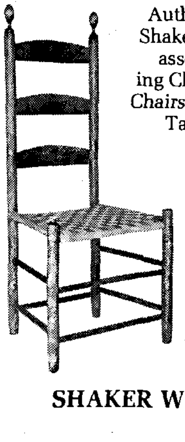

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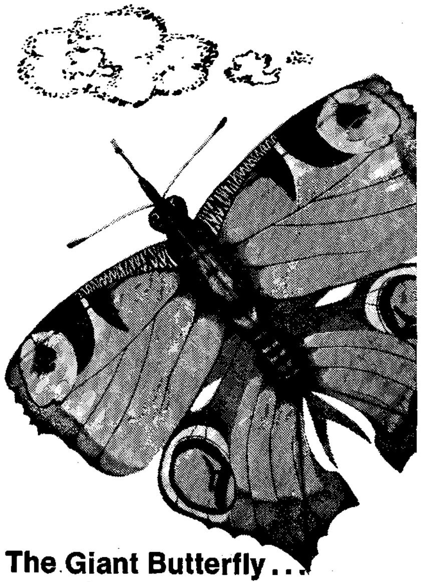
be localized. Hollander has set "Sotoba Komachi" not in modern Central Park and then Delmonico's but in London's Kensington Gardens, in the shade of the Albert Memorial, in 1899, with a flashback to a Regency assembly room. The poet has become another kind of image-maker, a photographer "who specializes in shooting night scenes." Furthermore, at the scene change the old woman herself is transformed. (The rejuvenation is not specified in the score but happened in the Juilliard staging.) This makes the role a more attractive proposition for a young and beautiful soprano (such as Victoria Vergara, who led the Juilliard cast at the performance I saw) but destroys the dramatic irony of the hero's delight, while touching her lousy rags and wrinkled skin, in her sweet-smelling clothes and seductive body, and markedly alters the theatrical presentation of illusion.

The new work makes the effect of an exercise in musical dramaturgy, carefully planned, neatly executed—and not very interesting. Weisgall has the right ideas about opera; he likes to leave a performance "feeling as if something has happened to me." So do I. But nothing much happened to me during "The Hundred Nights." I heard lots of notes; much would-be lyrical song along chromatic phrases of wandering, unmemorable line; declamation that proceeded with unnatural slowness, in which short English syllables were unhappily prolonged; dance metres, in the assembly-room scene, that were lively enough in themselves but were clad in harmonies and melodies of hessian. Things perked up when two London bobbies came on with a "Now then, now then. What's all this?"—but by then the opera was almost done.

"The Hundred Nights," which lasts something over an hour, was given on a double bill with Goffredo Petrassi's "Il Cordovano," which lasts something under an hour. This is Petrassi's first opera; it was produced at La Scala in 1949 and was revived in Florence earlier this year. Petrassi is an important teacher, and has his place in history among the Alfredo Casella disciples who brought post-Puccini Italian music into the twentieth century. His instrumental scores are dry but, in their severe way, not undistinguished; in Guido Gatti's measured phrases, "less happily conceived and executed are Petrassi's works for the stage, particularly the one-act opera 'Il Cordovano,' where the composer endeavoured to try his hand at comic and grotesque expression." The libretto may have a distinguished ancestry—by Eugenio Montale, after Cer-



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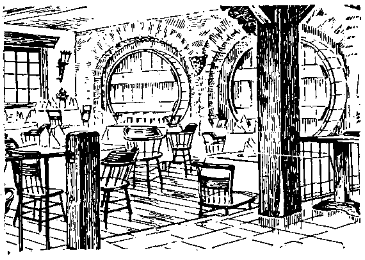

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vantes—but the outcome is a depressingly earnest, busy, but not at all vivacious or sparkling variant on the old matter of the sprightly young woman, the elderly guardian or husband who keeps her locked from the world, and the handsome young man who finds his way to her. Columbine, Pantaloon, and Harlequin. Rosina, Bartolo, and Almaviva; Norina, Don Pasquale, and Ernesto—Rossini and Donizetti handled the traditional comic triangle more deftly. Ravel in "L'Heure Espagnole" elaborated it. Lorca in "Dom Perlimplin," made into a ballet by Luigi Nono and into an opera by Vittorio Rieti, transformed it to romantic tragedy. Molière in "L'École des Femmes," made into an opera by Gottfried von Einem, gave it an amusing twist. Leoncavallo in "Pagliacci" and Puccini in "Il Tabarro" recast it as melodrama. And the list could easily be prolonged. (How many different subjects are there? Is not "Tristan" yet another variation?) Petrassi's title presumably refers to a roll of Spanish leather (the translation used by the Juilliard renders it as "The Tapestry"), and maybe a pun is intended; maybe the young man smuggled in inside the roll comes from Cordova. (At the performance, it was hard to catch the words, and no libretto was on sale.)

Students are seldom successful in period comedy, unless they are skillfully and imaginatively directed. The Juilliard's 1973 "Don Pasquale" and its production, earlier this year, of Cimarosa's "Il Matrimonio Segreto" are unhappy memories, and "Il Cordovano," like those shows, suffered from a staging based on stock comic business (Does anyone in real life ever bite a coin when handed it as a tip? Does anyone on the stage ever not do so?) and on fun with props rather than with quiddities of human behavior accurately observed. The nub of Jack O'Brien's direction was an irrelevant bowl of fruit; lewd gestures with a banana, plums popped into mouths, the whole lot spilled, much gathering up again . . . on and on it went. In John Olon-Scrymgeour's staging of the Weisgall opera there was more discretion. Both shows were designed by Robert Yodice and lit by Joe Pacitti—the regular Juilliard team, whose work, over the years I have been seeing it, has maintained a high standard of unobtrusive excellence.

—ANDREW PORTER

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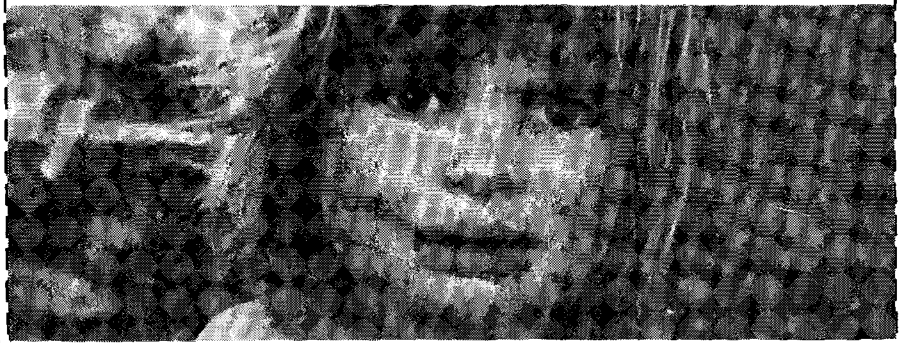

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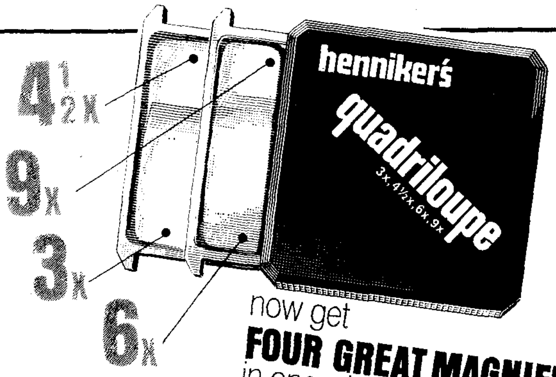

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THE RACE TRACK

Bold Forbes!

IT took Bold Forbes just a bit over two minutes to run the mile and a quarter of the Kentucky Derby at Louisville last Saturday and beat the odds-on favorite, Honest Pleasure, by a length. As the experts predicted, the Derby was a two-horse race—not the head-and-head hullabaloo that some people expected but a rather sedate affair, with Bold Forbes leading all the way and Honest Pleasure staying in second. The seven other starters seemed satisfied with running for third and fourth money. At the break, Bold Forbes jumped off on top, stepping the first quarter in 0:22⅖ (which is really stepping), and he went round the clubhouse turn three lengths in front, with Honest Pleasure closest of the field as it began to string out. (Perhaps I should say here that I saw the race on TV, and I thought it was as badly called as any race I've ever seen on the tube.) Passing the half-mile post in 0:45⅘, Bold Forbes was going smoothly, saving ground by staying near the rail. Cordero made good use of his colt's speed but also conserved his energy. Coming to the three-quarters pole, Cordero gave his mount a breather, then went on to the miler in 1:35⅗ and to the winning post in 2:01⅗—not a great time as Derbies go. Meanwhile, Honest Pleasure was running as easily as Bold Forbes till he reached the stretch. When he straightened out, Baeza called on him for the big move, and he responded by getting up to within half a length of the leader. But Bold Forbes pulled away at the finish. No doubt there will be excuses from Leroy Jolley, who trains Honest Pleasure. Jolley certainly started a flap when he wouldn't put Baeza's name up as Honest Pleasure's jockey on the colt's entry blank two days before the race. Rumor had it quick as a mink that Jolley intended to get another rider for Honest Pleasure if Baeza did not follow orders when he rode Optimistic Gal in the Kentucky Oaks the day before the Derby. Optimistic Gal won by more than four lengths, but because of Honest Pleasure's showing in the Derby I have to wonder if Jolley will use Baeza in the Preakness at Pimlico on the fifteenth.

AS to Bold Forbes, who is a medium-sized, racy-looking dark-bay colt by Irish Castle out of Comely Nell, he was bought for $15,200 at the 1974 Lexington yearling sales by Esteban Rodriguez Tizol, a Puerto Rican banker, who shipped him to his stock farm on the island. After winning all of his five starts in Puerto Rico, Bold Forbes was sent to the stable of Laz Barrera, at Belmont. To date, he has won eleven of his fourteen starts and has earned $366,639, which includes $165,200 from his victory in the Derby. Cordero, who has been riding Bold Forbes during his morning workouts as well as in races, calls him his Puerto Rican Rolls-Royce. By the way, Cordero has expressed eternal gratitude to Mr. Tizol for giving him his first mount when he was breaking into racing at El Comandante, San Juan's track, back in 1960.

CHURCHILL DOWNS had a big Derby Day. The crowd was estimated at 115,000, and it looked every bit of that on my TV screen. And, if I may say so, at Derby time Churchill Downs is the most expensive track I know of. It costs ten dollars to get into the infield, where you have to stand if you haven't brought along a folding chair; fifteen dollars to stand on the clubhouse grounds; and up to a hundred and fifteen dollars for a special reserved seat—if you can get one. Those are box-office prices; speculators want a bit more. In addition, during Derby Week hotel rates, cab fares, and food and drink in all the restaurants and bars are higher than a cat's back.

Incidentally, the pranksters who come to Louisville because they have nothing better to do have changed their tactics. In the past, they pelted the horses with empty beer cans as they went by; this year somebody threw a smoke bomb onto the track as the Derby was being run. Fortunately, no harm was done.

LAZ BARRERA had two other winning mounts on Saturday—Life's Hope, in the Illinois Derby at Chicago's Sportsman's Park, and Due Diligence, in the Carter Handicap at Aqueduct. How's that for a triple? Many trainers have won three races in an afternoon, but I can't remember anyone else who has taken three important stakes in three different cities on the same day. The sloppy track at the Big A was just right for Due Diligence, but Christopher R., the favorite, didn't seem to like either the footing or his weight.

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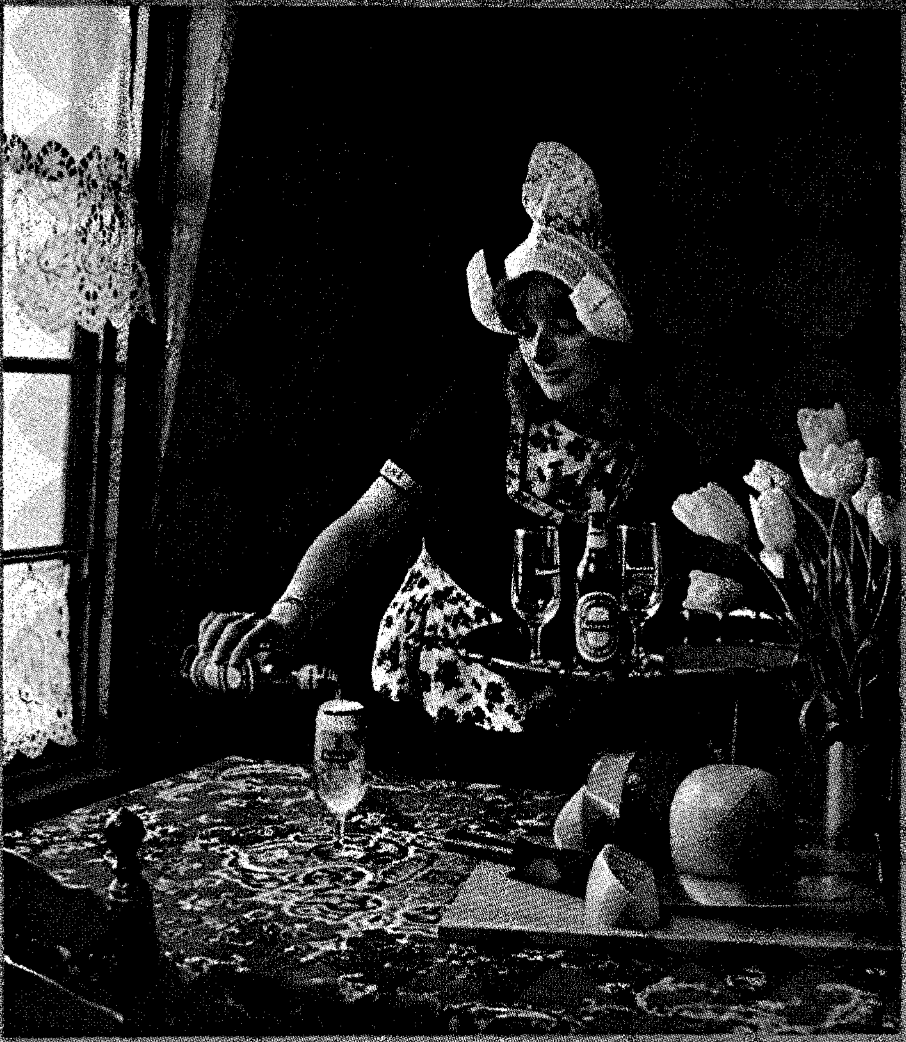

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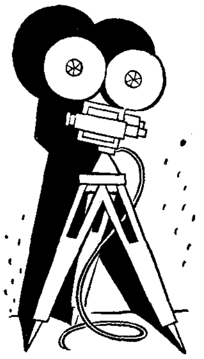
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Tongue for the Muted: A Magnificent South African Film



"Boesman's back. That's the scenery in my world," says Lena, trudging behind Boesman in "Boesman and Lena," a South African film that is equal to the work of Samuel Beckett. It is directed by Ross Devenish from a play by the wonderfully brave white fighter against apartheid Athol Fugard. We are in the shanty towns, weeds, and mud flats of South Africa itself, in the company of two coloreds—people neither black nor white—whose lives are as stricken as the scrub vegetation through which they wander. They hate each other but they understand each other, and the bond is a steel hoop. Or maybe a pair of handcuffs.

THIS is the most eloquent and racking piece of dramatic art about intimacy since "Waiting for Godot." Its coming commercial release, after its short run at the Film Forum, matters very much. Its sound is a caw. Its wit curses. Its retorts to the air are laments. Its hopes bang their heads on a ceiling barely high enough to let people live on hands and knees.

Lena: "I wasn't born today. I want my life. Where's it?"

Boesman, played by Fugard himself, is a shaven-headed, toothless man with a desperate senile cackle. He wears a sports jacket more jocular than his rock-bottom life. A hand-me-down, no doubt, found on a heap of other people's castoffs. A white man's crumb tossed to brown trash.

Lena (Yvonne Bryceland) is an end-of-the-line beauty with Memling eyes. She wears a knitted cardigan sagging to her thighs from wear. She counts the bruises that Boesman gives her. In return, he malevolently counts the broken bottles among the empty ones from which they scrape a life, delivering full ones to rich whites and then hawking the empties for a few cents. Always, he suspects her of having broken the bottles. Always, he tries furiously to throw her away as if she herself were an object on return and now unsellable because she is in fragments.

Boesman lives on rage. She lives on doggedness. Sometimes the doggedness falters. Lena: "It felt old today . . . something else. Something that's been used too long. Old pot that leaks, blanket that can't even keep the fleas warm. Time to throw it away. How do you do that when it's yourself."

AT the beginning of the film, a bulldozer driven by a white man plows up Boesman's and Lena's shantytown. People grab belongings. Babies cry. Boesman dances about as kerosene is poured onto the remnants and lit. He has been sardonically wearing some white man's abandoned car-license plate around his neck on a piece of string.

WHITE official, voice-over: "Health hazard. Full of disease." Boesman agrees, gleefully. Sarcasm. Yes, clogged with germs. No place for decent human beings. When oppressed people's lives can be plowed up in a few moments, why not dance a jig at the funeral pyre? Why should Boesman hang on to anything, except to his sack of minutely salable empty bottles?

AND why should Lena hang on to anything except to the eternal landscape of Boesman's back: to rasping company that must once have been convivial, if only the memory could be recovered?

THEY set out on a trek to nowhere in particular. Past white men's derricks pumping for unknown bosses' benefit. They dig in mud for prawns to be sold for bait, lifting heavy rocks, and living in their perpetual atmosphere of harangue which has long since shifted courtesy out of sight. The harangues weirdly symbolize tenderness somewhere lost. Even Boesman's witch cackles grow more frantic if he loses sight of Lena for a second.

INTIMACY or shackles? Neither Boesman nor Lena can do without the other. Small endeavors content them. Boesman is the less easy to slake, but a sackful of bottles mostly unbroken will do for a time, or an encounter with a white storekeeper who is reasonably polite. Lena is happy as long as she can work out where they are, muttering the names she has seen on signposts and banging three battered oilcans as she speaks the words in rhythm. Knowing where you have got yourself to, that's the answer.

ONCE, she tries to leave Boesman, but they are on an island in the mud flats and she finds herself back where she started. Of course.

Lena: "I'm not happy! S'truesgod I'm not happy." No: she's at the end of her tether. But then she has lived there all her life, just as she has carried things on her head as far back as she can remember.

Lena: "Once you put your life on your head and walked you never get light again."

REMARKS are made in the void, to the universe, to us. Boesman is not her ear. His inattention scars her soul. So does his ticky vestige of a heart. But she is on an island with him that she can no more leave than a donkey roped by one leg to a tree can avoid going round in endless circles. This was love once, but it has been reduced to paltry rage by privation. Which is what happens to human feeling when one is living in a country of apartheid, where the people in authority say that one is speaking baboon. The English dialect is certainly difficult for non-South Africans to understand. But strain your ears, and beg the distributor to subtitle this film, which represents a great cry in the greatest of the world's dramatic languages.

Boesman and Lena live on little nourishment. He gets a certain livid glee from her occasional borrowing of the tirades that are his habitat. We are seeing people as we scarcely ever do in cinema, living not in houses or cars but alone in their ransacked temperaments, where passing events are the furniture and small interests the only light.

Lena, starved of talk by the abusive Boesman, has the illusion of conversation when she starts looking after an old black man, drawn to their fire, who speaks only a native language unknown to her. She gets through to him, she thinks, when he mechanically repeats the word "Lena," probably to get a drink of water. Boesman's indifference is acrid. Lena goes on talking to the old man, and one begins to be as deluded as she that the man's language is understandable. So are we talking to ourselves? Boesman's view of Lena is obviously that she has been talking to herself her whole life. But the conversation with the old man, who dies, gives her the stamina to face up to the fact that Boesman and she are not to be treated as one. It's her life. He should hit his own, she says. She is tired of inspecting her bruises and of being his surrogate. Boesman is terrified by the liability of having the old man's corpse around, but she stays with the body, this woman whose sustenance has often lain in making a song of place-names and present circumstances. Boesman smashes up their island shanty in slow motion, and Lena dances around him, goading him on in a curious moment of fraternity with his own earlier moment of going berserk at the sight of the bulldozer.

BOESMAN: "Don't think I'm leaving you anything." He staggers off like a tinker, laden with a nearly impossible burden of trophies. He constantly stumbles and falls on the mud flats.

NEXT morning, after Lena has been crouched over the corpse trying to make out arcane words in a reference book he carried, she follows Boesman's trail. Unmissable. For instance, the clue of her dress, dropped on the way. She finds him huddled in a blanket. She starts to put together the load she will carry.

LENA: "I'm alive, Boesman. There's daylights left in me. You still got a chance. Don't lose it."

FUGARD'S mother was descended from Afrikaner Voortrekkers, and his father was born of Manchester immigrants. His parents must have had a strong influence on him. His father was a cripple and a lover of jazz: especially of Duke Ellington. His mother, whom he describes as huge, seems to have been a rock. He dropped out of college, where he read philosophy, because he could feel the fangs of academe closing on him. He worked in his mid-twenties as a clerk in a Native Commissioner's Court, watching the harsh treatment handed out to blacks who had chosen to run smack against the cruel trivia of the rules of apartheid. Earlier, when he was illegally in Port Sudan, he signed on as the only white in a black crew. Some of his plays have been seen at the Royal Court

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Theatre in London, and in New York; one remembers especially "The Island," about prison life on Robben Island, South Africa's maximum-security prison (the content of the play flies in the face of the fact that it is forbidden in South Africa to debate the prison system), and "Sizwe Banzi Is Dead," about an African who robs a white man of his pass papers to get a job in whites' territory.

SOME of Fugard's plays have also been presented before white audiences underground in a private club in South Africa, and he has had to walk a tightrope of ambiguity about the anti-apartheid freight of his plays: he does this because he profoundly feels that the point of drama is that it should be performed, not banned. He and two of his best-known black actors have even gone to the length of having the actors' pass papers identify them as Fugard's "household employees."

"BOESMAN AND LENA" has been seen as a play in New York and London. As a film, it works succinctly and vividly. It is a magnificent reflection on love and need, born of a powerful feeling that Lena and Boesman are doing the right thing at whatever cost. In the swift time allotted before extinction, says Fugard in this film, one can either become a recluse and sit on the top of a pole of self-commiseration in the desert or tap the shoulder blade of the man next to one in the blackness and start to talk.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

WASHINGTON (UPI)—Senate Democratic Leader Mike Mansfield, 73, a former Montana copper miner who has led the Senate far longer than anyone in history, announced yesterday he will retire when his term ends in January.

"There is a time to stay and a time to go," the leatheryfaced Westerner said.

His announcement touched off Senate tributes which went on for 50 minutes. Mansfield listened, his head cupped in his hand, then finally rose and cut it off.—*Honolulu Advertiser.*

Still, they went right on talking.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Rochester Times-Union*]

CHARITON, Iowa (AP)—Police in Chariton are searching for Bob Cling's pencil.

The wooden pencil with eraser had been propped against the porch at Cling's home, officers said yesterday.

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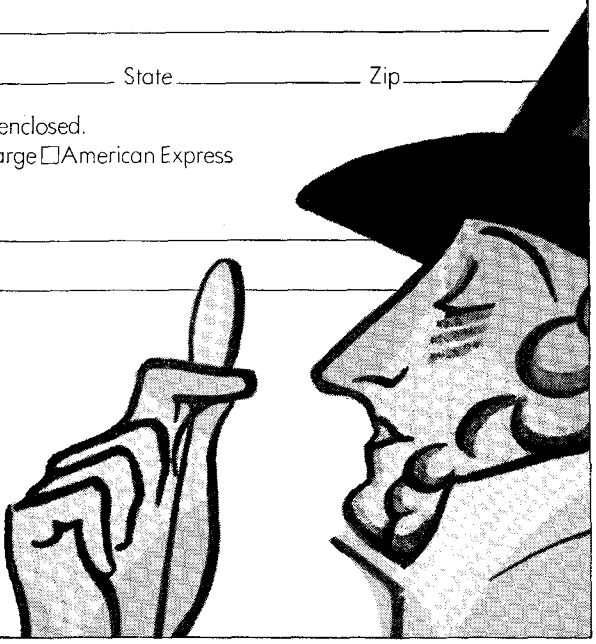

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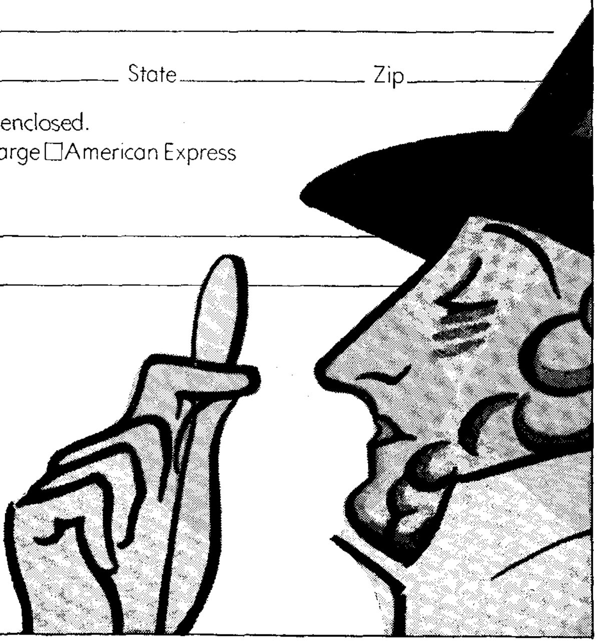


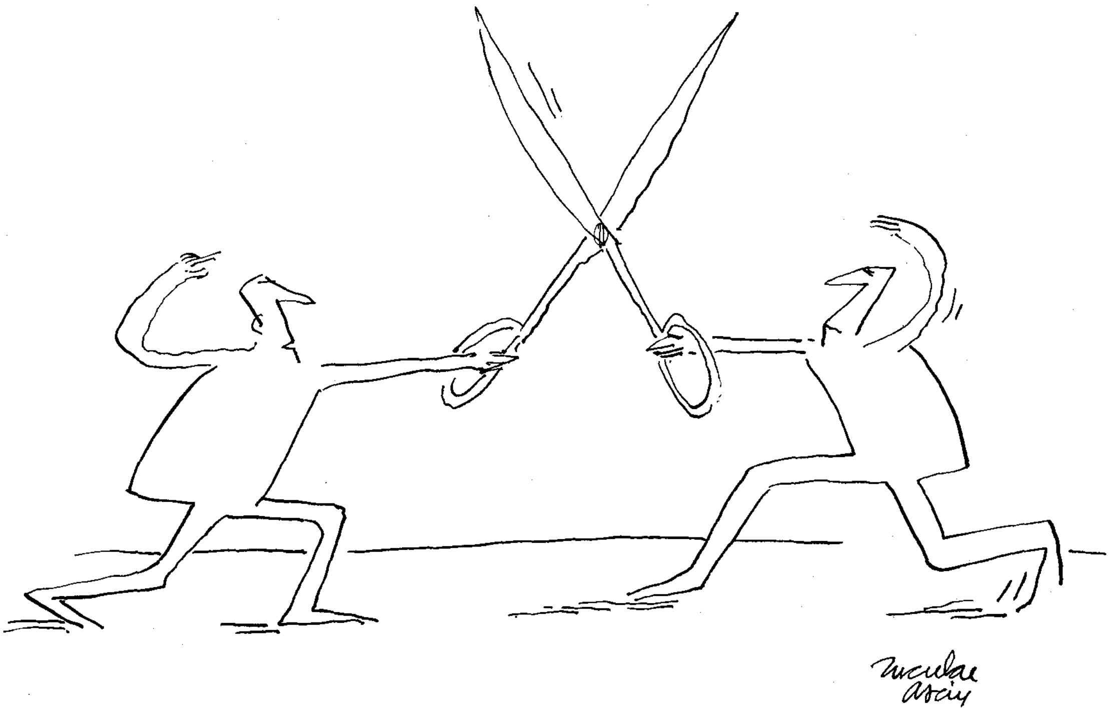
BOOKS

Nicholas Jenkins' Hollow Horse

"HEARING SECRET HARMONIES" (Little, Brown) is the twelfth and concluding installment of "A Dance to the Music of Time," Anthony Powell's serial novel, which has been widely recognized as one of the most important works of fiction since the Second World War. Like any monumental effort, Powell's novel evokes the question whether it is an act of will or of faith. We puzzle about the summits of European classicism: Is the self-confidence of, say, the plays of Racine based upon the artist's drive to prevail over subject matter and time or upon his faith in the promises of God or in the unchanging nature of man? We, who mostly feel impermanence, instability, and thwarted expectations, find classicism's sheer nerve astonishing, the more so when the work justifies its overweening assumptions. (It *is* astonishing that no one has said anything new about one kind of mother-son relationship since 1669, when Racine pinned down Nero and Agrippina in "Britannicus.") The subjective "I feel"—no matter how outrageous the feelings—of so much contemporary writing is far more modest than the objective, classical "It is." Powell writes in the first person, but his is no humble effort, and Nicholas Jenkins, the narrator, who describes himself as a man of "classical taste," recognizes the challenge he has set for himself in his determination to pin down twentieth-century England, and to make something solid and enduring of the mutability of his age. He often refers to the obstinately unclassical nature of his world, and he seems very much a man of the twentieth century in his attraction to the seventeenth. The opening scene of the first volume and the closing scene of the last depict country bonfires in early winter; the first evokes Nicholas's reflections on the painting by Poussin "A Dance to the Music of Time," and the last reminds him of a quotation from Robert Burton, the author of "The Anatomy of Melancholy," about whom he has written a book. The seventeenth century preoccupies us, I suppose, because its people seem to have become aware, all of a sudden, that the medieval order had fallen apart, and began to state problems as we still perceive them. The issues of the English Civil War remain alive; Richelieu's effort to purify and stabilize language by founding the French Academy foreshadows our anxieties about linguistic change; the explosion of science and mathematics in the seventeenth century was accompanied by an upsurge in witchcraft and witch-hunting; and established orthodoxy, Protestant and Catholic, was assailed by cults devoted to what Monsignor Knox, in his study "Enthusiasm," called "ultrasupernaturalism." The plot of "Hearing Secret Harmonies" revolves around a new cult in England nowadays.

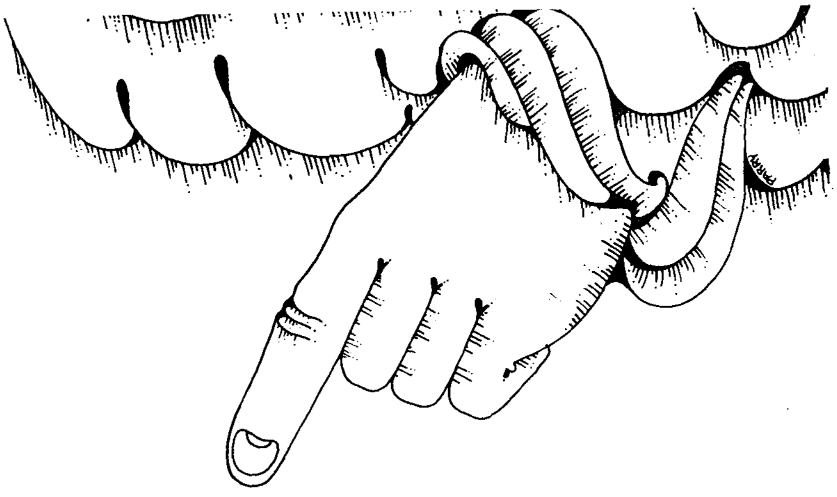
The adjective "important," horrid as it is, seems inescapable. Painters use the word as well as art dealers; composers use it as often as impresarios; for that matter, a Friedman-school economist must apply it to Marx. "Important" connotes not only ambition but ambition fulfilled, like it or not. Powell's work demands the word, and I myself, a Powell-worshipper, find the novel's grandeur, as I read and reread it, edging almost past my understanding. I used to think its power was its prose. Now that the work is complete, I tend to give more weight to its chronicle form: as each successive volume has appeared, Powell has tightened or tensed his weaving of the ridiculous and the excruciating. The novel looked, as it began, something like a comedy of manners; then, for a while, like a tragedy of manners; now like a vastly entertaining, deeply melancholy, yet somehow courageous statement about human existence. A historical novel of the author's own era—fiction disguised as autobiography—it records the alterations that a man born in 1905 might observe and suffer from, and uncovers at least one classical constant: the ages of man. Youth, for instance, always lives in the present. In the first volume, "A Question of Upbringing," Nicholas, at boarding school in 1921, cannot conceive that his middle-aged housemaster had ever been a "tremendously promising" young man who wrote poetry. In "Hearing Secret Harmonies," in the nineteen-seventies, Nicholas is interrupted by Barnabas Henderson, a bright art dealer in his twenties, who has rediscovered the work of Deacon, an obscure dead painter whom Jenkins had known long ago. Henderson does not even want to hear where Nicholas had seen "Boyhood of Cyrus," a painting of Deacon's that Henderson has just sold; he is unable to imagine either Nicholas's youth or the life of the dead painter. The volumes demonstrate that merely living is education, and put life's lessons in a classical form—the maxim. For example, "There is no greater sign of innate misery than a love of teasing."

One could cull a small volume of such *sententiae* from "A Dance to the Music of Time," and one could also read the work for its historical value. It is history only insofar as history has invaded private life. The disappointments

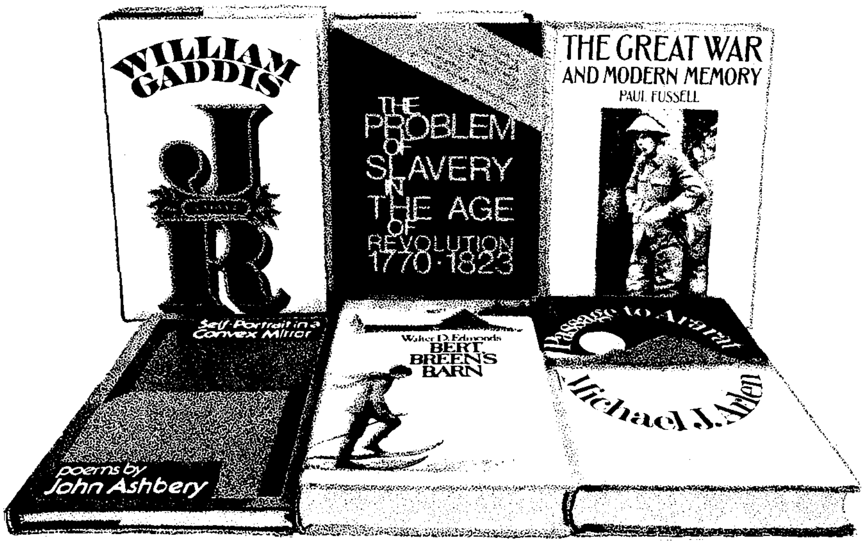


of peace and the disasters of war affect Powell's characters, and we learn not textbook versions of what happened but how people felt about what happened. Yet now that I have read "Hearing Secret Harmonies," I think that "A Dance to the Music of Time" is neither wit nor document but a novel about the struggle between good and evil, and that Powell conceives that everlasting war as a struggle between will and faith. The work subtly but ever more insistently contrasts the quest for power with the urge to create. The power seekers are killers and lovers of death, and the defenses against them are disinterestedness, playfulness, and, above all, artistic dedication. Jenkins' faith in art allies Powell's work with Proust's, but there are striking dissimilarities between the two writers: Proust was a deliberately showy stylist who set out to create a new French prose, while Powell's language is so demure that until one begins closely to examine all its tricks and suppleness it reads like statements of fact instead of the complex artistic arrangement of English words that it is.

The persuasiveness that Powell has achieved in the earlier volumes inclines the reader to accept what Jenkins says in "Hearing Secret Harmonies": that the revival of irrationality in the form of parody religion, occultism, or magic is wicked, and that the cults that have proliferated everywhere in the Western world are dangerous. This new irrationality has been treated very differently by the Mexican poet Octavio Paz in his book of essays "Conjunctions and Disjunctions," which applauds the efforts of young people to free themselves from what he considers excessive rationalism. "Harmony," the cult Powell has invented, relies on some notions Paz celebrates, particularly in its refusal to make the traditional distinctions between sacred and profane, good and evil, life and death. But Powell's cult leader, a youth named Scorpio Murtlock, does not liberate his followers (they include for a time Nicholas's niece and the art dealer Henderson), though they may have sought freedom from respectability or responsibility. The cult is a manifestation of Scorpio's will to power, and, once in his hands, these young people find nothing but humiliation; he demands total obedience and orders exhausting and obscene rituals. Scorpio's forerunners in "A Dance to the Music of Time"—the cult leader Dr. Trelawney and the fortune-teller Mrs. Erdleigh—were comic, if a mite shifty: charming charlatans who never dreamed of eliciting total submission. Scorpio is not



Out of the many, only 6 have been chosen.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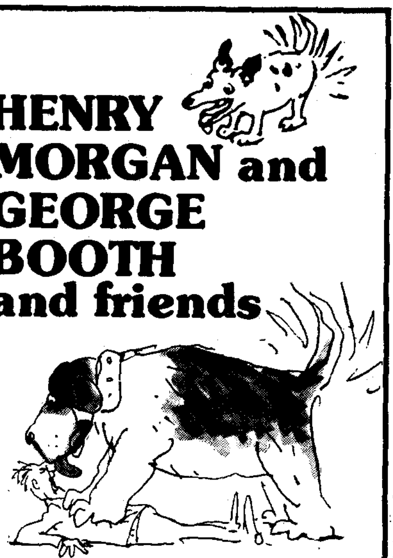

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charming, although, like Hitler, he can be spellbinding; he is purely destructive. It is hard to know whether Jenkins feels imperilled because people moving toward their seventies are apt to feel that things are getting worse or whether Powell's work, which has registered so many recognizable truths about the past, is recording something real about the present: that the organized irrationalities that attract many young people—and that I have thought of as a marginal phenomenon, a lunatic fringe—are intended as attacks on our civilization.

As people grow older, they cannot help thinking about who or what, if anything, will be saved; about what forms immortality may take. We first hear the theme of resurrection in "Temporary Kings," the volume preceding "Hearing Secret Harmonies." A professor of literature remarks briskly, "The Hollow Horse, you remember, is a widespread symbol of Death and Rebirth," and then Nicholas, after leaving the hospital where an old friend is dying, comes across a procession of hollow horses—a rally of restored antique automobiles. In "Hearing Secret Harmonies," resurrection or survival—the continuity of a civilization, if not of an individual's soul—is expressed by the destinies of two works of art: Deacon's "Boyhood of Cyrus" and a Modigliani drawing that once belonged to Nicholas's schoolmate Stringham, who died in the Second World War. Readers who have followed the entire work know that Stringham was a rich youth, emotionally orphaned by his parents' divorce, who took to drink, sobered up, enlisted in the Army when war began, was sent to Singapore and captured by the Japanese; that he had been shipped out by Widmerpool, the monstrously power-hungry schoolfellow of Nicholas and Stringham, because Widmerpool, an officer, found Stringham's presence as an enlisted man in the same division embarrassing; that Stringham left everything to his niece Pamela, who married Widmerpool and later committed suicide; and that Widmerpool inherited his victim's Modigliani. In "Hearing Secret Harmonies," Widmerpool himself dies, after losing a power struggle with Scorpio. Scorpio plans a ritual burning of the Modigliani, but a minor character, an alcoholic derelict we have known since the war years, plucks it from the pyre and brings it, untainted by its tragic provenance, to Henderson's gallery. There is irony in the fact that Modigliani's life, like Stringham's, was short, miserable, and alcoholic, and there is still more irony, emotion, and traditional morality in Deacon's resurrection. He was no great painter, certainly no Modigliani. Deacon had been a friend of Nicholas's parents, and we have seen him through Nicholas's eyes—a crotchety old man, a homosexual intimidated by the fate of Oscar Wilde, a painter who had once been praised by Sickert but who, after a brief vogue, was reduced to dealing in antiques. Nicholas attributes the new interest in Deacon to a change in critical sensibility, yet the Deacon revival reads like the reward of disinterested dedication. Deacon was ridiculous, but he was earnest; even his cranks—he was a pacifist when pacifism was entirely unfashionable—were not self-serving. Stringham and Deacon were flawed; they were worldly failures. But they were decent, generous-spirited, and they have not vanished and been forgotten as have Powell's power seekers. The race we have been watching was not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, and while Powell's meek have not inherited the earth, they alone in the world of this novel left legacies. Nicholas is not in the least religious, but it seems to me that the twelve volumes of "A Dance to the Music of Time" may be read as a thirteenth chapter of one of the least conventionally pious books of the Bible, Ecclesiastes. Or, more hopefully—more religiously, perhaps—as an explication of these lines from T. S. Eliot's "Little Gidding":

> And all shall be well and
> All manner of thing shall be well
> By the purification of the motive
> In the ground of our beseeching.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

JONOAH AND THE GREEN STONE, by Henry Dumas, arranged by Eugene B. Redmond (Random House). The dark anger of nature and the capriciousness of the river that destroys a seven-year-old Arkansas boy's home and robs him of his parents and every object and person he knows; the dark tentacles of racism, and their destructive force on the boy and everyone around him; and darkness itself as a Christian metaphor are all thoughtfully and movingly interwoven in this poetic unfinished novel by Henry Dumas, a teacher and writer who was shot to death by mistake by a New York City Transit policeman in 1968. The book opens in 1937, during a flash flood of the Mississippi, and closes in the nineteen-sixties, when the young man, who has spent some time in the North, returns to his family during one of the more violent phases of the civil-rights struggle. It is clearly an incomplete book (though Mr. Redmond has done an admirable job of assembling a cohesive narrative from Mr. Dumas' working draft), but, like the author's single book of poems ("Play Ebony Play Ivory") and his book of stories ("Ark of Bones"), it is sensitive, original, and tragically rich with promise of more good work to come.

LOST PROFILE, by Françoise Sagan, translated from the French by Joanna Kilmartin (Delacorte). Moral indolence and the havoc it wreaks on people is a subject that seems to be endlessly fascinating to Europeans. Like those *lâche* beings who stumble through Antonioni movies, the characters in this ninth novel by Mlle. Sagan (a best-seller in France) drift from event to event in their lives like exotic fish—drawn forward or sideways by whatever or whoever happens to be suspended nearest. The chief victim here is a waif of around thirty who is plucked away from a maniacally jealous husband by a small, diffident, but equally possessive millionaire. In describing the sad, empty life of the woman, the book sets and maintains a tone of frozen spirituality that is almost narcotic, while the various spoiled, flamboyant people who swim in and out of the picture give it moments of energy. But the credulity and blindness that we are supposed to accept in the woman are simply too much to go along with, and the purple passages, as when the woman meets Mr. Right, a veterinarian ("Then he kissed me. And the myriad bugles of desire rang out, the myriad tom-toms of the blood throbbed in our veins . . ."), are embarrassingly frequent.

GENERAL

MADAM SECRETARY: FRANCES PERKINS, by George Martin (Houghton Mifflin). Frances Perkins (1880-1965) was a bright Worcester, Massachusetts, girl, descended from seventeenth-century Congregational settlers (her political enemies claimed that she was a Russian-Jewish Communist), whose religious commitment intensified at Mount Holyoke College, where she

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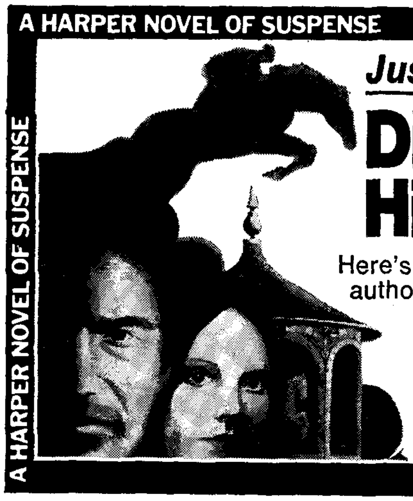

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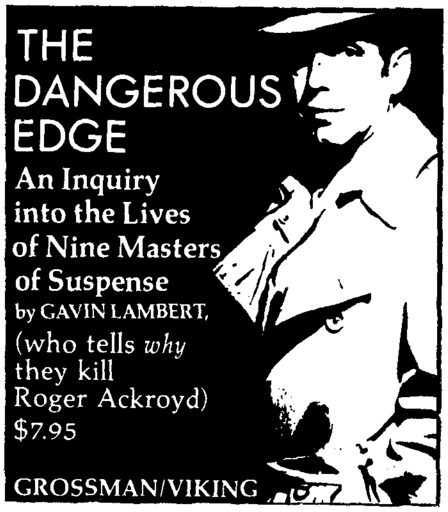

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began to understand what her mission might be—a field now called social work but then loosely known as charity. Her training was apprenticeship in settlement houses. In 1911, she met Al Smith; he was a New York State assemblyman, and she, as secretary of the New York City Consumers' League, was in Albany on behalf of a bill to limit the working week of women in factories to fifty-four hours. Their mutual respect led him to appoint her to the New York State Industrial Commission when he became governor; during his administration and that of his successor, Franklin Roosevelt, the state steadily built up a system of protections for its working people, some of which Perkins was able to bring about nationally when she became Roosevelt's Secretary of Labor. Mr. Martin, a master of exposition and narrative, writes tactfully of the Secretary's tragic personal life: her husband was emotionally ill and could not appear publicly at her side. Though Frances Perkins' contributions (Social Security, minimum wages) were major, Mr. Martin covers even wider ground, and is very good at relating her achievements to the whole reform movement that started before the First World War.

COME, TELL ME HOW YOU LIVE, by Agatha Christie Mallowan (Dodd, Mead). This memoir, which was first published in 1946, recalls several seasons that the famous mystery writer spent at her archeologist husband's digs in Syria during the nineteen-thirties. Dame Agatha had no pretensions to archeological sophistication; she went along as the wife of Sir Max Mallowan. Still, she could not help writing like Agatha Christie: her account is direct, clear, and entertaining. The area in which Sir Max worked—a wedge of Syria between Turkey and Iraq—looked (and looks now) very empty on a map, but the author found it full of people from whom she could extract anecdotes and about whom she could spin narratives.

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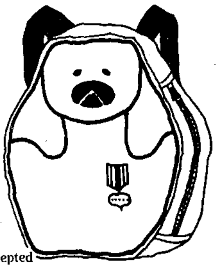

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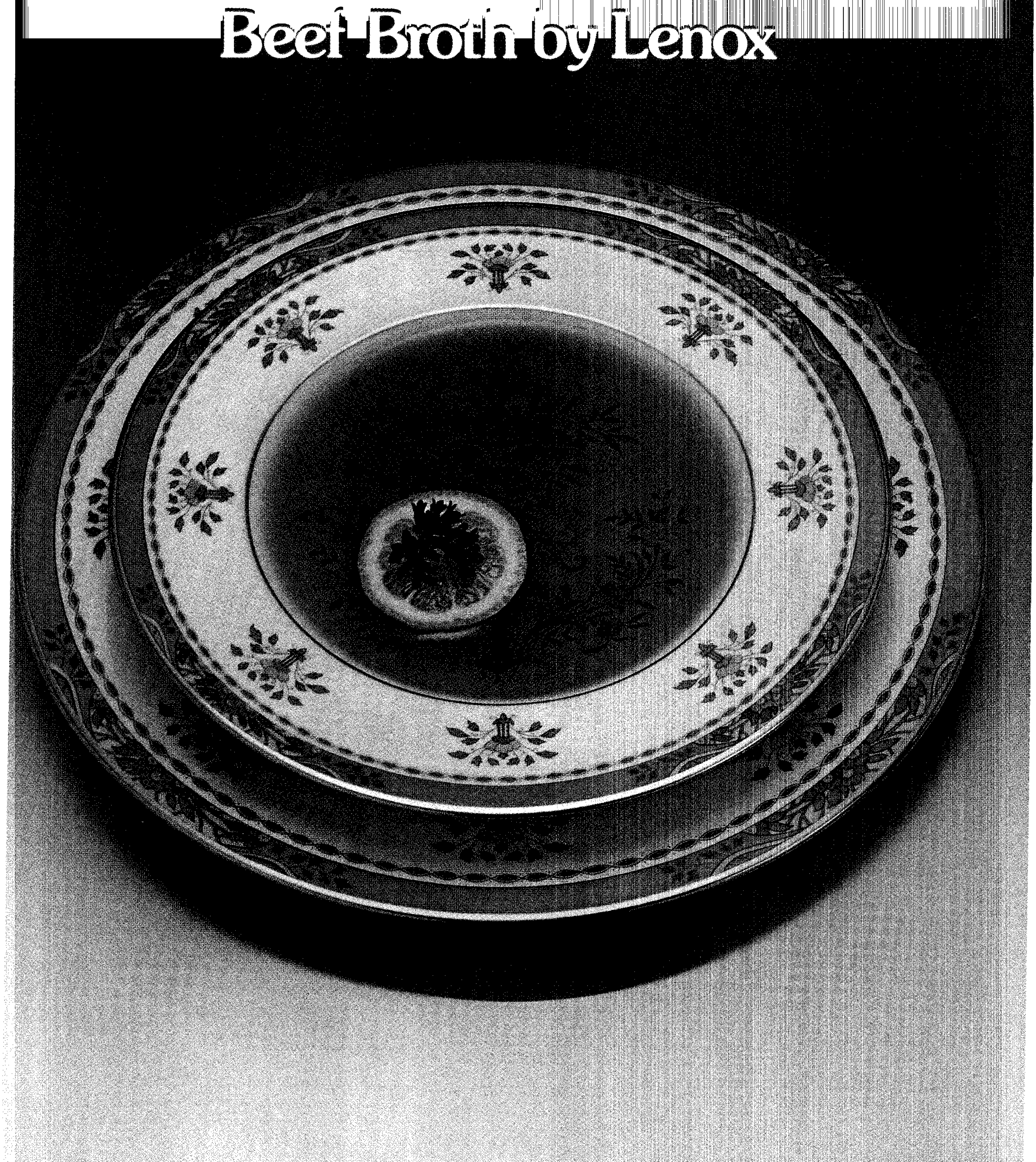
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